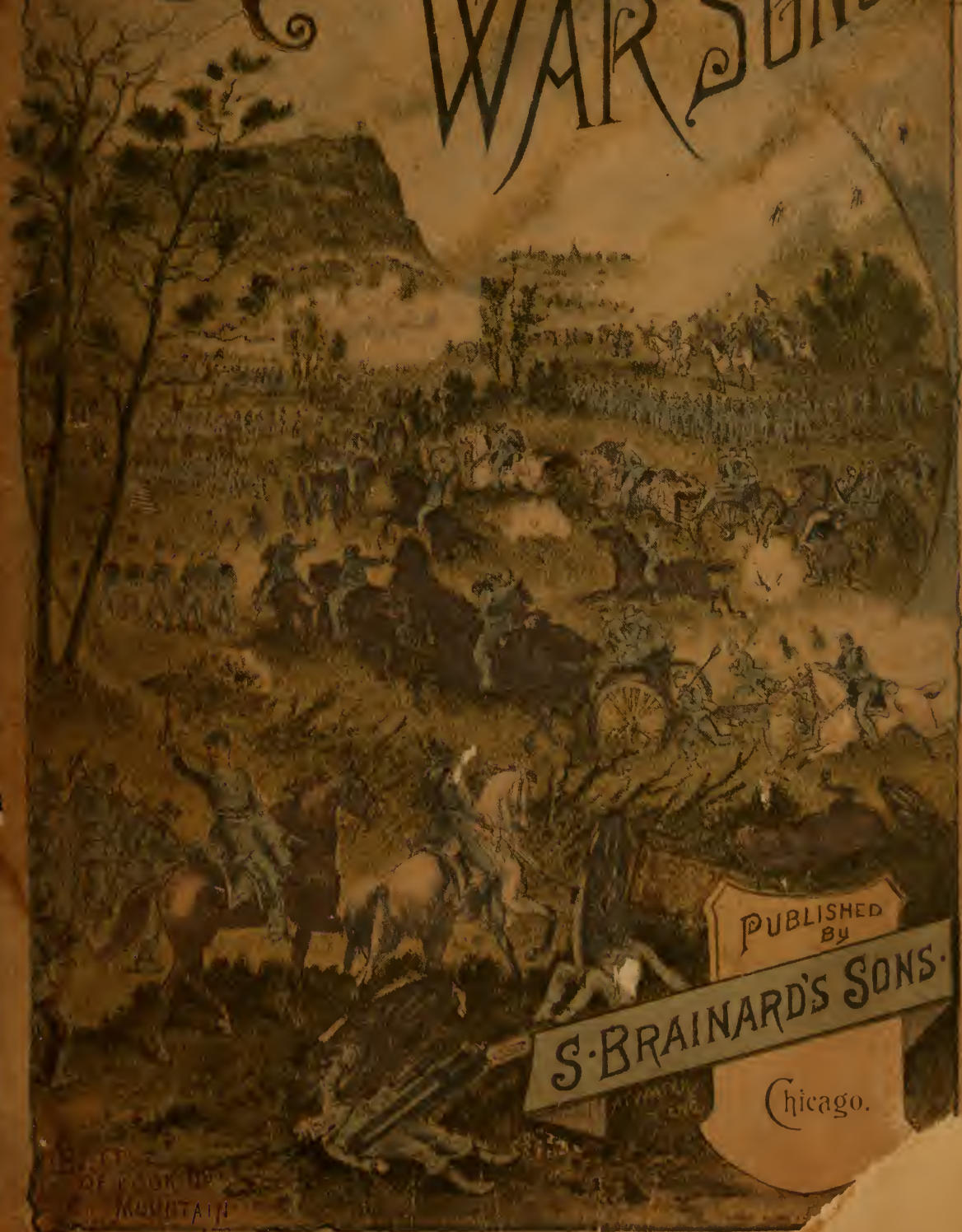


GRAND ARMY

WAR SONGS

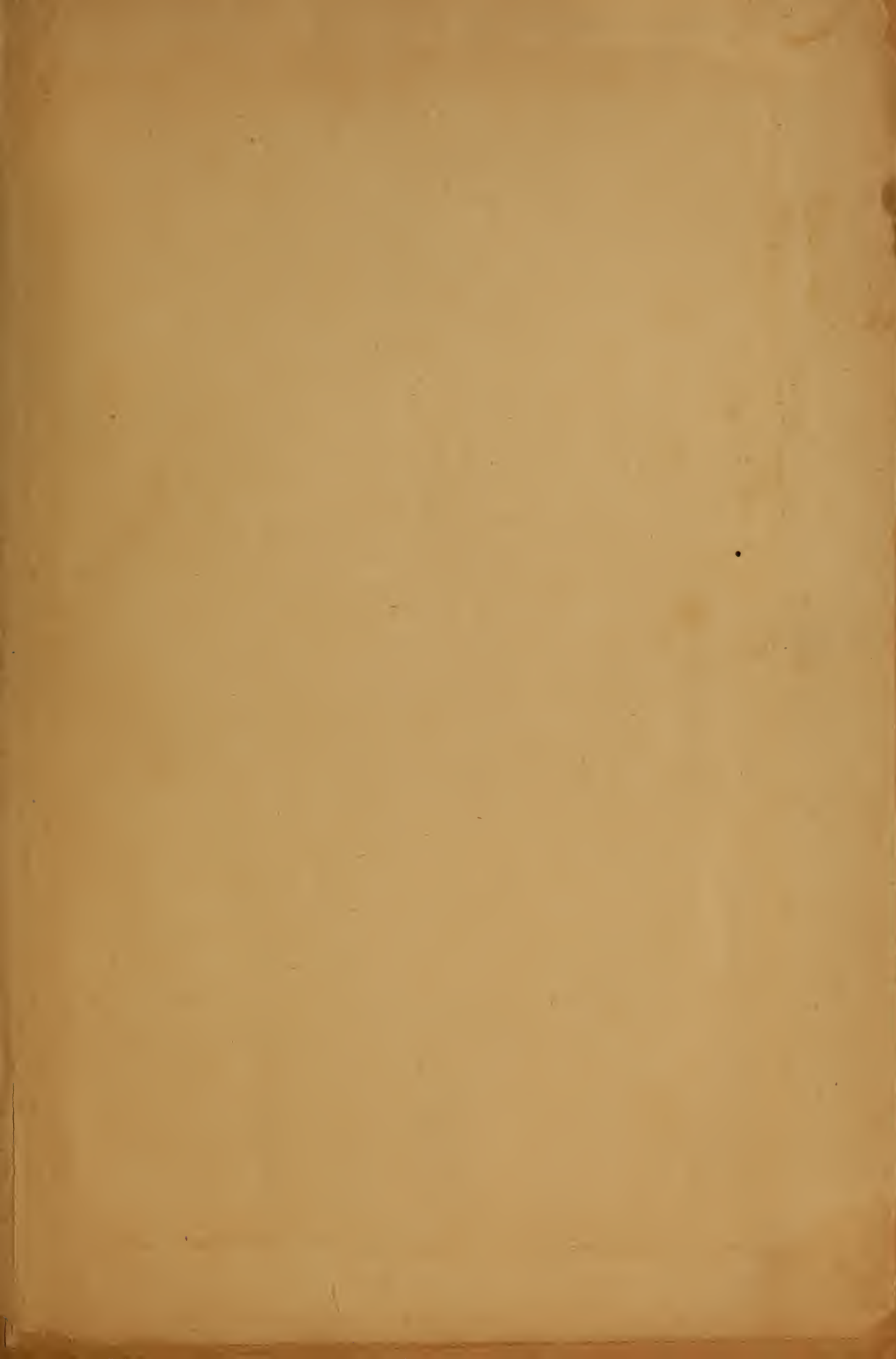


PUBLISHED
By

S. BRAINARD'S SONS.

Chicago.

THE
OF FOUR
MOUNTAIN



Compiled Expressly for the Grand Army of the Republic.

GRAND ARMY WAR SONGS

A COLLECTION OF

WAR SONGS, BATTLE SONGS, CAMP SONGS,
NATIONAL SONGS, MARCHING
SONGS, ETC.,

—AS SUNG BY—

OUR BOYS IN BLUE IN CAMP AND FIELD

TO WHICH IS ADDED A SELECTION OF

MEMORIAL SONGS AND HYMNS FOR USE ON DECORATION DAY
AND OTHER SPECIAL OCCASIONS.

The Choruses Have all Been Arranged for MALE VOICES and the Entire Work

EDITED BY

WILSON G. SMITH.

—PUBLISHED BY—

≡ S. BRAINARD'S SONS, ≡
CLEVELAND AND CHICAGO.

COPYRIGHT MDCCCLXXXVI, BY S. BRAINARD'S SONS.

CONTENTS:

	PAGE
ALL QUIET ALONG THE PATOMAC.....	158
AMERICA.....	81
BABYLON IS FALLEN.....	10
BATTLE-CRY OF FREEDOM.....	6
BRAVE BATTERY BOYS.....	68
BROTHER, TELL ME OF THE BATTLE.....	128
BURY THE BRAVE WHERE THEY FALL...	104
CAN THE SOLDIER FORGET.....	60
COLUMBIA'S CALL.....	112
COLUMBIA'S GUARDIAN ANGELS.....	38
COLUMBIA, THE GEM OF THE OCEAN.....	108
CORPORAL SCHNAPPS.....	30
COVER THEM OVER.....	138
DE DAY OF LIBERTY'S COMIN'.....	100
DRUMMER BOY OF SHILOH.....	76
FIRST GUN IS FIRED.....	56
FOES AND FRIENDS.....	94
FORWARD, BOYS, FORWARD.....	72
GLORY, GLORY, HALLELUJAH.....	54
GOD BLESS OUR BRAVE YOUNG VOLUNTEERS.....	90
GOOD BYE, OLD GLORY.....	118
GOD SAVE THE NATION.....	80
GRAFTED INTO THE ARMY.....	66
HAIL COLUMBIA.....	84
HAIL, COMRADES DEAR.....	130
HAVE YOU SHARPENED YOUR SWORDS,...	70
HOLD THE FORT.....	88
HOME, SWEET HOME.....	160
HONOR TO SHERIDAN.....	110
HO! RALLY, YE BRAVES.....	106
HYMN FOR A DEAD COMRADE.....	137
JUST AFTER THE BATTLE.....	18
JUST BEFORE THE BATTLE, MOTHER.....	16
KINGDOM COMING.....	8
LAY HIS SWORD BY HIS SIDE.....	114
LAY ME DOWN AND SAVE THE FLAG.....	24
LITTLE MAJOR.....	134
MARCHING THROUGH GEORGIA.....	3
MARCH ON, MARCH ON.....	126
NEVER FORGET THE DEAR ONES.....	92
OH, HASTE ON THE BATTLE.....	98
O, WRAP THE FLAG AROUND ME, BOYS..	20
OLD CABIN HOME.....	148
ON, ON, ON, THE BOYS CAME MARCHING	14
OUR COMRADE HAS FALLEN.....	74
OUR CAPTAIN'S LAST WORDS.....	64

	PAGE
OUR HEROES.....	78
OUR LAST GRAND CAMPING GROUND.....	34
POOR OLD SLAVE.....	152
REST, COMRADES, REST.....	144
SLEEP, SACRED DUST OF NOBLE DEAD....	142
SLEEPING IN THE BATTLE-FIELD.....	102
SOLDIER'S DREAM SONG.....	116
SONG OF A THOUSAND YEARS.....	50
SONGS WE SANG UPON THE OLD CAMP GROUND.....	123
STAND UP FOR UNCLE SAM, MY BOYS....	62
STAR SPANGLED BANNER.....	82
STARVED IN PRISON.....	26
SWORD OF BUNKER HILL.....	40
TAKE YOUR GUN AND GO, JOHN.....	52
TEAR FOR THE COMRADE THAT'S GONE..	146
TENTING ON THE OLD CAMP GROUND.....	132
'TIS FINISHED, OR SING HALLELUJAH....	48
TO-DAY THIS HALLOWED PLACE WE SEEK	140
TRAMP, TRAMP, TRAMP.....	12
TREAD LIGHTLY, YE COMRADES.....	120
UNCLE JOE'S 'HAIL COLUMBIA'.....	28
VACANT CHAIR.....	59
VOLUNTEER'S FAREWELL.....	136
WAKE, NICODEMUS.....	150
WASHINGTON AND LINCOLN.....	36
WEEP O'ER THE HEROES AS THEY FALL..	96
WE'LL FIGHT IT OUT HERE ON THE OLD UNION LINE.....	22
WE WERE COMRADES TOGETHER IN THE DAYS OF THE WAR.....	42
WEEPING SAD AND LONELY.....	156
WHEN JOHNNY COMES MARCHING HOME	44
WHEN SHERMAN MARCHED DOWN TO THE SEA.....	46
WHO SHALL RULE THIS AMERICAN NA- TION.....	32
WHO WILL CARE FOR MOTHER NOW.....	154
YANKEE DOODLE.....	86

MEMORIAL.

COVER THEM OVER.....	138
HYMN FOR A DEAD COMRADE.....	137
REST, COMRADES, REST.....	144
SLEEP, SACRED DUST OF NOBLE DEAD....	142
TEAR FOR THE COMRADE THAT'S GONE..	146
TO-DAY THIS HALLOWED PLACE WE SEEK	140

MARCHING THROUGH GEORGIA.

Writer in honor of Sherman's famous march from Atlanta to the Sea.

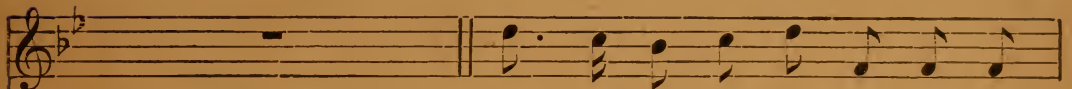
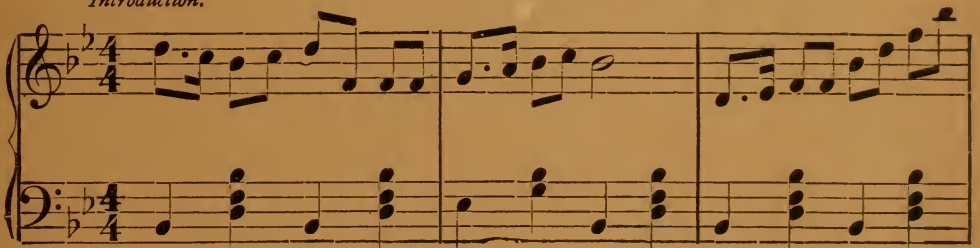
NOTE.—The editor would suggest for the better and more effective rendition of the following song that the several verses be allotted in the following manner :

1st verse to be sung by Solo Tenor. 2d verse, by 1st Tenors, unison. 3rd verse, by Solo Tenor. 4th verse, by 1st Tenors, unison. 5th verse, by 1st Basses, unison. Chorus after each verse by full chorus.

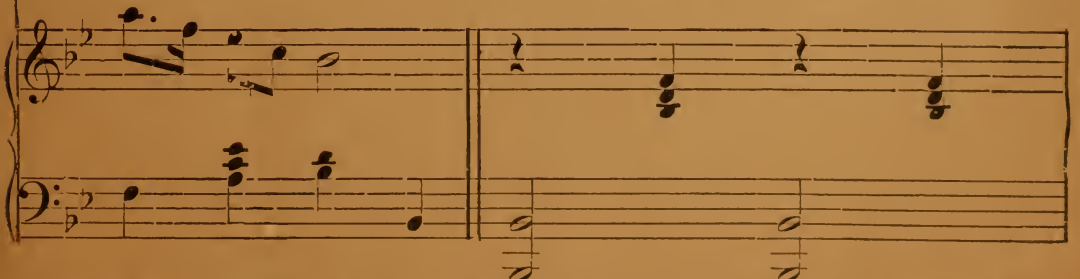
Such a distribution of voices adds variety, and greatly enhances the effect. It would be well to observe a similar method in the rendition of each song.

Words and Music by HENRY C. WORK.

Introduction.



1. Bring the good old bu - gle, boys ! we'll
2. How the dar - kies shout - ed when they
3. Yes, and there were Un - ion men who
4. "Sher - man's dash - ing Yan - kee boys will
5. So we made a thor - ough - fare for



Entered according to Act of Congress, A. D. MDCCCLXV, by Root & Cady, in the Clerk's Office for the District Court for the Northern District of Illinois.

Copyright MDCCCLXXXVI, by S. BRAINARD'S SONS.

MARCHING THROUGH GEORGIA.

sing an - oth - er song— Sing it with a spir - it that will
 heard the joy - ful sound! How the tur - keys gob - bled which our
 wept with joy - ful tears, When they saw the hon - or'd flag they
 nev - er reach the coast! So the sau - cy reb - els said, and
 Free - dom and her train, Six - ty miles in lat - i - tude— three

start the world a - long— Sing it as we used to sing it,
 com - mis - sa - ry found! How the sweet po - ta - toes ev - en
 had not seen for years; Hard - ly could they be re - strain'd from
 'twas a hand - some boast. Had they not for - got, a - las! to
 hud - dred to the main; Trea - son fled be - fore us, for re -

fif - ty thou - sand strong, } While we were march - ing through Geor - gia.
 start - ed from the ground,
 breaking forth in cheers,
 reck - on with the host,
 in sis - tance was in vain. }

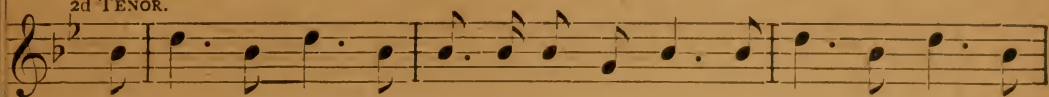
Chorus.

1st TENOR.

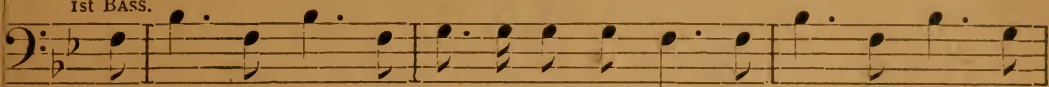


Hur - rah, hur - rah! We bring the ju - bi - lee! Hur - rah, hur - rah! The

2d TENOR.

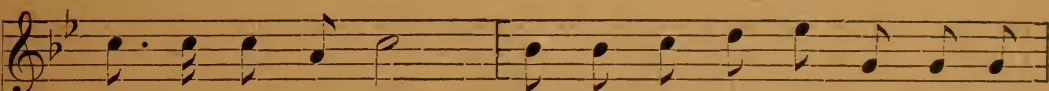
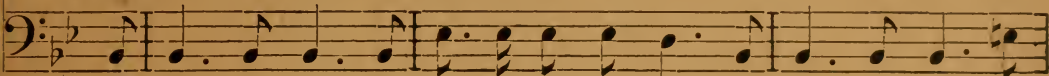


1st BASS.

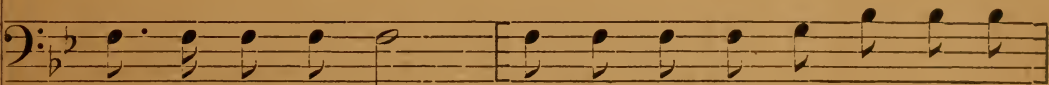
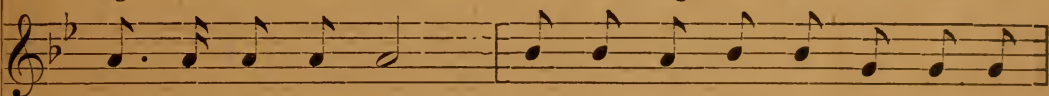


Hur - rah, hur - rah! We bring the ju - bi - lee! Hur - rah, hur - rah! The

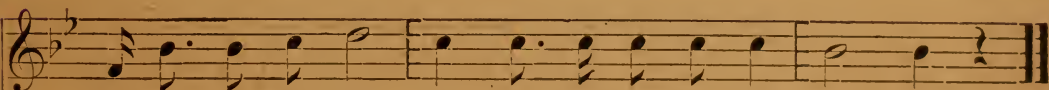
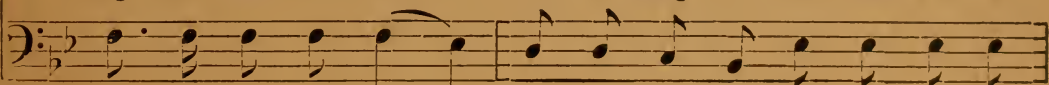
2d BASS.



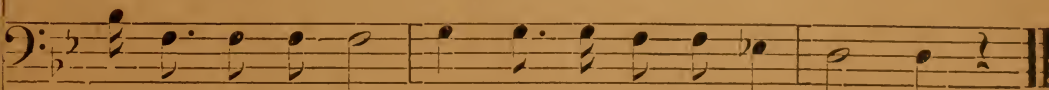
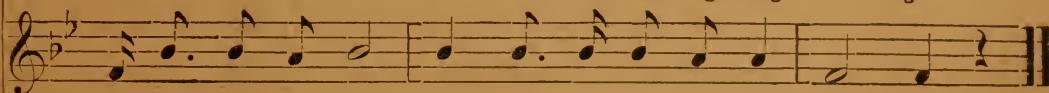
flag that makes us free! So we sang the cho - rus from At -



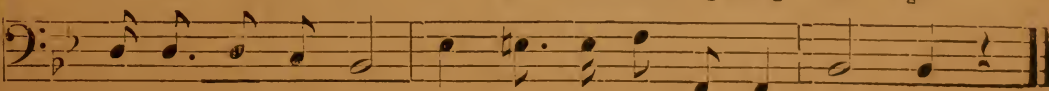
flag that makes us free! So we sang the cho - rus from At -



- lan - ta to the sea, As we were march - ing through Geor - gia.



lan - ta to the sea, As we were march - ing through Geor - gia.



CHORUS.

gath - er from the plain, Shout - ing the bat - tle cry of Free - dom.
 mil - lion free-men more, Shout - ing the bat - tle cry of Free - dom.
 man shall be a slave, Shout - ing the bat - tle cry of Free - dom.
 land we love the best, Shout - ing the bat - tle cry of Free - dom.

FULL CHORUS.

1st & 2nd TENOR.

The Un - ion for - ev - er, Hur - rah! boys, hurrah! Down with the trai - tor, Up with the star; While we

1st & 2nd BASS.

ral - ly 'round the flag, boys, ral - ly once a - gain, Shout - ing the bat tle - cry of Free - dom.

THE BATTLE-CRY OF FREEDOM.

(BATTLE SONG.)

1. We are marching to the field, boys, we're going to the fight,
 Shouting the battle-cry of Freedom.
 And we bear the glorious stars for the Union and the right,
 Shouting the battle-cry of Freedom.

CHO. — The Union forever, hurrah! boys, hurrah!
 Down with the traitor, up with the star,
 For we're marching to the field, boys, going to the fight,
 Shouting the battle-cry of Freedom!

2. We will meet the rebel host, boys, with fearless heart and true,
 Shouting the battle-cry of Freedom,

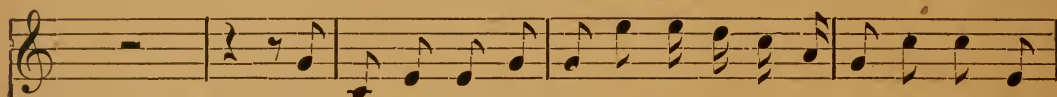
And we'll show what Uncle Sam has for loyal men to do,
 Shouting the battle-cry of Freedom,

3. If we fall amid the fray, boys, we'll face them to the last,
 Shouting the battle-cry of Freedom,
 And our comrades brave shall hear us, as they go rushing past,
 Shouting the battle-cry of Freedom.

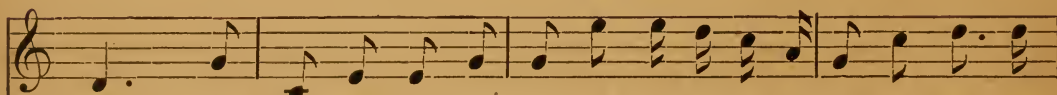
4. Yes, for Liberty and Union we're springing to the fight,
 Shouting the battle-cry of Freedom,
 And the vict'ry shall be ours, for we're rising in our might,
 Shouting the battle-cry of Freedom.

KINGDOM COMING.

HENRY C. WORK.



1. Say, dar-keys hab you seen de mas-sa, Wid de muff-stash on his
2. He six foot one way, two foot tud-der, An' he weigh tree hun-dred
3. De dar-keys feel so lone-some lib-in' In de log-house on de
4. De o-ber-seer he make us trou-ble, An' he dribe us round a

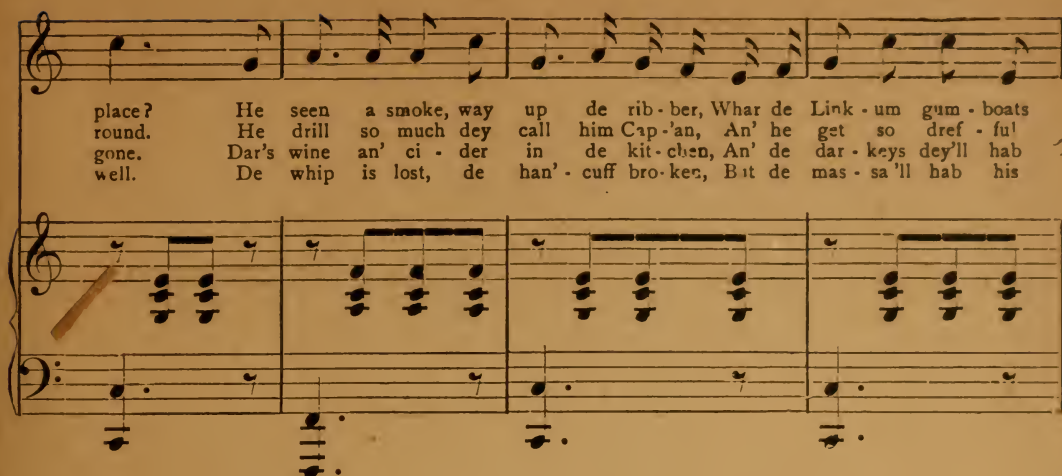


face, Go long de road some time dis morn-in', Like he gwine to leab de
 pound, His coat so big, he could'nt pay de tail-or, An' it won't go haf way
 lawn, Dey move dar tings to mas-sa's par-lor For to keep it while he's
 spell; We lock him up in de smokehouse cel-lar, Wid de key trown in de

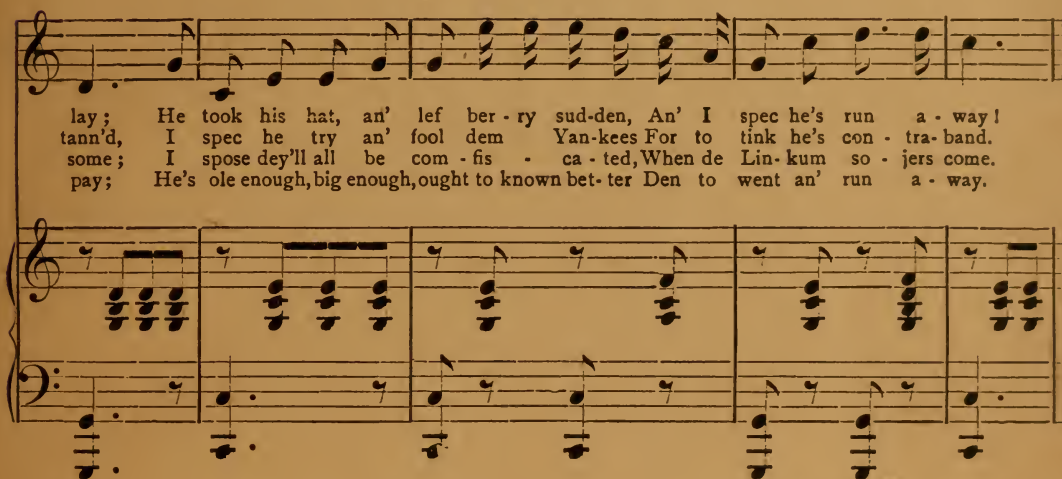


Entered according to Act of Congress, A. D. MDCCCLXII, by ROOT & CADY, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington, D. C.

Copyright, MDCCCLXXXVI, by S. BRAINARD'S SONS.



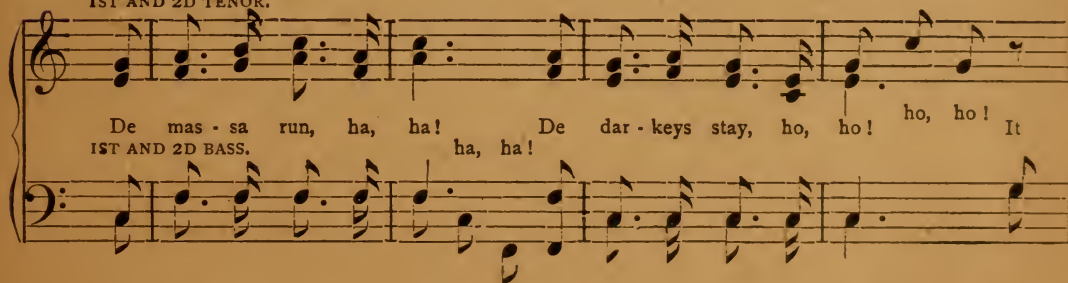
place? He seen a smoke, way up de rib-ber, Whar de Link-um gum-boats
 round. He drill so much dey call him Cap-'an, An' he get so dref-ful
 gone. Dar's wine an' ci-der in de kit-chen, An' de dar-keys dey'll hab
 well. De whip is lost, de han'-cuff bro-kes, But de mas-sa'll hab his



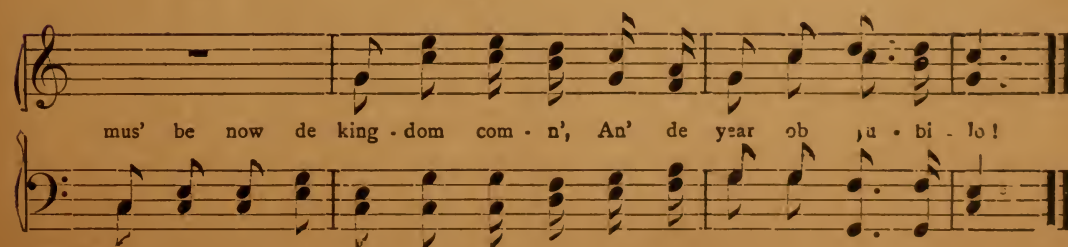
lay; He took his hat, an' lef ber-ry sud-den, An' I spec he's run a-way!
 tann'd, I spec he try an' fool dem Yan-kees For to tink he's con-tra-band.
 some; I spose dey'll all be com-fis-ca-ted, When de Lin-kum so-jers come.
 pay; He's ole enough, big enough, ought to know bet-ter Den to went an' run a-way.

Chorus.

1ST AND 2D TENOR.



De mas-sa run, ha, ha! De dar-keys stay, ho, ho! ho, ho! It
 1ST AND 2D BASS. ha, ha!

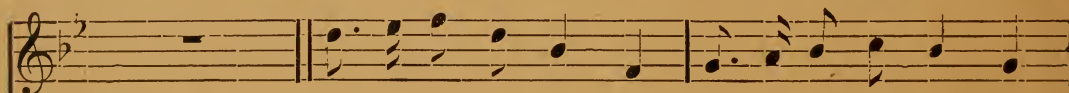


mus' be now de king-dom com-n', An' de year ob ju-bi-lo!

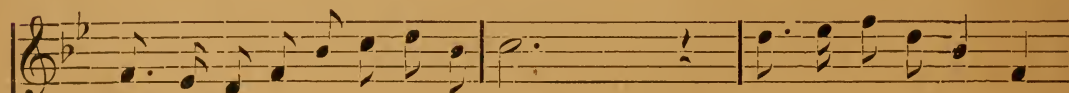
BABYLON IS FALLEN!

SEQUEL TO "KINGDOM COMING."

Words and Music by HENRY C. WORK.

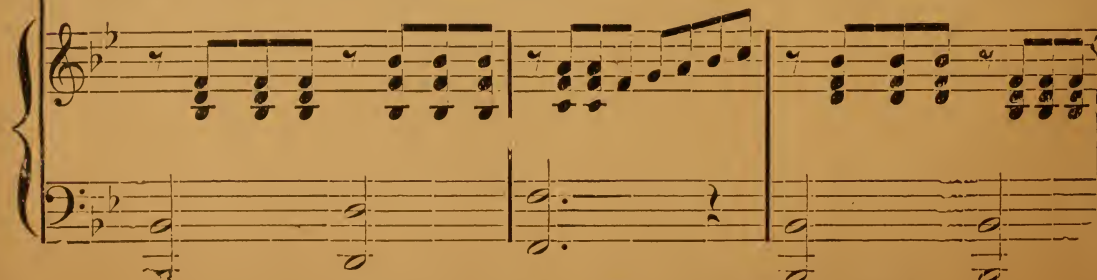


1. Don't you see de black clouds Ris - in' o - ber yon - der,
2. Don't you see de light - nin' Flash - in' in de cane - brake,
3. Way up in de corn - field, Whar you hear de tun - der,



Whar de Mas-sa's ole plan - ta-tion am?
 Like as if we're gwine to hab a storm?
 Dat is our ole for - ty-pounder gun;

Neb - ber you be fright-ened,
 No! you is mis - tak - en,
 When de shells are miss - in',



Entered according to act of Congress, A. D. 1866, by ROOT & CADY, in the Clerk's office of the District Court for the Northern District of Illinois.

Copyright, 1886 by S. BRAINARD'S SONS

BABYLON IS FALLEN.

XX

Dem is on - ly dar - keys, Come to jine and fight for Un - cle Sam.
 'Tis de dar - key's bay - nets, An' de but - tons on dar u - ni - form.
 Den we load wid pun - kins, All de same to make de cow - ards run.

CHORUS.

1st & 2nd TENOR.

Look out dar, now, We's a - gwine to shoot, Look

1st & 2nd BASS.

out dar, don't you un - der - stand,
 don't you know dat

Bab - y - lon is fall - en, Bab - y - lon is fall - en; And

Repeat Chorus softly.

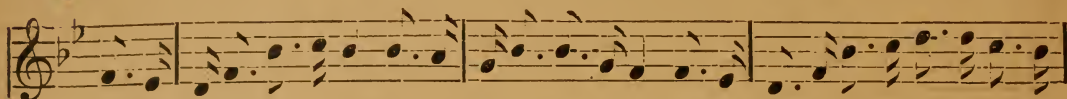
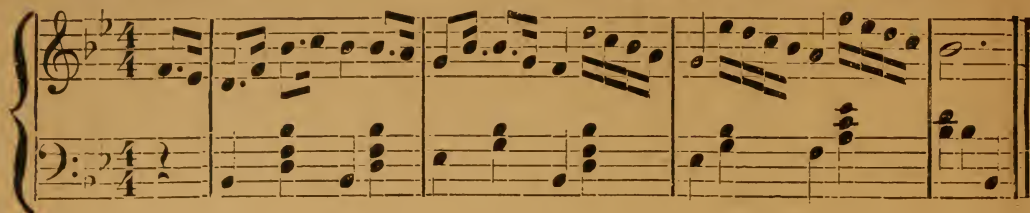
ve's a - gwine to oc - cu - py de land.

TRAMP! TRAMP! TRAMP!

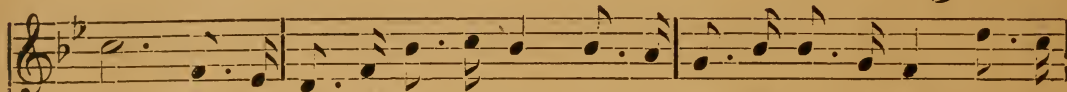
THE PRISONER'S HOPE.

Tempo di Marcia.

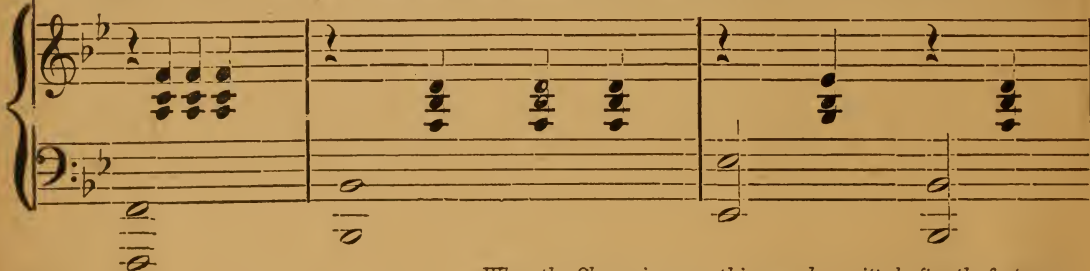
Words and Music by GEO. F. ROOT.



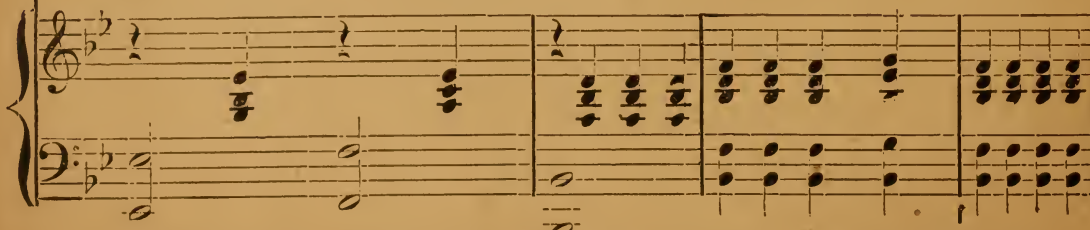
1 In the prison cell I sit, Thinking mother, dear, of you, And our bright and happy home so far a-
 2 In the battle front we stood, When their fiercest charge they made, And they swept us off a hundred men or
 3 Sc with in the pris-on-cell! We are waiting for the day, That shall come to o - pen wide the i-ron



way And the tears they fill my eyes, Spite of all that I can do, Tho' I
 more But be - fore we reach'd their lines, They were beat - en back dismay'd And we
 door And the hol - low eye grows bright, And the poor heart al - most gay, As we

*When the Chorus is sung, this may be omitted after the first verse.*

try to cheer my com - rades and be gay. Tramp, tramp, tramp, the boys are marching,
 heard the cry of vict - 'ry o'er and o'er.
 think of see - ing home and friends once more.



Entered according to act of Congress, in the year MDCCCLXXXI by Root & Cady, in the Clerk's office of the
 District Court for the Northern District of Illinois.

Copyright, MDCCCLXXXVI, by S. BRAINARD'S SONS.

Cheer up comrades they will come, And be-neath the star-ry flag We will

breathe the air a - gain, Of the free - land in our own be-lov-ed home.

Chorus.

1st. & 2nd. TENOR.

Tramp, tramp, tramp, the boys are march - ing, cheer up, com-rades they will

1st & 2nd. BASS.

marching on, O, And be - neath the flag, we'll breath the air, come, And be-neath the star-ry flag we shall breathe the air again, Of the then we'll come, And be - neath the flag, we'll breath the air,

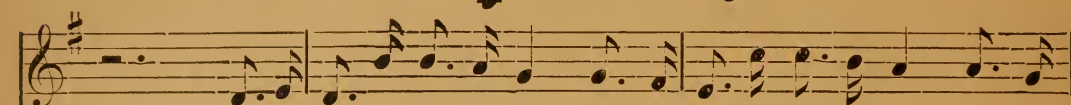
free - land in our own be - lov - ed home.

14 ON, ON, ON, THE BOYS CAME MARCHING. Or THE PRISONER FREE.

(SEQUEL TO TRAMP, TRAMP, TRAMP.)

Words and Music by GEO. F. ROOT.

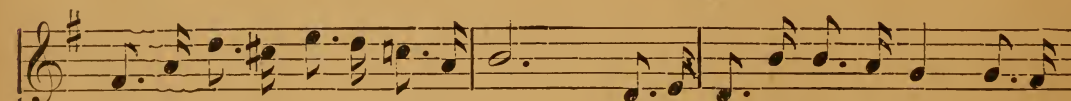
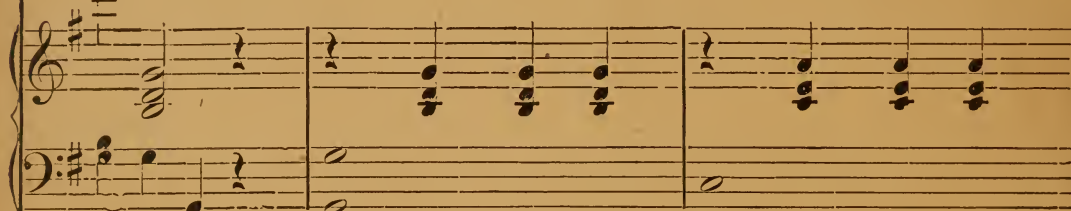
Tempo di Marcia.



1. O! the day it came at last, When the glo-rious tramp was heard, And the

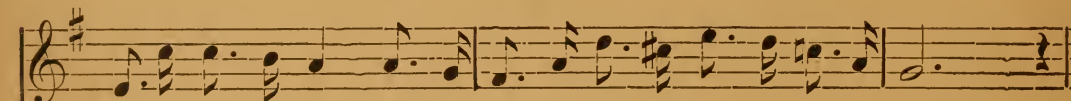
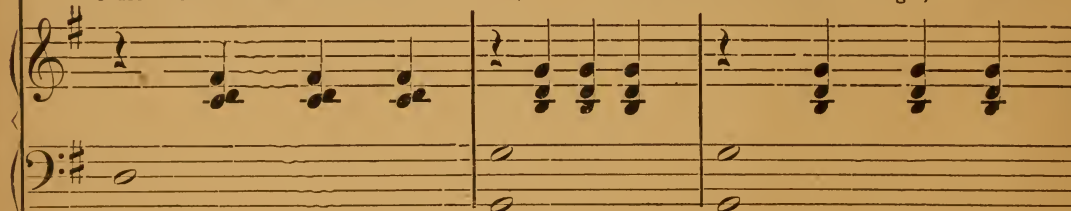
2. O! the fee-blest heart grew strong, And the most des-pond-ent, sure, When we

3. O! the war is o-ver now, And we're safe at home a-gain, And the

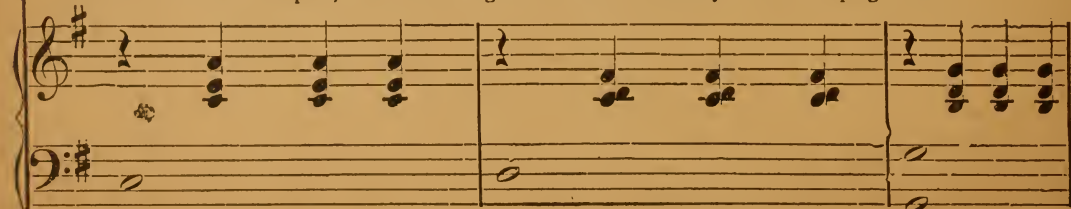


boys came marching, fit-ty thousand strong,
heard the thrill-ing sounds we loved so well,
cause we starv'd and suf-fer'd for is won,

And we grasp'd each oth-ers hands, Tho' we
For we knew that want and woe, We no
But we nev-er can for-get, 'Mid our



ut-ter'd not a word, As the boom-ing of our can-non roll'd a-long!
long-er should en-dure, When the hosts of free-dom reach'd our pris-on cell!
woe and 'mid our pain, How the glo-rious Un-ion boys came tramping on!



When the Chorus is sung this may be omitted after the first verse.

On, on, on the boys came march - ing, Like a grand ma - jes - tic sea, And they
After last verse say "Yes, yes, yes, the boys came marching" instead of "On, on," &c.

When the Chorus is not sung end here.

dash'd away the guard from the heavy i-ron door, And we stood beneath the starry banner, free!

Chorus.

1st and 2d TENOR.

On, on, on the boys came march - ing, Like a grand ma - jes - tic sea, And they
On, on, on the boys came marching, Like a grand ma - jes - tic sea, like a sea, And they

1st and 2d BASS.

dash'd the guard from the i - ron door, And we stood 'neath the ban - ner free.
dash'd away the guard from the heavy iron door, And we stood beneath the starry banner free.

dash'd the guard from the i - ron door, And we stood 'neath the ban - ner free, the banner free.

JUST BEFORE THE BATTLE, MOTHER.

Words and Music by GEO. F. ROOT

Tenderly.

The first system of the musical score consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef with a key signature of two flats (B-flat and E-flat) and a 4/4 time signature. It contains a melodic line with eighth and quarter notes. The lower staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature, featuring a harmonic accompaniment of chords and single notes.

The second system continues the musical score. It includes the following lyrics:

1. Just be-fore the bat-tle, mother,	I am thinking most of you,
2. Oh, I long to see you, mother,	And the lov-ing ones at home,
3. Hark! I hear the bu-gles sounding,	'Tis the sig-nal for the fight,

The third system continues the musical score. It includes the following lyrics:

While up-on the field we're watching,	With the en-e-my in view—
But I'll nev-er leave our ban-ner,	Till in hon-or I can come,
Now, may God pro-tect us, mother,	As he ev-er does the right,

Entered according to act of Congress, in the year MDCCCLXIII, by ROOT & CADY, in the Clerk's office of the District Court for the Northern District of Illinois.

Copyright MDCCCLXXXVI, by S. BRAINARD'S SONS.

Com-rades brave are round me ly-ing, Fill'd with tho'ts of home and God; For
Tell the trait-ors, all a-round you, That their cru-el words we know, In
Hear the "Bat-tle Cry of Freedom," * How it swells up-on the air, Oh,

well they know that on the mor-row, Some will sleep be-neath the sod.
ev-'ry bat-tle kill our sol-diers, By the help they give the foe.
yes, we'll ral-ly round the standard, Or we'll per-ish no-bly there.

Chorus.

1st and 2d TENOR.

Fare-well, mother, you may never, you may never, mother, press me to your heart a-gain, But

1st and 2d BASS.

oh, you'll not forget me mother, you will not for-get me, If I'm number'd with the slain.

Repeat pp

oh, you'll not forget me mother, you will not for-get me, If I'm number'd with the slain.

* In some of the divisions of our army the "Battle Cry" was sung, when going into action, by order of commanding officers

JUST AFTER THE BATTLE.

GEO. F. ROOT.

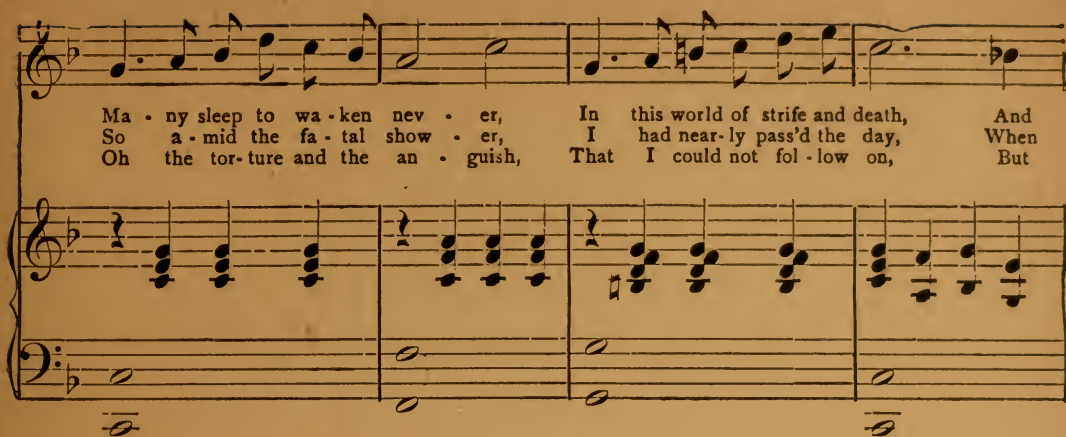
With expression.

1. Still up - on the field of bat - tle, I am ly - ing, moth - er dear,
 2. Oh the first great charge was fear - ful, And a thousand brave men fell,
 3. Oh the glorious cheer of tri - umph, When the foe - man turn'd and fled,

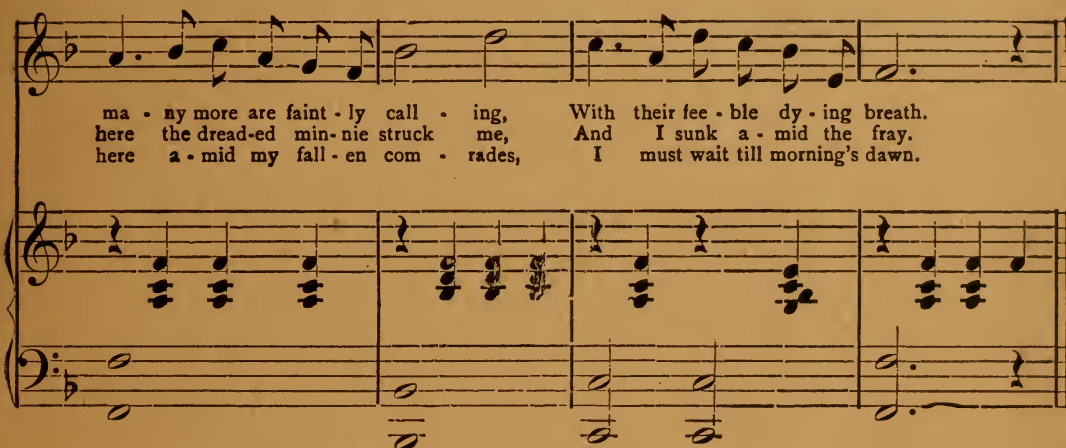
With my wounded comrades wait - ing, For the morning to ap - pear.
 Still a - mid the dreadful car - nage, I was safe from shot and shell.
 Leav - ing us the field of bat - tle, Strewn with dy - ing and with dead.

Entered according to act of Congress, in the year MDCCCLXIII, by ROOT & CADY, in the Clerk's office of the District Court for the Northern District of Illinois.

Copyright MDCCCLXXXVI, by S. BRAINARD'S SONS.



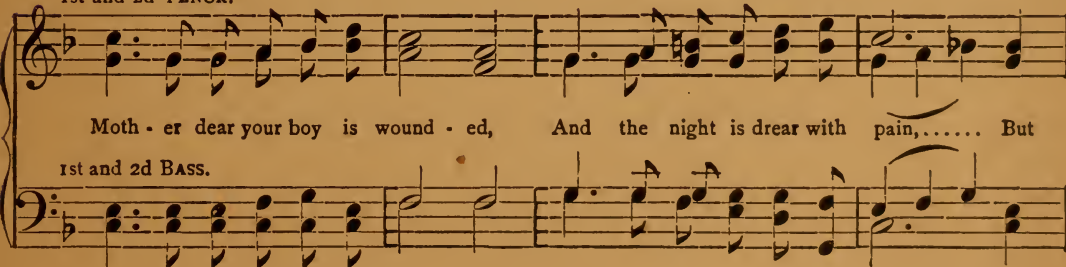
Ma - ny sleep to wa - ken nev - er, In this world of strife and death, And
So a - mid the fa - tal show - er, I had near - ly pass'd the day, When
Oh the tor - ture and the an - guish, That I could not fol - low on, But



ma - ny more are faint - ly call - ing, With their fee - ble dy - ing breath.
here the dread - ed min - nie struck me, And I sunk a - mid the fray.
here a - mid my fall - en com - rades, I must wait till morning's dawn.

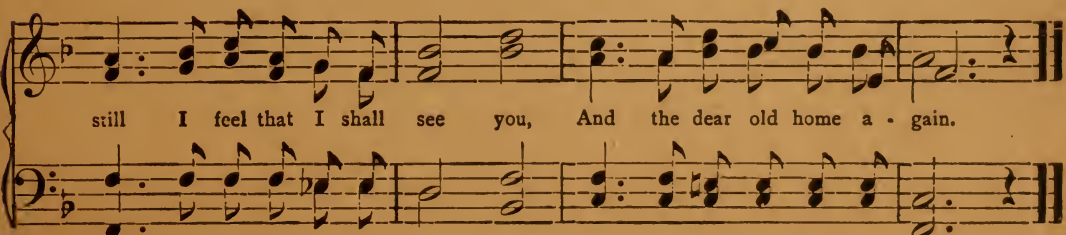
Chorus.

1st and 2d TENOR.



Moth - er dear your boy is wound - ed, And the night is drear with pain,..... But

1st and 2d BASS.



still I feel that I shall see you, And the dear old home a - gain.

O, WRAP THE FLAG AROUND ME, BOYS.

R. STEWART TAYLOR.

Moderato.

1. O, wrap the flag a-round me, boys, To die were far more
 2. O, I had thought to greet you, boys, On ma-ny a well won
 3. But though my bo-dy mould-er, boys, My spir-it will be

sweet,
 field,
 free,

With Free-dom's star-ry em-blem, boys, To be my wind-ing
 When to our star-ry ban-ner, boys, The trait'-rous foe should
 And ev-'ry com-rade's hon-or, boys, Will still be dear to

Entered according to act of Congress, A. D. MDCCCLXII, by Root & Cady, in the District Court of the United States for the Northern District of Illinois.

Copyright MDCCCLXXXVI, by S. BRAINARD'S SONS.

sheet. In life I lov'd to see it wave, And fol - low where it
yield; But now, a - las! I am de - nied My dear - est earth - ly
me, There, in the thick and blood - y fight Ne'er let your ar - dor

led, And now my eyes grow dim, my hands Would clasp its last bright shred.
pray'r— You'll fol - low and you'll meet the foe, But I shall not be there.
lag, For I'll be there still hov'-ring near, A - bove the dear old flag.

Chorus.

Melody in 2d TENOR.

1. Then wrap } the flag a - round me, boys, To die were far more
2. Yes, wrap }
3. So wrap }

1st and 2d BASS.

sweet, With Freedom's star - ry em - blem, boys, To be my wind - ing sheet.

WE'LL FIGHT IT OUT HERE ON THE OLD UNION LINE.

Words by CHAPLAIN LOZIER.

Music by GEO. F. ROOT.

With Spirit.

Piano introduction in G major, 6/8 time, 8 measures long. The melody is in the right hand, and the bass line is in the left hand.

Vocal melody and piano accompaniment for the first two lines of the song. The piano part consists of chords in the right hand and a bass line in the left hand.

1. We'll ral - ly a - gain, to the stand - ard we bore O'er
2. We'll ral - ly a - gain, by the side of the men Who

Vocal melody and piano accompaniment for the second two lines of the song. The piano part consists of chords in the right hand and a bass line in the left hand.

bat - tle fields crim - son and go - ry, Shouting "Hail to the Chief" who in
breast - ed the con - flicts fierce bat - tle, And they'll find us still true, who were

Entered according to act of Congress, A. D. MDCCCLXVIII, by ROOT & Cady, in the District Court of the United States for the Northern District of Illinois.

Copyright MDCCCLXXXVI, by S. BRAINARD'S SONGS.

Free-dom's fierce war, Hath cov-er'd that ban-ner with glo-ry.
true to them then, And bade them "God speed" in the bat-tle.

Chorus.

1st and 2d TENOR.

Then ral-ly a-gain, then ral-ly a-gain, With the

1st and 2d BASS.

sol-dier and sai-lor and bum-mer, And we'll fight it out here on the

old Un-ion Line, No odds if it takes us all sum-mer.

3.

We'll rally again, and that "Flag of the Free,"
Shall stay where our heroes have placed it,
And ne'er shall they govern, on land or on sea,
Whose treason hath spurned and disgrac'd it.

We'll rally again, and our motto shall be,
What ever the nation that bore us.
God bless that old banner, "The Flag of the Free,"
And all who would die with it o'er us.

"LAY ME DOWN AND SAVE THE FLAG."

GEO. F. ROOT.

With expression.

1. They a -
2. To the

rose, whose name was Le - gion, As an o - ver-whelming wave, And the
Si - roc of Se - ces - sion, They had bared the fear-less brow— They had

bat - tle surged its bil - lows Round a cho - sen few and brave; And they
heard that voice and heed - ed— Could they hear and heed it now? But his

Entered according to act of Congress, A. D. MDCCCLXIV, by ROOT & CADY, in the District Court of the United States for the Northern District of Illinois.

Copyright MDCCCLXXXVI, by S. BRAINARD'S SONG.

near'd the sa - cred ban - ner, With their foul and flaunting rag, When the
heart is in the bat - tle— Shall the hal - low'd en-sign drag, While a

dy - ing he - ro shout - ed, "Lay me down and save the Flag."
hand is left to res - cue? "Lay me down and save the Flag."

Chorus.

1st and 2d TENOR.

1, 2, 3. So he fell, the brave com - man - der, Like the oak from mountain crag; But his
4. Slum - ber calm - ly brave com - man - der, Where thou art no pin - ions lag, Fame will

Air in 1st BASS.

last words still are ring - ing, "Lay me down and save the Flag."
bear thy words for - ev - er, "Lay me down and save the Flag."

3 Then they looked at one another
In the speechlessness of woe,
As each eye would ask a brother,
Shall we stay, or shall we go!
And again the sight was blasted
By the traitor's boastful rag,
And again the word fell sternly,
"Lay me down and save the Flag,"

4 Oh, beloved, ye who murmur
For the dear ones gone before,
For the manly son and brother,
That may greet you never more
For the loving arm that shielded,
For the hope whose pinions lag,
Let the lips that quiver, falter,
"Lay me down and save the Flag."

STARVED IN PRISON.

Words and Music by GEO. F. ROOT.

With deep feeling.

1. Had they fal - len in the bat - tle, With the old flag wav - ing
 2. Had they died in ward or sick - room, Nurs'd with but a sol - dier
 3. Oh! the thought so sad comes o'er us, In this hour of joy and

high, We should mourn, but not in an - guish, For the sol - dier thus would
 care, We should grieve, but still be thank - ful That a hu - man heart was
 pride, That the hearts we lov'd so fond - ly Might be beat - ing by our

die; But the dear boys starv'd in pris - on, Help-less, friend - less and a -
 there— But the dear boys starv'd in pris - on, Help-less, friend - less and a -
 side; but the dear boys starv'd in pris - on, Help-less, friend - less and a -

lone, While the haugh - ty reb - el lead - ers Heard un-mov'd each dy - ing groan.
 lone, While the heart - less reb - el lead - ers Heard un-mov'd each dy - ing groan.
 lone, While the cru - el reb - el lead - ers Heard un-mov'd each dy - ing groan.

Chorus.

Melody in 2d TENOR.

Yes, they starv'd in pens, and pris - ons, Help - less, friend - less and a - lone! And their

1st and 2d BASS.

Nor their a . . o - ny be known.

woe can ne'er be spok - en, Nor their, nor their ag - o - ny be known.

UNCLE JOE'S "HAIL COLUMBIA!"

Words and Music by HENRY C. WORK.

Moderato.

Ped. * *Ped.* * *Ped.* * *Ped.* *

Ped. * *Ped.* *

1. Un - cle Joe comes home a sing - ing, Hail,..... Co - lum - by!
 2. Bless - ed days, I lib to see dem, Hail,..... Co - lum - by!
 3. Dis is what de war was brought for, Hail,..... Co - lum - by!

Glo - rious times de Lord is bring - in', Now let me die.
 I hab drawn a breff of free - dom, Now let me die.
 Dis is what our tad - ers fought for, Now let me die.

Entered according to Act of Congress, A. D. MDCCCLXII, by ROOT & CADY, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress at Washington, D. C.

Copyright MDCCCLXXXVI, by S. BRAINARD'S SONS.



Fling de chains in - to de rib - ber— Lay de bur - den by;
 Nine - ty years I bore de bur - den, Den he heard my cry;
 Dar's an end to all dis sor - row, Com - in' by and by;



Dar is one who will de - lib - ber— Now let me die.
 Stand - in' on de banks ob Jur - dan— Now let me die.
 Pray - in' for dat bres - sed mor - row— Now let me die.

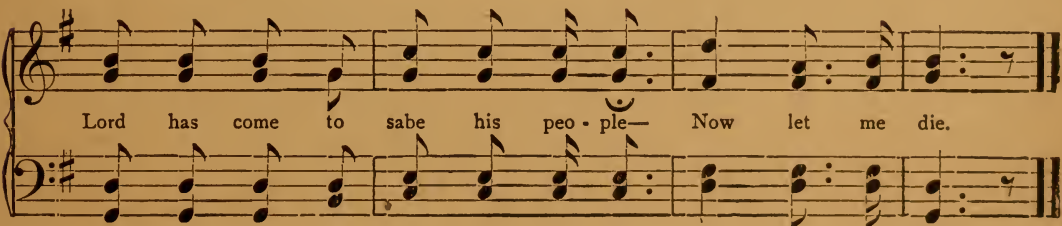
Chorus.

I AND II TENOR.



Ring de Bells in eb' - ry stee - ple! Raise de Flag on high! De

I AND II BASS.



Lord has come to sabe his peo - ple— Now let me die.

4 I hab seen de rebels beaten,
 Hail columby!
 I hab seen dar hosts retreatin'—
 Now let me die.
 O! dis Union can't be broken,
 Dar's no use to try;
 No sech ting de Lord has spoken—
 Now let me die.

5 I'll go home a singin' "Glory!"—
 Hail Columby!
 Since I heard dis bressed story—
 Now let me die.
 'Tis de ransom ob de nation,
 Drawin' now so nigh;
 'Tis de day of full salbation—
 Now let me die.

CORPORAL SCHNAPPS.*

Words and Music by HENRY C. WORK.

Not too fast.

1. Mine heart ish pro - ken in - to lit - tle pits, I tells you, friend, what for; Mine
 2. I march all tay, no mat - ter if der schtorm Pe worse ash Mo - ses' flood; I
 3. They kives me hart-pread, tough-er as a rock— It al - most preaks mine zhaw; I

schweetheart, von coot pa - tri - ot - ic kirl, She trives me off mit der war. I
 lays all night, mine head up - on a schtump, And "tsinks to schleep" in der mud. Der
 schplits him some-times mit an i - ron wedge, And cuts him up mit a saw. They

* "Sch" throughout this song has the soft German sound of *sh*, as for instance, *Schnapps*. † In this line *retard* the movement.

Entered according to Act of Congress, A. D. MDCCCLXIV, by ROSE & CADY, in the District Court of the United States for the Northern District of Illinois.

Copyright MDCCCLXXXVI, by S. BRAINARD'S SONS.

fights for her her pat-tles of te flag— I schtrikes so prave as I can; Put
 night-mare comes— I catch him fer-ry pad— I treams I schleeps mit der *Ghost; I
 kives me peef, so fer-ry, fer-ry salt, Like Sod-om's wife, you know; I

how long time she nix re-mem-pers me, And coes mit an-oth-er man.
 wakes next morn-ing fro-zen in der cround, So schtiff as von schtone post.
 sure-ly dinks they put him in der prine Von hun-tred years a-co.

Chorus.

I AND 2 TENOR.

SOLO-IST TENOR.

Ah! mine frau-lein! You ish so fer-ry un-kind! You coes mit Hans to

I AND 2 BASS.

Zher-ma-ny to live, And leaves poor Schnapps pe-hind, Leaves poor Schnapps pe-hind.

4 Py'n py we takes von city in der South—
 We scht ays there von whole year;
 I kits me sourcroust much as I can eat,
 Und blenty loccar pier.
 I meets von laty repel in der schtreet,
 So handsome effer I see;
 I makes to her von ferry callant pow—
 Put ah! she schpits on me.

5 "Hart times!" you say, "what for you volunteer?"
 I tolt you, friend, what for:
 Mine schweet-heart, von coot patriotic kirl,
 She trove me off mit der war.
 Alas! alas! mine bretty little von
 Vill schmile no more on me;
 Put schtill I fights de pattles of te flag
 To set mine countries free.

WHO SHALL RULE THIS AMERICAN NATION?

Words and Music by HENRY C. WORK.

The musical score is written for piano and three voices. The piano part consists of a treble and bass staff with a key signature of two sharps (F# and C#) and a 2/4 time signature. The vocal parts are arranged in three staves, with the first staff being the highest and the third the lowest. The lyrics are written below the vocal staves.

Lyrics:

1. Who shall rule this A-
 2. Who shall rank as the
 3. Shall we tar-nish our

mer-i-can Na-tion? Say, boys, say! Who shall sit in the
 fam-i-ly roy-al? Say, boys, say! If not those who are
 na-tion-al glo-ry? Say, boys, say! Blot one line from the

loft-i-est sta-tion? Say, boys, say! Shall the men who
 hon-est and loy-al? Say, boys, say! Then shall one e-
 won-der-ful sto-ry? Say, boys, say! Did we vain-ly

Entered according to Act of Congress, A. D. MDCCCLXVI, by ROOR & CADY, in the District Court of the United States for the Northern District of Illinois.

Copyright MDCCCLXXXVI, by S. BRAINARD'S SONS.

tram - pled on the ban - ner? They who now their coun - try would be - tray?
 - lect - ed as our ser - vant, In his pride, as - sume a re - gal sway?
 shed our blood in bat - tle? Did our troops, a - sult - less win the day?

They who mur - der the in - no - cent free - men? Say, boys, say!
 Must we bend to a hu - man Dic - ta - tor? Say, boys, say!
 Was our time and our treas - ure all squan - der'd? Say, boys, say!

Chorus.

I AND II TENOR.

"No, nev - er! no, nev - er!" The loy - al mil - lions say; And 'tis

I AND II BASS.

they who rule this A - mer - i - can Na - tion! They, boys, they!

OUR LAST GRAND CAMPING GROUND.

Words and Music by HENRY C. WORK.

1. On a peb-bly shore, where for-ev-er more Gent-ly creeps a mu-sic la-den
 2. While thro' love-ly dells, grand-er mu-sic swells— Rich-er chords from rar-er harps of

wave— In the meadows green, which be-yond are seen,
 gold— List that soft re-frain, that sweet vo-cal strain,

Camps a conqu'ring ar-my, true and brave. Shin-ing are the wea-pons
 Where-in now the vic-tors' deeds are told: How they toil'd in dark-ness,

of this mar-tial throng— Crimson-dyed their banners, bat - tle-worn so long; But
bat - t ling with the wrong— How, in hours of weakness, Je - sus made them strong, Ac-

now they cast them down, and each receives a crown, While they chant their never ending song:
• knowledg'd as his own he seats them on his throne, While they join the nev-er end-ing song:

Chorus.

I AND 2 TENOR.

"Our Sav - ior and our King! His vic - to-ries shall ring! His conquests thro' e - ter - ni - ty shall

I AND 2 BASS.

sound! War shall be no more—we have reach'd the shore, Safe-ly reach'd our last grand camping ground."

WASHINGTON AND LINCOLN.

Words and Music by HENRY C. WORK.

1. Come, hap - py peo - ple! Oh come, let us tell The sto - ry of Washing-ton and
 2. Pa - rents to chi - dren shall tell with de-light, The sto - ry of Washing-ton and
 3. Tho' on the war - cloud re - cord - ed with steel, The sto - ry of Washing-ton and

Lin - coln! His - to - ry's pa - ges can nev - er ex - cel The
 Lin - coln; Free - born and freed - men to - geth - er re - cite The
 Lin - coln; Peace, on - ly Peace, can com - plete - ly re - veal The

sto - ry of Wash-ing - ton and Lin - coln. Down thro' the a - ges an
 sto - ry of Wash-ing - ton and Lin - coln. Earth's wea - ry bond - men shall
 sto - ry of Wash-ing - ton and Lin - coln. Thanks to the Lord for the

Entered according to Act of Congress, A. D. MDCCCLXII, by Root & Cadz, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington, D. D.

Copyright MDCCC! XXXVI, by S. BRAINARD'S SONS.

an - them shall go, Bear - ing the hon - ors we glad - ly be - stow—
 lis - ten with cheer— Ty - rants shall trem - ble, and trai - tors shall fear—
 days we be - hold! Thanks for the un - sul - lied flag we un - fold!

Till ev - 'ry na - tion and lan - guage shall know The sto - ry of Wash - ington and Lin - coln.
 When, in its full - ness of glo - ry, they hear The sto - ry of Wash - ington and Lin - coln.
 Thanks that to us, and in our time, was told The sto - ry of Wash - ington and Lin - coln.

Chorus.

I AND 2 TENOR.

SOLO

Who gave us in - de - pen - dence, On con - ti - nent and sea— Who

I AND 2 BASS.

sav'd the glorious Un - ion! And set a peo - ple free! This is the sto - ry—Oh

SOLO 1ST BASS

hap - py are we— The sto - ry of Wash - ington and Lin - coln.

COLUMBIA'S GUARDIAN ANGELS.

Words and Music by HENRY C. WOOD.

1. An ech - o floats down from the moun - tains, And finds on the pra - iries re -
 2. The ban - ner hangs high in the heav - ens, The bea - con com - men - ces to
 3. The stronghold of Ty - ran - ny trem - bles— Her min - ions re - tire in dis -

leaze ; An ech - o whose won - der - ful bur - den Is "Vic - to - ry! Lib - er - ty!
 burn ; The shout of the freedman goes up - ward, To welcome their wai - ted re -
 - miy. Like spec - ters that fade in the dark - ness, Be - fore the ar - ri - val of

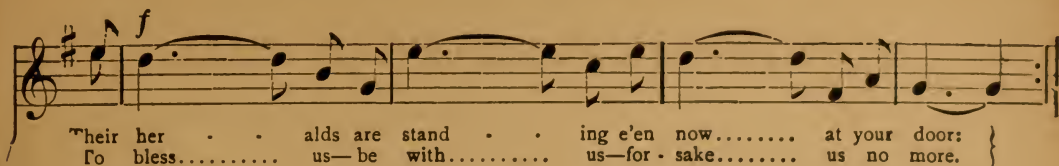
Peace!" { The glo - ri - ous tri - o, be - hold they are com - ing,
 - turn. Go tell the lone watch - ers of earth, they are com - ing
 day.

* If the voice does not reach G easily, sing the small notes.

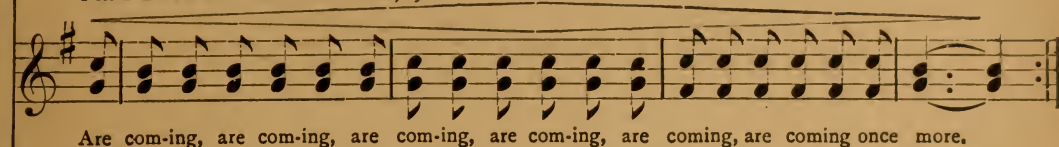
Entered according to Act of Congress, A. D. MDCCCLXII, by Root & Cadv, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington, D. C.

Copyright MDCCCLXXXVI, by S. BRAINARD'S SONS.

f

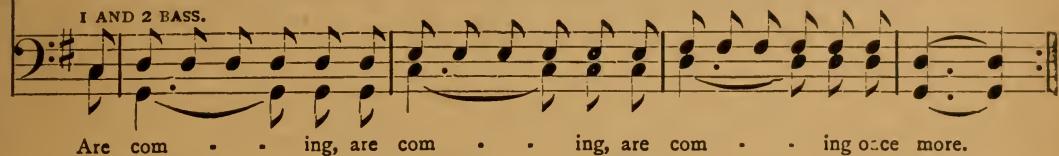


Their her - - alds are stand - - ing e'en now..... at your door:
To bless..... us—be with..... us—for sake..... us no more.

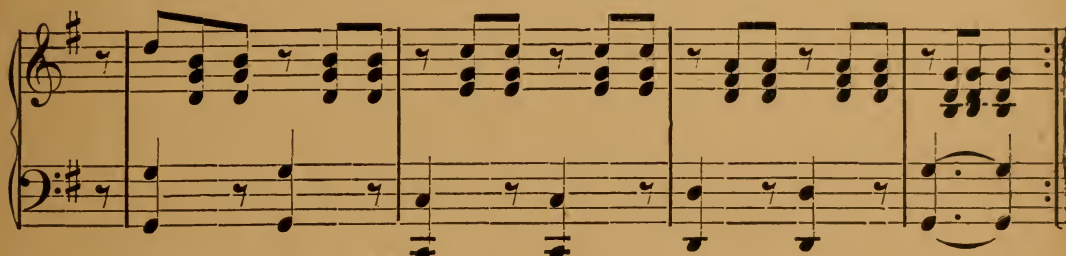
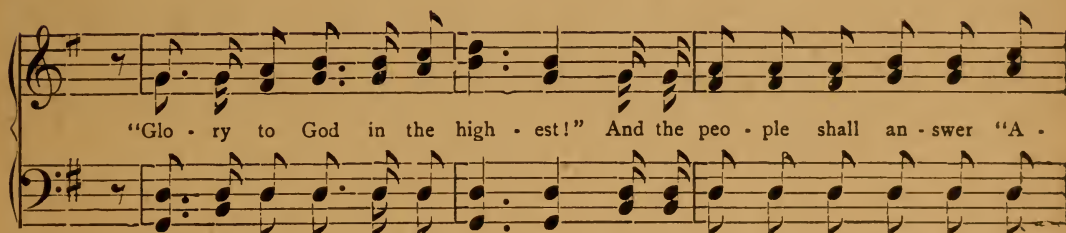
*Semi-Chorus.*1 AND 2 TENOR. *Commence very softly.*


Are com-ing, are com-ing, are com-ing, are com-ing, are coming, are coming once more.

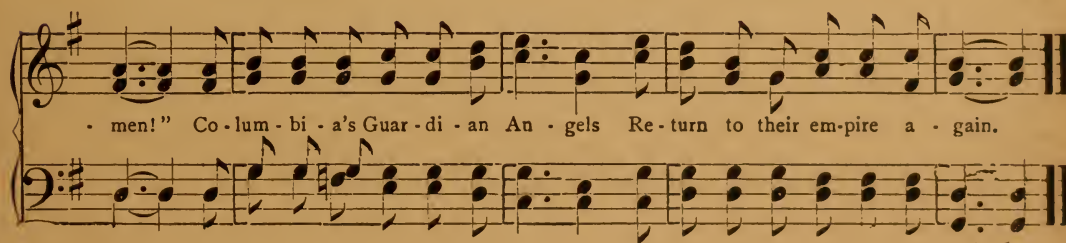
1 AND 2 BASS.



Are com - - ing, are com - - ing, are com - - ing once more.

"Glo - ry to God in the high - est!" And the peo - ple shall an - swer "A -



- men!" Co - lum - bi - a's Guar - di - an An - gels Re - turn to their em - pire a - gain.

They bring us the place among nations,
Our ancestors gave us before;
The birth-right that some would have barter'd,
They now in its fullness restore.

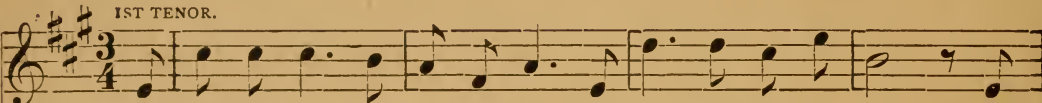
They bring us that blessing of blessings,
Which few were yet looking to see—
A firm and unchangeable Union,
In fact, as in theory, free!

THE SWORD OF BUNKER HILL.

Words by WILLIAM ROSS WALLACE.


Melody by COVERT.
Arr. for Quartet by W. G. S

1ST TENOR.



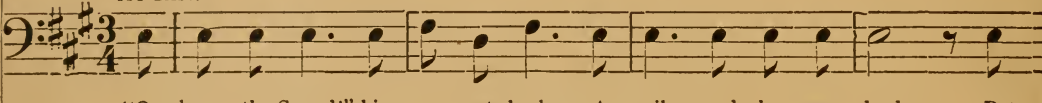
1. He lay up - on his dy - ing bed; His eye was grow - ing dim, When

2D TENOR.



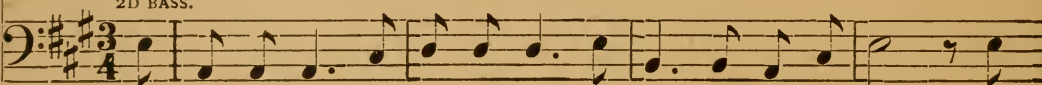
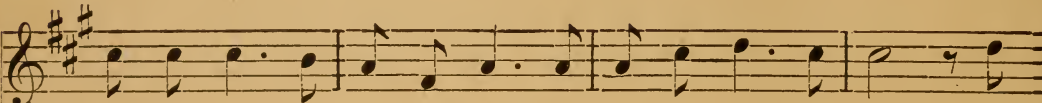
2. The sword was brought, the sol - dier's eye Lit with a sud - den flame; And
3. 'Twas on that dread im - mor - tal day, I dar'd the Bri-ton's band, A

1ST BASS.

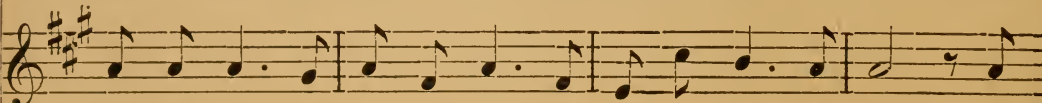


4. "O, keep the Sword!" his ac - cents broke— A smile— and he was dead— But

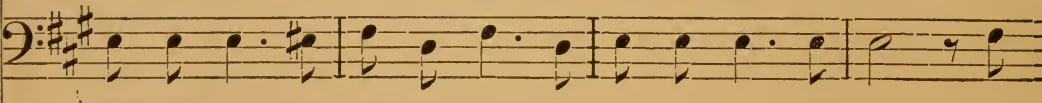
2D BASS.

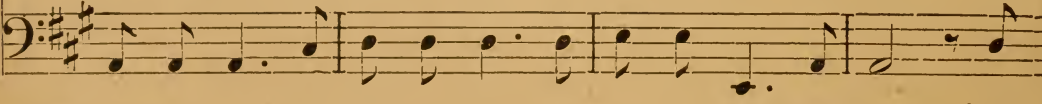
with a fee - ble voice he call'd His weep - ing son to him, "Weep



as he grasp'd the an - cient blade, He mur - mur'd War - ren's name; Then
Cap - tain rais'd this blade on me— I tore it from his hand; And



his wrinckld hand still grasp'd the blade Up - on that dy - ing bed. The



Entered according to Act of Congress, A. D. MDCCCLV, by G. P. REED & Co., in the Clerk's Office of the United States District Court for the District of Mass.

Copyright, MDCCCLXXXIII, by BERNARD COVERT.

Copyright MDCCCLXXXVI, by S. BRAINARD'S SONS.

not, my boy," the vet - 'ran said, "I bow to Heaven's high will— But
 said, "My boy, I leave you gold— But what is rich - er still, I
 while the glo - rious bat - tle rag'd, It light - ened free - dom's will— For,
 son re - mains; the sword re - mains— Its glo - ry grow - ing still— And

quick - ly from yon ant - lers bring The Sword of Bun - ker Hill; But
 leave you, mark me, mark me now— The Sword of Bun - ker Hill; I
 boy, the God of free - dom bless'd The Sword of Bun - ker Hill; For,
 twen - ty mil - lions bless the sire, And Sword of Bun - ker Hill; And

quick - ly from yon ant - lers bring The Sword of Bun - ker Hill."
 leave you, mark me, mark me now— The Sword of Bun - ker Hill."
 boy, the God of free - dom bless'd The Sword of Bun - ker Hill,"
 twen - ty mil - lions bless the sire, And Sword of Bun - ker Hill.

WE WERE COMRADES TOGETHER IN THE DAYS OF THE WAR.

Words by Col. JOE WHITFIELD.

Music by COLLIN COE.

Con spirito.

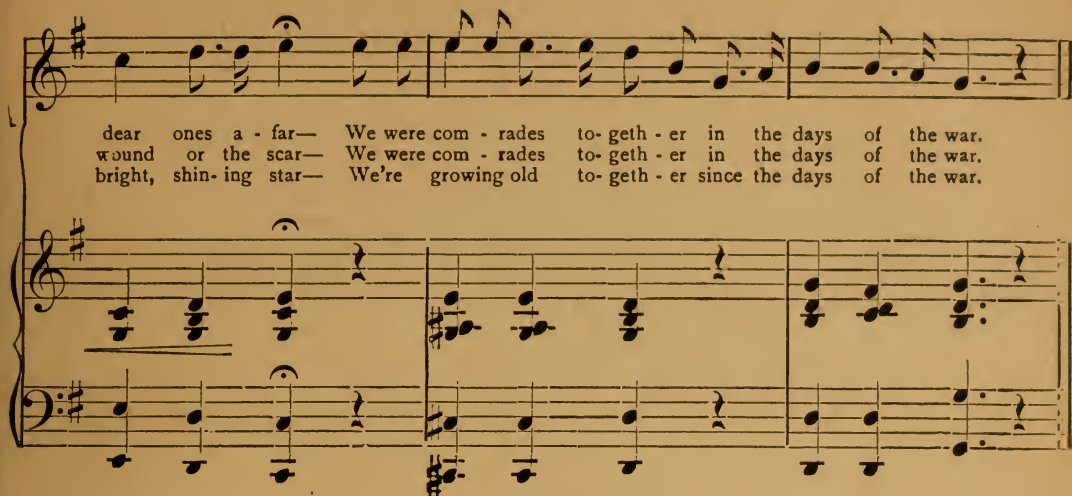
The piano introduction is in G major, 2/4 time. It begins with a melody in the right hand, marked *mf* (mezzo-forte). The left hand provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords and single notes. The introduction consists of four measures.

The first system shows the vocal melody in G major, 2/4 time. The piano accompaniment is in the left hand. The lyrics are as follows:

1. We were com - rades close to - geth - er when the boys march'd a - way ; In
 2. We have march'd a - lone to - geth - er in the sun and the rain ; We've
 3. To the dear ones gone be - fore us, here's a health, com - rades all ! We

The second system continues the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are as follows:


hard times we were faith - ful, and in good times we were gay ; And sometimes we were longing for the
 fac'd the fight to - geth - er, and to - geth - er borne the pain ! And each one tells his sto - ry of the
 soon shall go to meet them, at the last great bu - gle call ! Be - neath the star of Lib - er - ty, the



dear ones a - far— We were com - rades to - geth - er in the days of the war.
 wound or the scar— We were com - rades to - geth - er in the days of the war.
 bright, shin - ing star— We're growing old to - geth - er since the days of the war.

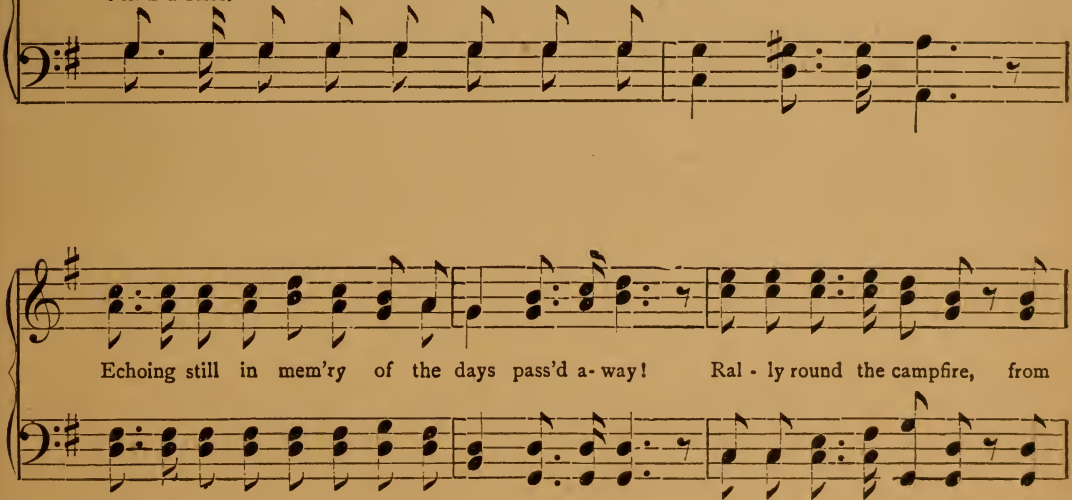
Chorus.

1 AND 2 TENOR.

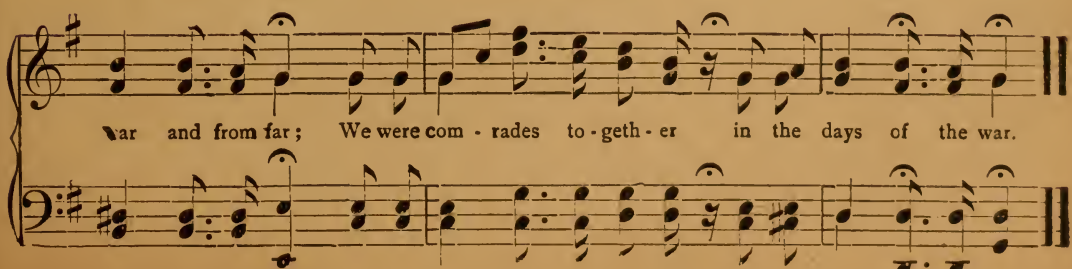


Don't you hear the bu - gle call - ing, com - rades, to - day?

1 AND 2 BASS.



Echoing still in mem'ry of the days pass'd a - way! Ral - ly round the campfire, from



War and from far; We were com - rades to - geth - er in the days of the war.

WHEN JOHNNY COMES MARCHING HOME.

Words and music by LOUIS LAMBERT.

With spirit.

Piano introduction in 6/8 time, key of B-flat major. The right hand features a melody of eighth notes, while the left hand provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords and single notes. Dynamics include *fp* (fortissimo piano).

Piano accompaniment for the first system of the song. It continues the melody and accompaniment from the introduction, featuring a variety of chordal textures and rhythmic patterns. Dynamics include *ff* (fortissimo).

Solo.

Chorus.

Vocal melody for the first system of the song, in 6/8 time. It begins with a solo line and transitions into a chorus line. The melody is simple and catchy, suitable for a marching song.

- | | | | | | | | | |
|----|------|----------|-------------------|-------------|----------------|-----------------|-----------------|-------|
| 1. | When | John-ny | comes | march - ing | home | a - gain, | Hur - rah,..... | hur - |
| 2. | The | old | church-bell | will | peal | with joy, | Hur - rah,..... | hur - |
| 3. | Get | rea - dy | for | the | Ju - bi - lee, | Hur - rah,..... | hur - | |
| 4. | Let | love | and friend - ship | on | that day, | Hur - rah,..... | hur - | |

Piano accompaniment for the second system of the song. It continues the harmonic support for the vocal melody, featuring a variety of chordal textures and rhythmic patterns. Dynamics include *ff* (fortissimo).

Entered according to act of Congress, A. D. MDCCCLXIII, by H. TOLMAN & Co., in the Clerk's office of the District Court of Massachusetts,

Copyright MDCCCLXXXVI, by S. BRAINARD'S SONS.

*Solo.**Chorus.**Solo.*

. rah! We'll give him a heart - y wel-come then, Hur - rah, hur - rah! The
 . rah! To wel - come home our dar - ling boy, Hur - rah, hur - rah! The
 . rah! We'll give the he - ro three times three, Hur - rah, hur - rah! The
 . rah! Their choic - est treas-ures then dis - play, Hur - rah, hur - rah! And

men will cheer, the boys will shout, The la - dies they will all turn out,
 vil - lage lads and las - sies say, With ro - ses they will strew the way,
 lau - re - wreath is rea - dy now To place up - on his loy - al brow
 let each one per - form some part, To fill with joy the war - rior's heart,

Chorus.

1st and 2d TENOR.

And we'll all feel gay when John - ny comes march - ing home.

1st and 2d BASS.

And we'll all feel gay when John - ny comes march - ing home.

WHEN SHERMAN MARCHED DOWN TO THE SEA

Allegretto.

The piano introduction is in 6/8 time, marked *Allegretto*. It begins with a treble clef staff containing a single eighth note G4, followed by a series of eighth and sixteenth notes. The bass clef staff features a continuous pattern of eighth notes, starting with a G4 and moving in a descending sequence. Dynamics include a piano (*p*) marking and a forte (*f*) marking.

The vocal melody line for the first system is written on a single treble clef staff. It begins with a whole rest, followed by a series of eighth and sixteenth notes, and ends with a quarter note G4.

1. Our camp fires shone bright on the moun - tain That
2. When cheer up-on cheer for bold Sher - man Went
3. Then for- ward boys, for - ward to bat - tle, We

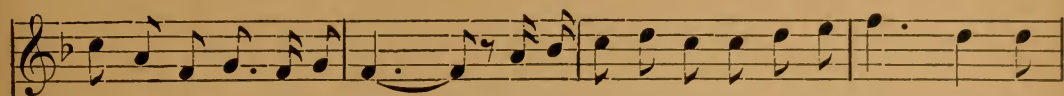
The piano accompaniment for the second system continues the pattern from the first system. It features a treble clef staff with chords and a bass clef staff with a steady eighth-note accompaniment. A piano (*p*) dynamic marking is present.

The vocal melody line for the second system continues the melody from the first system, featuring a series of eighth and sixteenth notes.

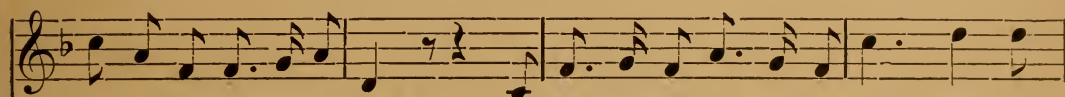
frown'd on the riv - er be - low,
up from each val - ley and glen,
march'd on our wea - ry - some way,

While we stood by our guns in the morn - ing, And
And the bu - gles re - ech - oed the mu - sic, That
And we storm'd the wild hills of Re - sa - ca, God

The piano accompaniment for the third system continues the pattern, with a treble clef staff showing chords and a bass clef staff with a steady eighth-note accompaniment.



eag - er - ly watch'd for the foe ; When a horseman rode out from the dark - ness, That
came from the lips of the men— For we knew that the stars on our ban - ners, More
bless those who fell on that day !— Then Ken - e - saw, dark in its glo - ry, Frown'd



hung o - ver mountain and tree, And shout - ed, "boys, up and be read - y, For
bright in their splen - dor would be, And the bless - ings from North - land would greet us When
down on the flag of the free, But the East and the West bore her stand - ard When



Sherman will march to the sea.
Sherman march'd down to the sea.
Sherman march'd down to the sea.



4 Still onward we pressed till our banners
Swept out from Atlanta's grim walls,
And the blood of the patriot dampened
The soil where the traitor's flag falls;
But we paused not to weep for the fallen
Who slept by each river and tree,
Yet we twined them a wreath of the laurel,
As Sherman march'd down to the sea.

5 Proud, proud was our army that morning
That stood by the cypress and pine,
Then Sherman said, "Boys, you are weary,
This day fair Savannah is mine!"
Then sang we a song for our chieftain,
That echoed o'er river and sea,
And the stars on our banners shone brighter,
When Sherman march'd down to the sea.

'TIS FINISHED! OR SING HALLELUJAH.

Words and Music by HENRY C. WORK.

Moderato.

1. 'Tis fin - ish'd! 'tis end - ed! The dread and aw - ful task is done; Tho'

2. Ye joy - bells! ye peace - bells! Oh nev - er, nev - er mu - sic rang, So

3. Come pat - riots! come free - men! Come join your ev - 'ry heart and voice; We've

wound - ed and bleed - ing, 'tis ours to sing the vic - t'ry won, Our

sweet - ly, so grand - ly, since an - gels in the ad - vent sang, Your

wept with the weep - ing— now let us with the blest re - joice, With

Entered according to Act of Congress, A. D. MDCCCLXV, by ROOF & CADY, in the District Court of the United States for the Northern District of Illinois.

Copyright MDCCCLXXXVI, by S. BRAINARD'S SONS.

na - tion is ran - som'd—our en - e - mies are o - ver-thrown And
mes - sage is glad - ness to myr - i - ads of wait - ing souls, As
arm - ies of vic - tors who round a - bout the white throne stand— With

now, NOW com - men - ces, the bright - est e - ra ev - er known.
on - ward and world - ward the hap - py, hap - py ech - o rolls.
Lin - coln, the Mar - tyr, and Lib - er - a - tor of his land.

Chorus.

I AND 2 TENOR.

Then sing hal - le - lu - jah! sing hal - le - lu - jah! Glo - ry be to God on high, For the

I AND 2 BASS.

old flag, with the white flag is hang - ing in the a - zure sky.

For the old flag with the white flag is hang - ing in the a - zure sky.

SONG OF A THOUSAND YEARS.

Words and Music by HENRY C. WORK.

Maestoso.

1. Lift up your eyes, de-spond-ing free-men! Fling to the winds your need-less
 2. What if the clouds, one lit-tle mo-moment, Hide the blue sky where morn ap-
 3. Tell the great world these bless-ed ti-dings! Yes, and be sure the board-man

fears! He who un-fur'd your beauteous ban-ner, Says it shall wave a thousand years.
 - pears— When the bright sun, that tints them crimson, Ri-ses to shine a thousand years.
 hears; Tell the op-press'd of ev'-ry na-tion, Ju-bi-lee lasts a thousand years.

Entered according to Act of Congress. A. D. MDCCCLXII, by ROOT & CADY, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington, D. C.

Copyright MDCCCLXXXVI, by S. BRAINARD'S SONS

*Chorus.*1ST TENOR. *With spirit.*

2D TENOR.

1ST BASS.

2D BASS.

'Tis the glad day so long fore -

"A thou - sand years!" my own Col - um - bi - a !

'Tis the glad morn whose ear - ly twi-light Wash-ing - ton saw in times of old.

told !

Wash-ing - ton saw in times of old.

4

Envious foes, beyond the ocean !
 Little we heed your threat'ning sneers ;
 Little will they—our children's children—
 When you are gone a thousand years.

5

Rebels at home! go hide your faces—
 Weep for your crimes with bitter tears ;
 You could not bind the blessed daylight,
 Though you should strive a thousand years.

6

Back to your dens, you secret traitors!
 Down to your own degraded spheres!
 Ere the first blaze of dazzling sunshine
 Shortens your lives a thousand years.

7

Hast thee along, thou glorious Noonday!
 Oh, for the eyes of ancient seers!
 Oh, for the faith of Him who reckons
 Each of his days a thousand years!

TAKE YOUR GUN AND GO, JOHN.

H. T. MERRILL.



1. Don't stop a mo-ment to think, John, Our coun-try calls, then
 2. I've heard my grand-sire tell, John, He fought at Bun-ker
 3. The arm-y's short of blan-kets, John, Then take this hea-vy

The first system of the song features a vocal melody line and a piano accompaniment. The piano part consists of chords in the right hand and single notes in the left hand, providing a harmonic foundation for the vocal line.

go. Don't fear for me nor the chil-dren, John, I'll care for them, you
 Hill, He count-ed all his life and wealth His coun-try's off-'ring
 pair, I spun and wove them when a girl, And work'd them with great

The second system continues the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The piano part maintains the same harmonic structure, supporting the vocal line with chords and single notes.

Entered according to Act of Congress, A. D. MDCCCLXII, by ROOF & CADY, in the Clerk's Office of the United States District Court for the Northern District of Illinois.

Copyright MDCCCLXXXV, by S. BRAINARD'S SONS.

know! still. care. Leave the corn up - on the stalk, John; The fruit up - on the
Would I shame the brave old blood, John, That flow'd on Mon - mouth
care. A rose in ev - 'ry corner, John; And here's my name, you

trec, And all our lit - tle stores, John, Yes, leave them all to me.
plain? Nol take your gun and go, John, Tho' I ne'er see you a - gain.
see! On the cold ground they'll warm-er feel, Be - cause they're made by me.

Chorus.

I AND 2 TENOR.

Then take your gun and go, John, Take your gun and go, For

I AND 2 BASS.

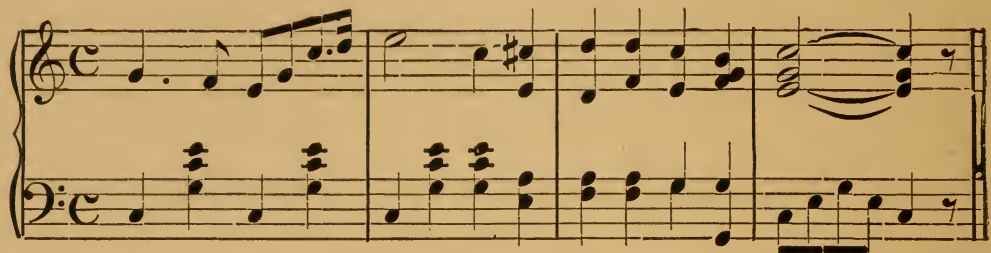
Ruth can drive the ox - en, John, And I can use the hoe.

4 And, John, if God has willed it so
We ne'er shall meet again,
I'll do the best for the children, John,
In sorrow, want or pain.
On winter nights I'll teach them, John,
All that I learned at school;
To love our country, keep her laws,
Obey the Savior's rule.

5 And now good-bye to you, John;
I cannot say farewell!
We'll hope and pray for the best, John;
His goodness none can tell.
May His arm be round about you, John,
To guard you night and day;
Be our beloved country's shield,
Till war shall pass away.

GLORY! GLORY! HALLELUJAH!

Arr. by COLLIN COE.



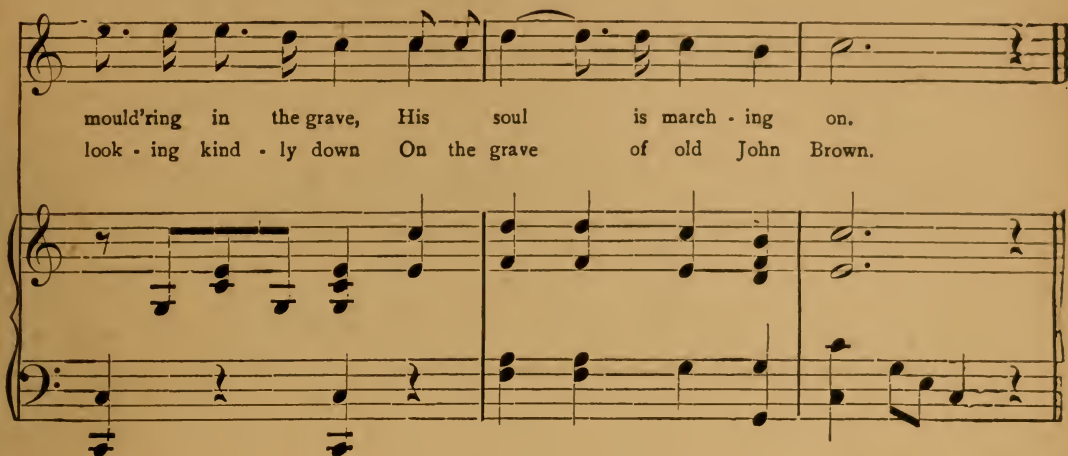
1. John Brown's bo - dy lies a mould - 'ring in the grave,
 3. The stars of Hea - ven are look - ing kind - ly down, The

mf

The first system of the song features a vocal melody line and a piano accompaniment. The piano part consists of a treble and bass staff. The treble staff has a melody of eighth and sixteenth notes, while the bass staff provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords and single notes. The dynamic marking *mf* (mezzo-forte) is indicated.

John Brown's bo - dy lies a mould'ring in the grave, John Brown's bo - dy lies a
 stars of Hea - ven are look - ing kind - ly down, The stars of Hea - ven are

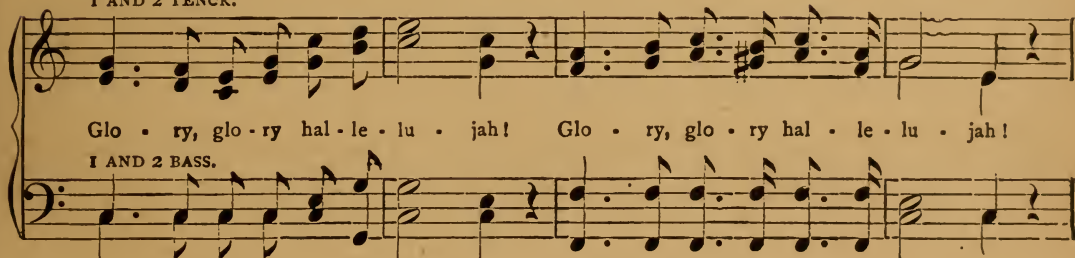
The second system of the song continues the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The piano part maintains the same harmonic structure as the first system, with the treble staff carrying the melody and the bass staff providing accompaniment.



mould'ring in the grave, His soul is march - ing on.
look - ing kind - ly down On the grave of old John Brown.

Chorus.

1 AND 2 TENOR.



Glo - ry, glo - ry hal - le - lu - jah! Glo - ry, glo - ry hal - le - lu - jah!

1 AND 2 BASS.



Glo - ry, glo - ry hal - le - lu - jah! His soul is march - ing on.

3

He's gone to be a soldier in the army of the Lord,
He's gone to be a soldier in the army of the Lord,
He's gone to be a soldier in the army of the Lord,
His soul is marching on.

4

John Brown's knapsack is strapped upon his back,
John Brown's knapsack is strapped upon his back,
John Brown's knapsack is strapped upon his back,
His soul is marching on.

5

His pet lambs will meet him on the way,
His pet lambs will meet him on the way,
His pet lambs will meet him on the way,
And they'll go marching on.

6

They will hang Jeff Davis to a tree,
They will hang Jeff Davis to a tree,
They will hang Jeff Davis to a tree,
As they march along.

THE FIRST GUN IS FIRED.

"MAY GOD PROTECT THE RIGHT."

GEO. F. ROOT.

Maestoso.



1. The first gun is fired! May God pro- tect the
 2. The first gun is fired! Its ech- oes thrill the
 3. The first gun is fired! Oh, heed the sig- nal

right! Let the free- born sons of the North a- rise In pow'r's a- veng- ing
 land, And the bound- ing hearts of the pat- riot throng Now firm- ly take their
 well, And the thun- der tone as it rolls a- long Shall sound op- pres- sion's

Entered accord- ing to Act of Congress, A. D. MDCCCLXII, by ROOT & Cady, in the District Court of the United States for the Northern District of Illinois.

Copyright, MDCCCLXXXVI, by S. BRAINARD'S SONS.

night ; Shall the glo - rious Un - ion our fath - er's made By
stand ; We will bow no more to the ty - rant few, Who
knell ; For the arm of free - dom is migh - ty still, Its

ruth - less hands be sun - der'd? And we of free - dom
scorn our long for - bear - ing, But with Co - lum - bia's
strength shall fail us nev - er, That strength we'll give to our

sa - cred rights By trai - t'rous foes be plun - der'd? A - }
stars and stripes We'll quench their trai - t'rous dar - ing. A - }
right - eous cause, And our glo - rious 'and for - ev - er. A - }

- rise! a - rise! a - rise! And gird ye for the fight,..... And

let our watch - word ev - er be, "May God pro - tect the right!"

Chorus.

1 AND 2 TENOR.

A - rise! a - rise! a - rise! And gird ye for the fight, And

1 AND 2 BASS.

let your watch - word ev - er be, "May God pro - tect the right."

THE VACANT CHAIR.

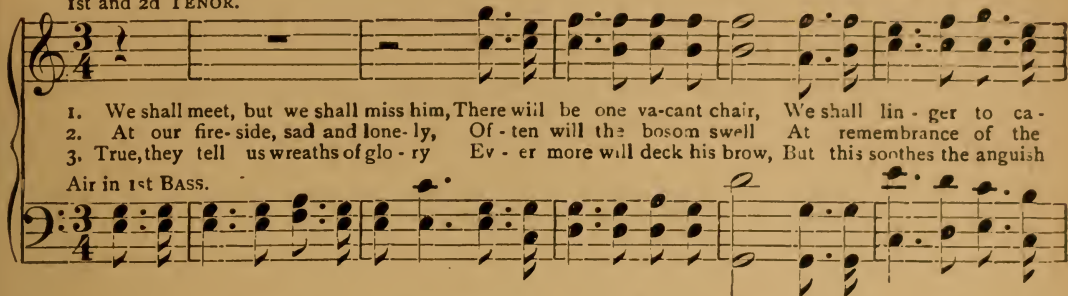
59

Words by HENRY S. WASHBURN.

Melody by GEO. F. ROOT.

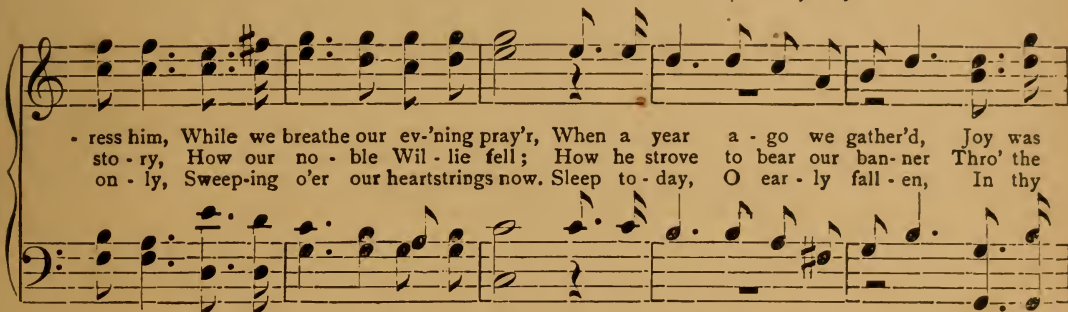
Arranged by W. G. S.

1st and 2d TENOR.



1. We shall meet, but we shall miss him, There will be one va-cant chair, We shall lin - ger to ca -
 2. At our fire - side, sad and lone - ly, Of - ten will the bosom swell At remembrance of the
 3. True, they tell us wreaths of glo - ry Ev - er more will deck his brow, But this soothes the anguish

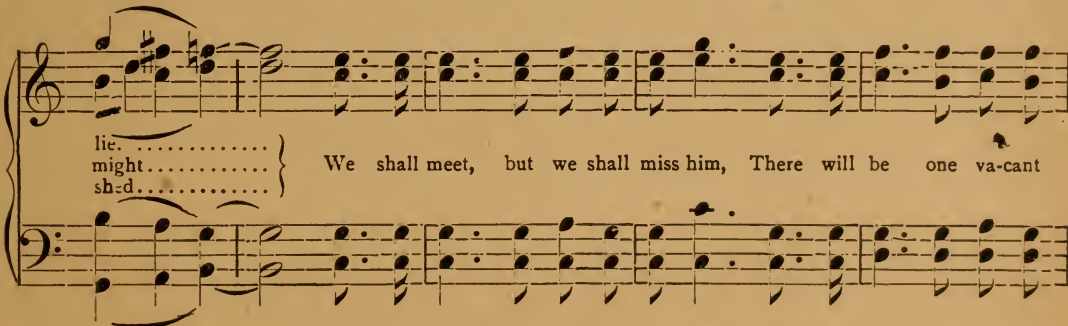
Air in 1st BASS.



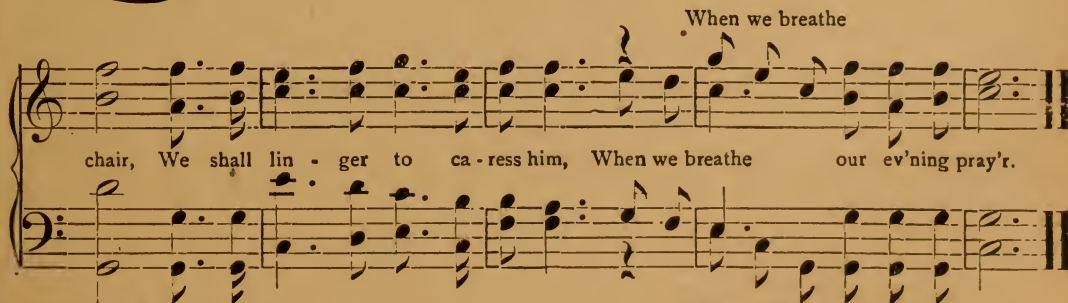
- res him, While we breathe our ev'-ning pray'r, When a year a - go we gather'd, Joy was
 sto - ry, How our no - ble Wil - lie fell; How he strove to bear our ban - ner Thro' the
 on - ly, Sweep - ing o'er our heartstrings now. Sleep to - day, O ear - ly fall - en, In thy



in his mild blue eye, But a gold - en chord is sev - er'd, And our hopes in ru - in
 thick - est of the fight, And up - hold our coun - try's hon - or, In the strength of manhood's
 green and nar - row bed, Dir - ges from the pine and cypress Min - gle with the tears we



lie. } We shall meet, but we shall miss him, There will be one va-cant
 might
 sh-d. }



When we breathe
 chair, We shall lin - ger to ca - res him, When we breathe our ev'ning pray'r.

When we breathe

Entered according to act of Congress, in the year MDCCCLXI, by ROOT & CADY, in the Clerk's office of the District Court of the Northern District of Illinois.

Copyright MDCCCLXXXVI, by S. BRAINARD'S SONS.

CAN THE SOLDIERS FORGET?

GEO. F. ROOT.

1. Yes, be-lov'd ones at home, we re-mem-ber, Ah, how can the sol-dier for-
 2. Of the deeds that are hal-low'd in sto-ry, We think as we press on our
 3. Ah, ye hearts that with an-guish are swell-ing, Ye eyes that are dark-en'd with

- get? All the vows that were said when we part-ed Are
 way? And the path-way that leads on to glo-ry Gleams
 fear, For the braves ones ye lov'd past the tell-ing, The

sa-cred and dear to him yet. When the night throws its man-tle a-
 bright-ly be-fore us to-day. For the mil-lions that wait on our
 fal-len that sleep with us here. They have burst now the fet-ters that

Entered according to Act of Congress, A. D. MDCCCLXIV, by ROOT & CADY, in the Clerk's Office of the United States District Court for the Northern District of Illinois.

Copyright MDCCCLXXXVI, by S. BRAINARD'S SONS.

round us We dream 'neath the heav'n's sta - ry dome, Of the
ef - ferts, And myr - iads the fu - ture shall claim, When the
bound them, And high 'mid the heav'n's bright - est ray, E'en with

dear ones whose sweet spell has bound us, And whose voi - ces shall wel - come us home.
pe - ans of vic - t'ry are sound - ing, Shall most joy - ful - ly ech - o each name.
glo - ries im - mor - tal a - round them, They are look - ing up - on us to - day.

Chorus.

I AND 2 TENOR.

Yes, be - loved ones at home, we re - mem - ber, Ah, how can a sol - dier for -

I AND 2 BASS.

get? All the vows that were said when we part - ed, Are sa - cred and dear to us yet.

can the sol - dier for - get that the vows when we part - ed,

STAND UP FOR UNCLE SAM, MY BOYS.

GEO. F. ROOT.

1. Stand
2. Oh,
3. Oh,

up for Un - cle Sam, my boys, With hearts brave and true ; Stand
strike for Un - cle Sam, my boys, For dan - ger is near ; Yes !
fall for Un - cle Sam, my boys, If need be to save ; Yes !

up for Un - cle Sam, my boys, For he has stood by you. He's
strike for Un - cle Sam, my boys, And all to you most dear. Re -
fall for Un - cle Sam, my boys, Tho' in a sol - dier's grave. His

Entered according to Act of Congress, A. D. MDCCCLXI, by ROOT & CADY, in the District Court of the United States for the Northern District of Illinois.

Copyright, MDCCCLXXXVI, by S. BRAINARD'S SONS.

made you homes the bright - est The sun e'er shone up - on; For
- bel - lious sons are plot - ting To lay the home - stead low, Their
flag so long our glo - ry Dis - hon - or'd shall not be, But

hon - or, right and free - dom, He's many a bat - tle won,
hands are mad - ly lift - ed To give the fa - tal blow,
heav'n - ward float for - ev - er, The ban - ner of the free.

Chorus.

1 AND 2 TENOR.

Stand up for Un - cle Sam, my boys, With hearts brave and true, Stand

1 AND 2 BASS.

up for Un - cle Sam, my boys, For he has stood or you.

OUR CAPTAIN'S LAST WORDS.

HENRY C. WORK.

Moderato.

1. Where the fore - most flag was fly - ing, Pierc'd by ma - nya
 2. Through the bat - tle smoke they bore him, But his words were
 3. Men who were not used to weep - ing, Turn'd a - side to

shot and shell, Where the brav - est men were dy - ing, There our gal - lant
 grow - ing wild; Heed - ing not the scenes be - fore him, Ste - phen was once
 hide a tear, When they saw the pal - lor creep - ing, That as - sur'd them

Cap - tain fell. "Boys! you fol - low now an - oth - er!
 more a child. "Ah, she comes there is no oth - er,
 death was near. Kind - ly as he were a broth - er,

Entered according to Act of Congress, A. D. MDCCCLXIII, by ROOT & CADY, in the District Court of the United States for the Northern District of Illinois.

Copyright, MDCCCLXXXVI, by S. BRAINARD'S SONS.

Fol - low till the foe shall yield ;" Then he whis - per'd
Speaks my name with such a joy ; Press me to your
Stran - gers caught his part - ing breath, La - den with the

"Tell my moth - er, Ste - phen died up - on the field."
bo - som, moth - er, Call me still your dar - ling boy."
mur - mur "moth - er," Last up - on his lips in death.

"Moth - er, Moth - er! Ste - phen died up - on the field."
"Moth - er, Moth - er! Call me still your dar - ling boy."
"Moth - er, Moth - er! Last up - on his lips in death."

GRAFTED INTO THE ARMY.

Words and Music by HENRY C. WORK.

1. Our Jim-my has gone for to live in a tent, They have graft-ed him in - to the
 2. Drest up in his u - ai-corn—dear lit - tle chap; They have graft-ed him in - to the
 3. Now in my pro - vis - ions I see him re-veal'd— They have graft-ed him in - to the

ar - my; He fin - al - ly puck - er'd up cour - age and went, When they
 ar - my; It seems but a day since he sot in my lap, But they
 ar - my; A pick - et be - side the con - tent - ed to, They have

graft - ed him in - to the ar - my. I told them the child was too
 graft - ed him in - to the ar - my. And these are the trou - sies he
 graft - ed him in - to the ar - my. He looks kind - er sick - ish - be -

Entered according to Act of Congress, A. D. MDCCCLXII, by Root & Cady, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington, D. C.

Copyright. MDCCCLXXXVI, by S. BRAINARD'S SONS.

young, a - las! At the captain's fore-quar-ters, they said he would pass— They'd
 used to wear— Them ver - y same but-tions—the patch and the tear— But
 - gins to cry— A big vol - un - teer stand-ing right in his eye. Oh

train him up well in the in-fant-ry class— So they graft-ed him in-to the army.
 Un-cle Sam gave him a bran new pair, When they graft-ed him in-to the army.
 what if the duck - y should up and die, Now they've graft-ed him in-to the army.

Chorus.

1 AND 2 TENOR.

Oh Jim-my, fare-well! your broth-er fell, Way down in Al - a - bar-my; I

1 AND 2 BASS.

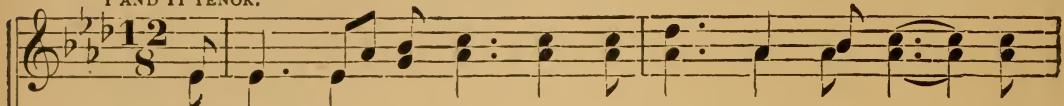
tho't they would spare, a lone widder's heir, But they graft-ed him in - to the ar-my.

BRAVE BATTERY BOYS. 7

Words by * OLINA.

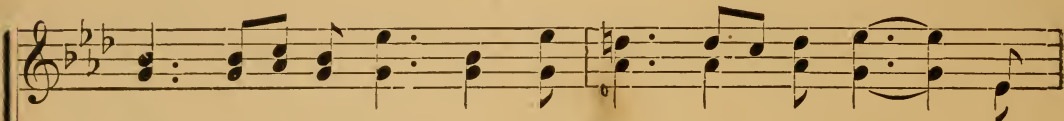
Music by P. P. BLISS.

I AND II TENOR.



1. We come with re - vers'd arms O com - rades who sleep, To
 2. Our hearts will re - call them, the scenes where ye bled, Where
 3. We may not live o - ver each glo - ry - crown'd day, When

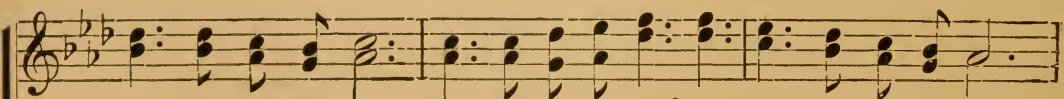
I AND II BASS.



rear the proud mar - ble - to muse and to weep. To
 life rush'd a - way in the tor - rent of red; When
 brave - ly ye bat - tle and won in the fray; When



speak of the dark days that yet had their joys, When we were to - geth - er—
 Mis - sion Ridge ech - oed the bat - tle's fierce joys, When rushed to the res - cue—
 proud - ly ye sport - ed the grand bat - tle toys, And fell but as vic - tors,



Brave Bat - ter - y Boys, When we were to - geth - er—Brave Bat - ter - y Boys.
 Brave Bat - ter - y Boys, When rushed to the res - cue—Brave Bat - ter - y Boys.
 Brave Bat - ter - y Boys, And fell but as vic - tors, Brave Bat - ter - y Boys.



Chorus.

Oh! Ken - ne - saw Moun - tain, Ho! Frank - lin, de - clare

What sol-diers for Free - dom can do and can dare; Loud pe - ans of praise each

pat - riot em - ploys, To tell how they tri - umph'd—Brave Bat - ter - y Boys,

To tell how they tri - umph'd— Brave Bat - ter - y Boys.

4 We come, O! beloved to garland your tomb,
 To twine 'round the marble the springs freshest bloom;
 To speak of a past that no present destroys,
 And call the dead roll of Brave Battery Boys,
 And call the dead roll of Brave Battery Boys.

5 O! brave Twenty-six, when the weary shall rest,
 When over our slumbers the sod shall be prest;
 When sweetly forgetful of all that annoys,
 We'll sleep here together Brave Battery Boys,
 We'll sleep here together Brave Battery Boys,

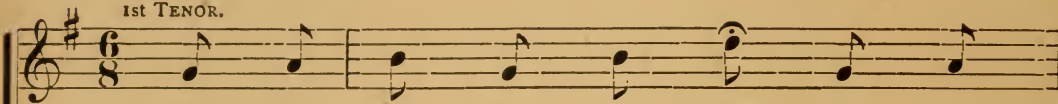
To Lieut. C. M. WILLARD.

HAVE YE SHARPENED YOUR SWORDS?

A BATTLE SONG.

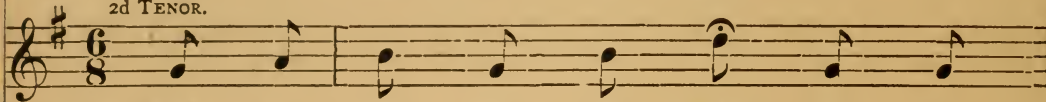
Words by D. W. MANCHESTER.

Music by GEO. F. ROOT.

Con Fuoco.
1st TENOR.

1. Have you sharp - en'd your swords For the

2d TENOR.



2. Have you sharp - en'd your swords For the

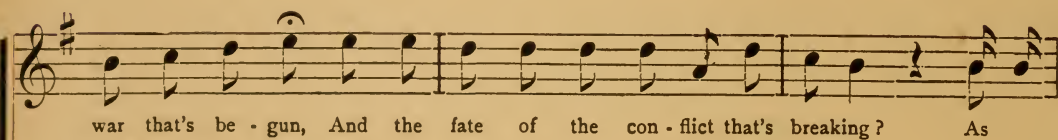
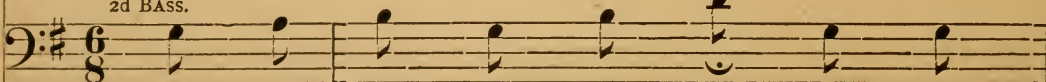
3. Have you sharp - en'd your swords For your

1st BASS.

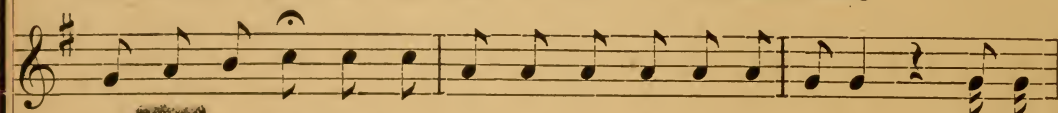


4. Have you sharp - en'd your swords For the

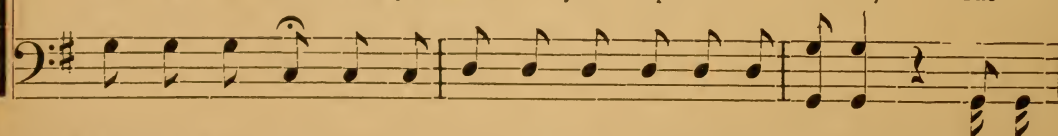
2d BASS.



war that's be - gun, And the fate of the con - flict that's breaking? As

red car - ni - val? Have ye tho't of the bat - tle field go - ry, Where the
lib - er - ties' fight, While the na - tion is shout - ing to bat - tle? Oh,

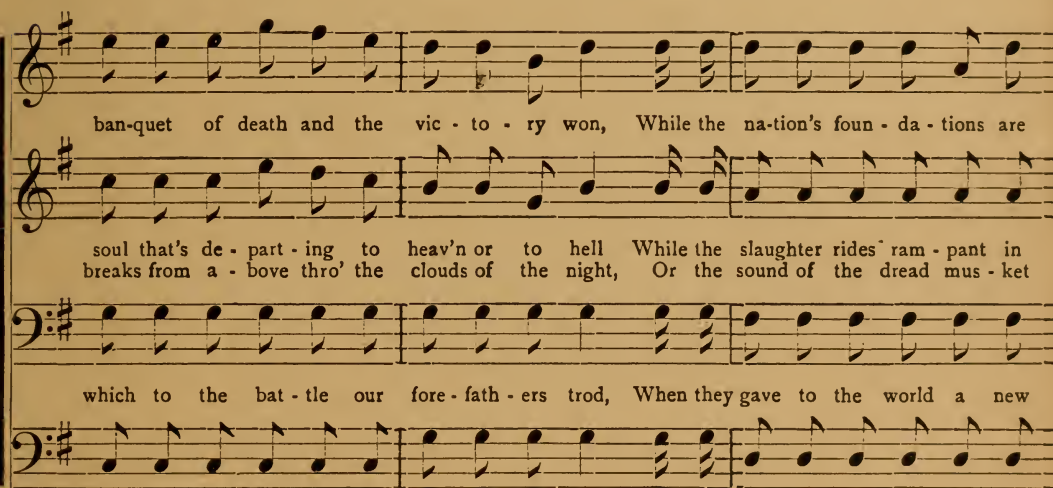
ser - vice of God? Have ye sworn in your deep des - o - la - tion, The

Entered according to Act of Congress, A. D. MDCCCLXIV, by ROOT & CADY, in the District Court of the United States
the Northern District of Illinois.

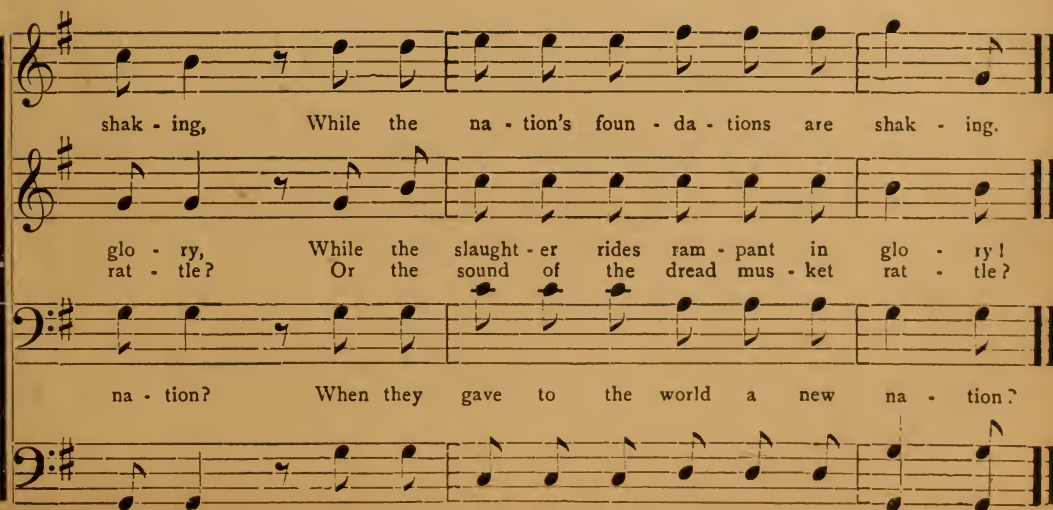
Copyright MDCCCLXXXVI, by S. BRAINARD'S SONS.



brave as the sire, So fear - less the son For the
slain lie in the heaps, And the death tolls the knell Of the
dread ye in the call, In the first morn - ing light As it
blood of the trai - tor, Shall wa - ter the sod, O - ver



ban-quet of death and the vic - to - ry won, While the na-tion's foun - da - tions are
soul that's de - part - ing to heav'n or to hell While the slaughter rides ram - pant in
breaks from a - bove thro' the clouds of the night, Or the sound of the dread mus - ket
which to the bat - tle our fore - fath - ers trod, When they gave to the world a new



shak - ing, While the na - tion's foun - da - tions are shak - ing.
glo - ry, While the slaught - er rides ram - pant in glo - ry!
rat - tle? Or the sound of the dread mus - ket rat - tle?
na - tion? When they gave to the world a new na - tion?

FORWARD, BOYS, FORWARD!

SONG OF THE VOLUNTEERS.

Words by F. H. S.

Music by GEO. F. ROOT.

Moderato.

1st TENOR.

1. From the moun - tain and the riv - er, From the val - ley and the
2nd TENOR.

2. By the fires the pil - grims light - ed On the old New Eng - land
3. Shall the al - tars of our he - roes. Shall the grave of Wash - ing -
2nd PASS.

4. So we're gath - 'ring to the res - cue, With our mil - lions for de -
1st BASS.

plain, We are sweep - ing to the res - cue, Like the bil - lows of the
shore, By the ash - es of the states - men Who still live for - ev - er -
- ton, Shall the ho - ly soil of free - dom, Ev - er blush to meet the
- fence, And we pause not in the strug - gle Till the foe is driv - en

main, For the trai - tor's hand is lift - ed O'er our fath - er's sa - cred
- more, By our no - ble con - sti - tu - tion, Which hath lift - ed us on
sun? Shall we prove to wait - ing na - tions That the might - iest gift of
hence; For the trai - tor's hand is lift - ed O'er our fath - er's sa - cred

Entered according to Act of Congress, A. D. MDCCCLXIII, by ROOT & CADY, in the District Court of the United States for the Northern District of Illinois.

Copyright MDCCCLXXXVI, by S. FRANKLIN'S SONS.

trust, And our coun - try's star - ry ban - ner They would tram - ple in the dust.

high, In thy strength, O God of bat - tles, We will con - quer or we'll die.
God Is a watch - word for the trai - tor, On the soil our fath - ers trod.

trust, And our coun - try's star - ry ban - ner They would tram - ple in the dust.

*Chorus.**Allegro.*

Then for - ward, boys, for - ward ; Our cause it is

Then for - ward, boys, for - ward ; Our cause it is

just ; Shall the star span - gled ban - ner Be tram - pled in the dust ?

just ; Shall the star span - gled ban - ner Be tram - pled in the dust ?

OUR COMRADE HAS FALLEN.

O. M. BREWSTER.

With expression.

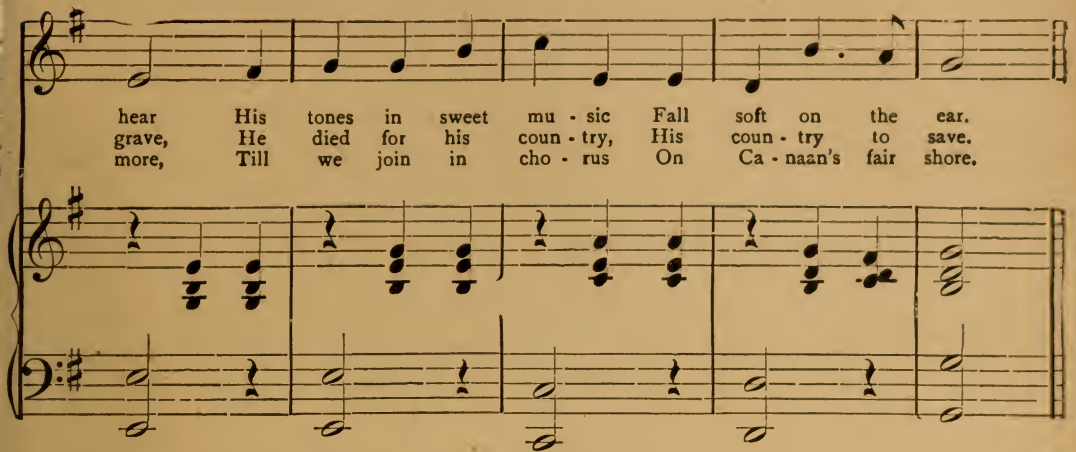
1. Our com - rade has
2. The flag of our
3. Our com - rade has

fal - len, He's gone to his rest, His voice in full cho - rus, Now
coun - try, 'Mid can - non's deep roar, Where fired raged the bat - tle, Still
fal - len, He's gone to his home, That bright world of glo - ry, Where

joins with the blest. O weep for the fal - len! No more shall we
proud - ly he bore, The stars and the stripes now Float o - ver his
blest spir - its roam; O weep for the fal - len! We'll see him no

Entered according to Act of Congress, A D MDCCCLXII, by Root & Cady, in the District Court of the United States for the Northern District of Illinois.

Copyright MDCCCLXXXVI, by S. BRAINARD'S SONS.



hear grave, more, His He died Till tones in for we join sweet his in mu - sic coun - try, cho - rus Fall His On soft coun - try Ca - naan's ear. to save. fair shore.

Chorus.

1ST TENOR.



Tread light - ly, speak soft - ly, He's gone to his grave ;

2D TENOR.

1ST BASS.

2D BASS.

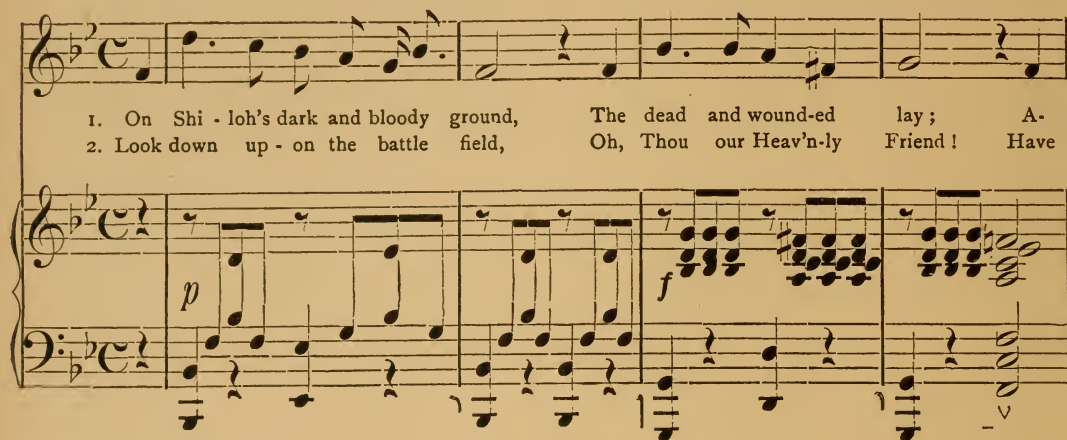


He died for his coun - try, His coun - try to save.

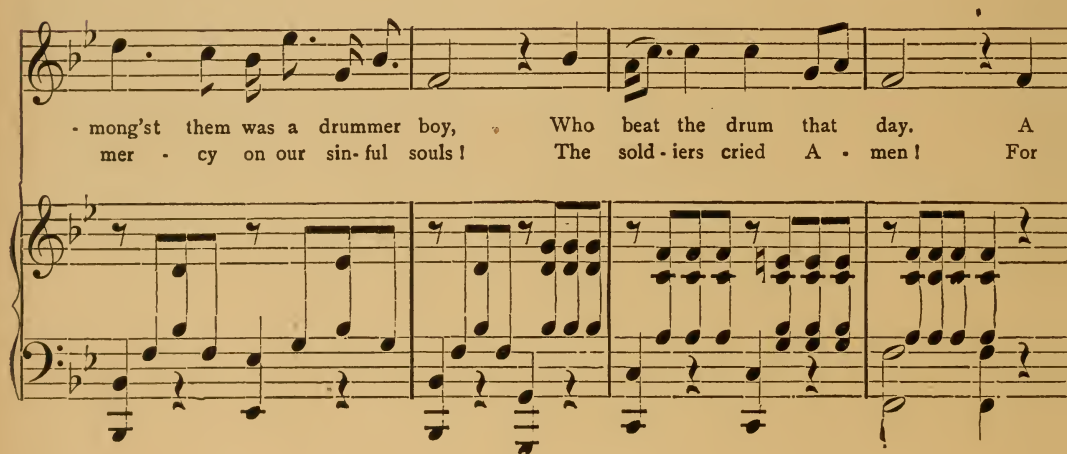
He died for his coun - try, His coun - try to save.

DRUMMER BOY OF SHILOH.

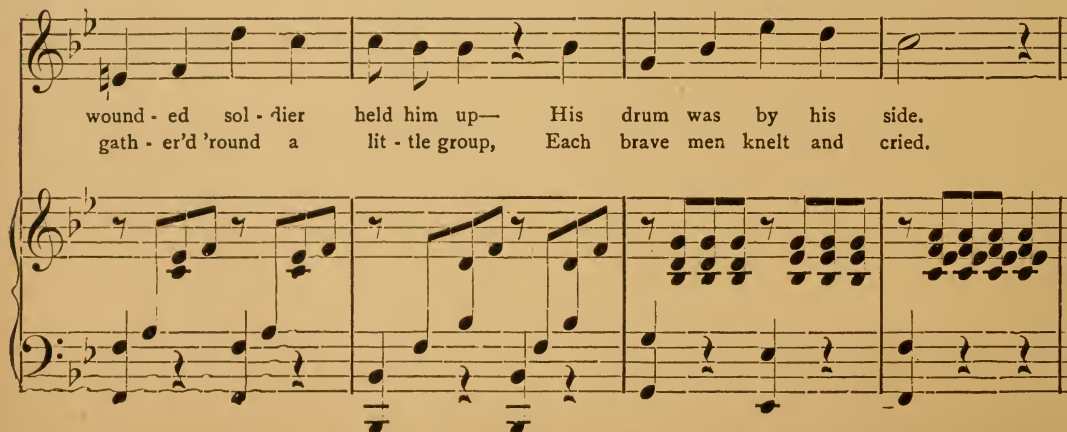
WILL S. HAYS.



1. On Shi-loh's dark and bloody ground, The dead and wound-ed lay; A-
2. Look down up-on the battle field, Oh, Thou our Heav'n-ly Friend! Have



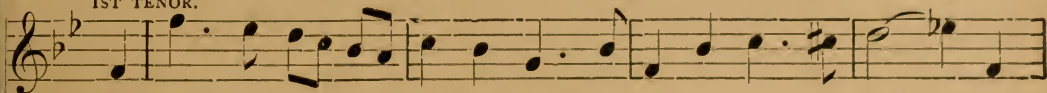
- mong'st them was a drummer boy, Who beat the drum that day. A
mer-cy on our sin-ful souls! The sold-iers cried A-men! For



wound-ed sol-dier held him up— His drum was by his side.
gath-er'd 'round a lit-tle group, Each brave men knelt and cried.

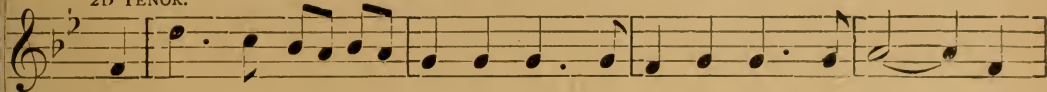
Chorus.

1ST TENOR.

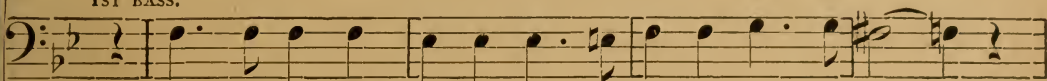


He clasp'd his hands, then rais'd his eyes, And pray'd be - fore he died, He

2D TENOR.

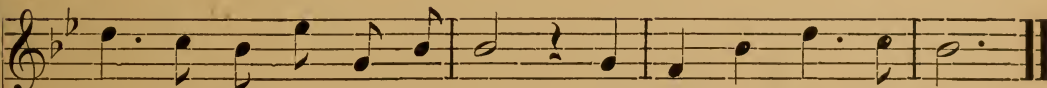
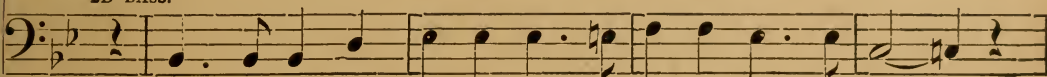


1ST BASS.

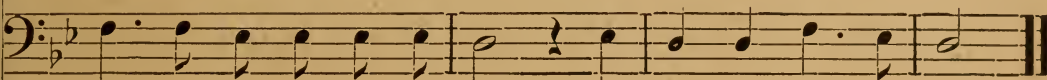
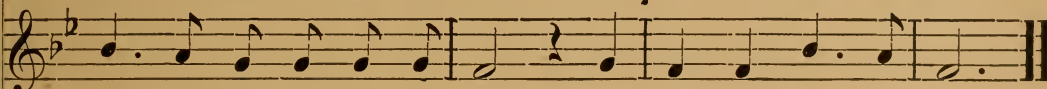


They list' - ned to the drum - mer boy, Who pray'd be - fore he died. They

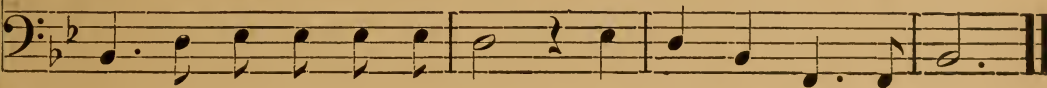
2D BASS.



clas'd his hands, then rais'd his eyes, And pray'd be - fore he died.



list' - ned to the drum - mer boy, Who pray'd be - fore he died.



3 "Oh, mother," said the dying boy,
 "Look down from Heaven on me,
 Receive me to thy fond embrace—
 Oh, take me home to three.
 I've loved my country as my God;
 To serve them both I've tried,"
 ¶: He smiled, shook hands—death seized the boy
 Who prayed before he died.:||

4 Each soldier wept, then, like a child—
 Stout hearts were they, and brave;
 The flag his winding-sheet—God's Book
 The key unto his grave.
 They wrote upon a simple board
 These words; This is a guide
 ¶: To those who'd mourn the drummer boy
 Who prayed before he died.:||

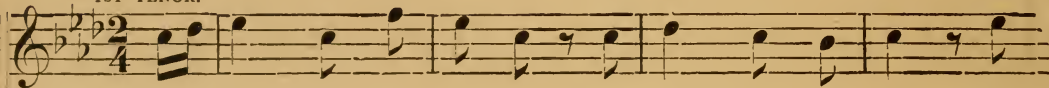
5 Ye angels 'round the Throne of Grace,
 Look down upon the braves,
 Who fought and died on Shiloh's plain,
 Now slumb'ring in their graves!
 How many homes made desolate—
 How many hearts have sighed—
 ¶: How many, like that drummer boy,
 Who prayed before they died!:||

OUR HEROES.

Words by F. DE HAES JANVIER.

Music by NATHAN BARKER

1ST TENOR.

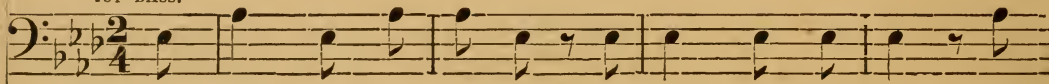


1. Cheers, cheers, for our he - roes! Not those who wear stars; Not

2D TENOR.

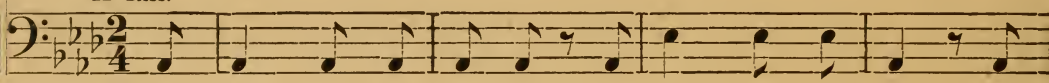


1ST BASS.

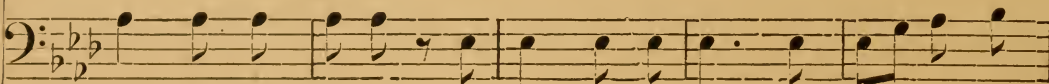
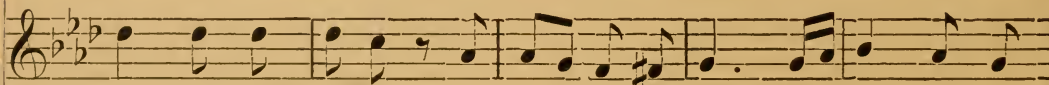


2. But, cheers for our sol - diers, Rough wrin - kled and brown; The

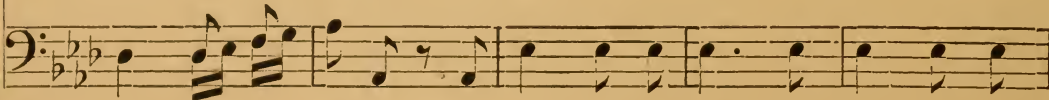
2D BASS.



those who wear eag - les, And leaf - lets and bars; We know they are



men who make he - roes And ask no re - nown, Un - sel - fish, un -



gal-lant, And hon - or them, too, For brave - ly main - tain - ing The

- tir - ing, In - trep - id and true, The bul - wark sur - rounding The

cres. red, white and blue, For brave - ly main-tain-ing The red, white and blue. *rall.*

red, white and blue, The bul - wark sur-rounding The red, white and blue.

3 Our patriot soldiers !

When treason arose,
And freedom's own children
Assailed her as foes ;
When anarchy threatened
And order withdrew,
¶ They rallied to rescue
The red, white and blue. :||

5 Yet, loved ones have fallen

And still, where they sleep,
A sorrowing nation
Shall silently weep,
And spring's fairest flowers,
In gratitude strew,
¶ O'er those who have cherished
The red, white and blue. :||

4 Upholding our banner

On many a field,
The doom of the traitor,
They valiantly sealed ;
And, worn with the conflict,
Found vigor anew,
¶ Where victory greeted
The red, white and blue. :||

6 But, glory immortal

Is waiting them now,
And chaplets unfading,
Shall bind every brow ;
When called by the trumpet,
At time's great review,
¶ They stand, who defended
The red, white and blue. :||

GOD SAVE THE NATION.

(A BATTLE HYMN.)

Words by THEODORE TILTON.

Music by HENRY C. WORK.

1ST TENOR.

1. Thou who or - dain - est, for the land's sal - va - tion, Fam - ine and fire, and

2D TENOR.

2. By the great sign, for - told, of Thine Ap - pear - ing, Com - ing in clouds, while

3. By the brave blood that flow - eth like a riv - er, Hurl Thou a thun - der

1ST BASS.

4. Slay Thou our foes, or turn them to de - ri - sion— Till, thro' the blood - red

2D BASS.

sword and la - men - ta - tion, Now un - to Thee we lift our sup - pli - ca - tion—

mor - tal man stand fear - ing, Show us, a - mid this smoke of bat - tle clear - ing,
bolt from out Thy qui - ver! Break Thou the strong gates! ev - 'ry fet - ter shiv - er,

Val - ley of De - cis - ion, Peace on the fields shine, like a prophet's vis - ion,

God save the na - tion! God save the na - tion!

Thy char - iot near - ing, Thy char - iot near - ing!
Smite and de - liv - er, Smite and de - liv - er!

Green and e - ly - sian, Green and e - ly - sian!

AMERICA.

Arranged by W. G. S.

1ST TENOR.



1. My coun - try, 'tis of thee, Sweet land of lib - er - ty,

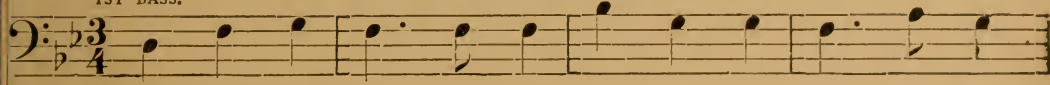
2D TENOR.



2. My na - tive coun - try, thee, Land of the no - ble free,

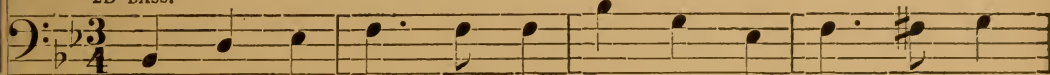
3. Let mu - sic swell the breeze, And ring from all the trees,

1ST BASS.

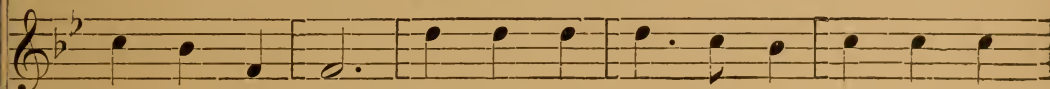
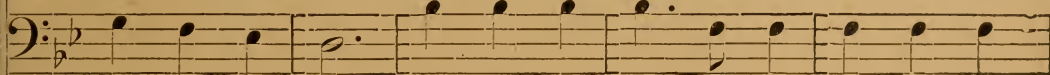


4. Our fath - er's God! to thee, Au - thor of lib - er - ty,

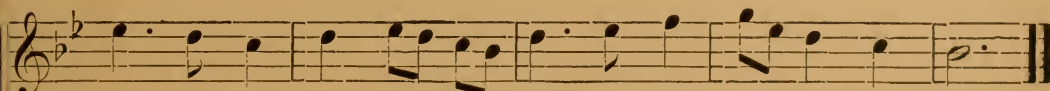
2D BASS.



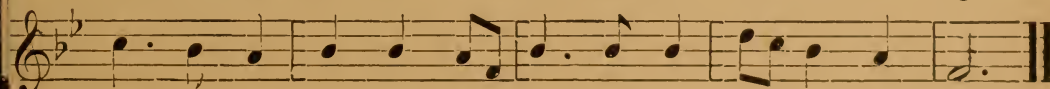
Of thee I sing; Land where my fath - ers died, Land of the

Thy name I love; I love thy rocks and rills, Thy woods and
Sweet free - dom's song; Let mor - tal tongues a - wake, Let all that

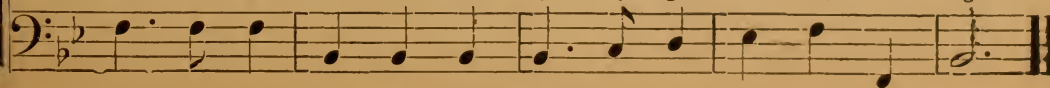
To thee we sing; Long may our land be bright With free - dom's



pil - grim's pride, From ev - 'ry moun - tain side Let free - dom ring!

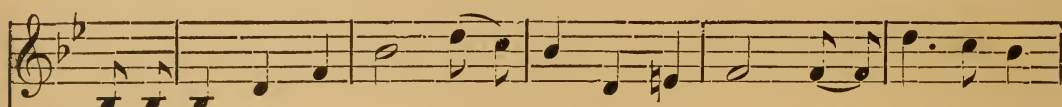
tem - pled hills, My heart with rap - ture thrills, Like that a - bove.
breathe par - take, Let rocks their si - lence break, The sound pro - long.

ho - ly light; Pro - tect us by thy might, Great God, our king!

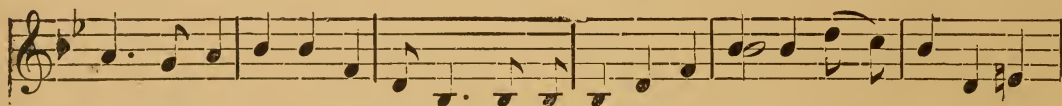


THE STAR SPANGLED BANNER.

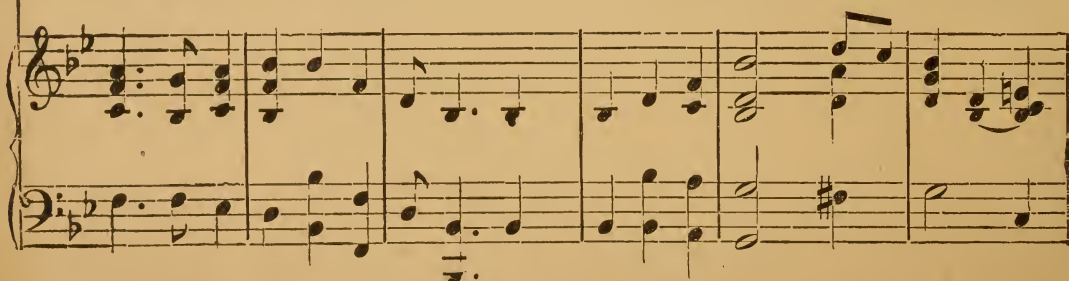
With an additional verse (5th), by DR. O. W. HOLMES.

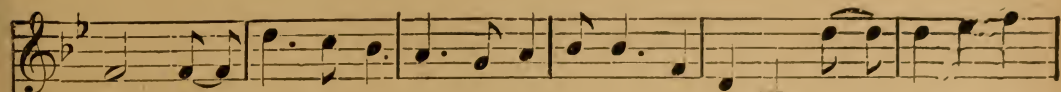
Con Spirito.

- | | | | |
|----|-----------------------------|--------------------------------|----------------------------|
| 1. | Oh! say can you see, | by the dawn's ear - ly light, | What so proud - ly we |
| 2. | On the shore, dim - ly seen | thro' the mist of the deep, | Where the foe's haugh - ty |
| 3. | And where is that band, | who so vaunt - ing - ly swore, | 'Mid the hav - oc of |
| 4. | On! thus be it ev - er | when free - men shall stand, | Be - tween their lov'd |
| 5. | When our land is il - lum'd | with lib - er - ty's smile, | If a foe from with - |

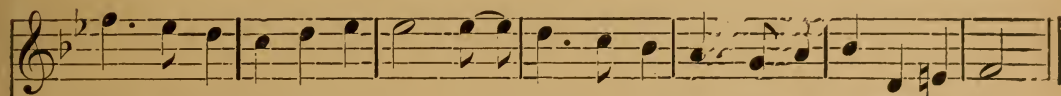
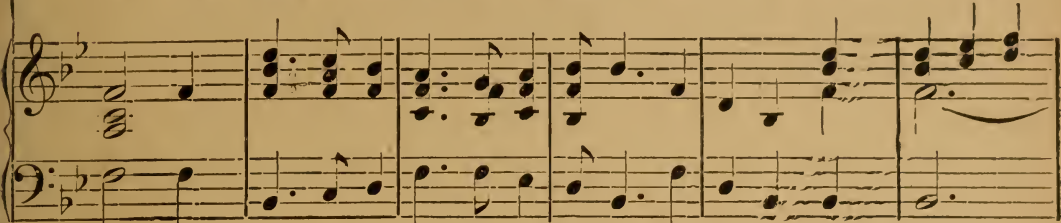


- | | | |
|--|----------------------------------|--------------------------|
| hail'd at the twilight's last gleaming, | Whose stripes and bright stars, | thro' the per - il - ous |
| host in dread si - lence re - pos - es, | What is that which the breeze, | o'er the tow - er - ing |
| war and the bat - tle's con - fu - sion, | A home and a coun - try | they'd leave us no |
| home and the war's des - o - la - tion, | Blest with vic - t'ry and peace, | may the heav'n rescued |
| in strike a blow at her glo - ry, | Down, down with the trai - tor, | that dares to de - |

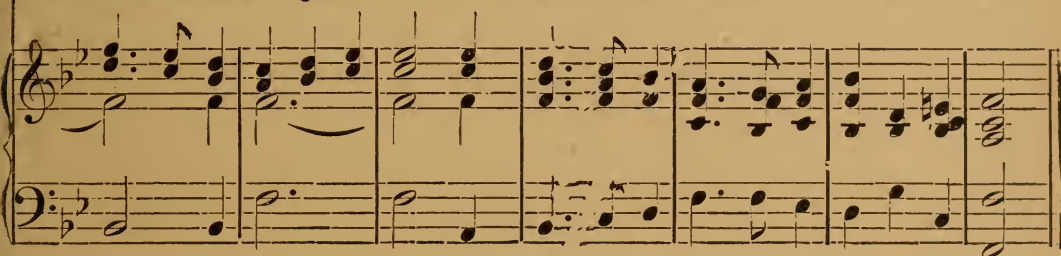




fight, O'er the ram - parts we watch'd, were so gal - lant - ly stream - ing; And the rock - et's red
steep, As it fit - ful ly blows, half con - ceals, half dis - clos - es? Now it catch - es the
more? Their blood has wash'd out their foul foot - step's po - lu - tion; No re - fuge could
land, Praise the Pow'r that hath made and preserved us a na - tion, Then con - quer we
file, The flag of her stars and the page of her sto - ry! By th, mil - lions un -



glare, the bombs, busting in air, Gave proof thro' the night that our flag was still there!
gleam of the morning's first beam, In full glo - ry re - flect ed. now shines in the stream:
save the hire - ling and slave, From the ter - ror of flight or the gloom of the grave.
must, when our cause it is just, And this be our mot - to, "In God is our trust."
chain'd who our birth - right have gain'd, We will keep h, 'bright b'z - zon tor - ev - er un - stain'd!



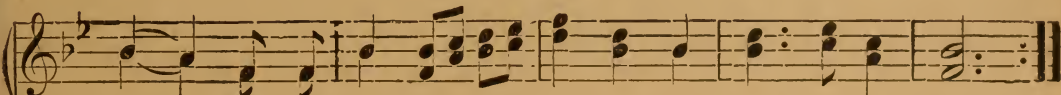
Chorus.

1st and 2d TENOR.

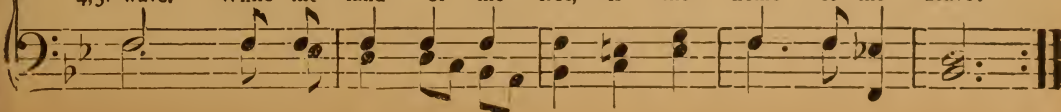


1. Oh! say, does that star span - gled ban - ner yet
2. 'Tis the star span - gled ban - ner, oh! long may it
3, 4, 5. And the star span - gled ban - ner in tri - umph shall

1st and 2d BASS.



1, 2, 3. wave, O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave!
4, 5. wave. While the land of the free, is the home of the brave!



HAIL COLUMBIA.

Arranged by COLLIN COE.

Tempo de Marcia.

1. Hail Co-lum-bia, hap-py land! Hail ye he-roes, heav'n-born band, Who
 2. Im-mor-tal pat-riots, rise once more! De-fend your rights, de-fend your shore; Let
 3. Sound, sound the trump of fame, Let Wash-ing-ton's great name Ring
 4. Be-hold the chief who now commands! Once more to serve his coun-try stands The

fought and bled in free-dom's cause, Who fought and bled in free-dom's cause, And
 no rude foe with im-pious hands, Let no rude foe with im-pious hands, In-
 thro' the world with great ap-prise, Ring thro' the world with great ap-prise, Let
 rock, on which the storm will beat, The rock on which the storm will beat, But

when the storms of war was gone, En-joy'd the peace your val-or won. Let
 vade the shrine where sa-cred lies Of toil and blood the well earn'd prize! While
 ev-'ry clime to free-dom dear, List-en with a joy-ful ear. With
 arm'd in vir-tue, firm and true, His hopes are fixed on heav'n and you! When

in - de-pend-ence be our boast, Ev - er mind - ful what it cost ;
 off - 'ring peace sin - cere and just, In heav'n we place a man - ly trust That
 e - qual skill, with god - like pow'r, He gov - erns in the fear - ful hour Of
 hope was sink - ing in dis - may, When gloom ob - scur'd Co - lum - bia's day, His

Ev - er grate - ful for the prize ; Let its al - tar reach the skies !
 truth and jus - tice will pre - vail, And ev - 'ry scheme of ban - dage fail.
 hor - id war, or guides with ease The hap - pier hours of hon - est peace !
 stead - y mind, from chang - es free, Re - solv'd on death or vic - to - ry !

Chorus.

SOPRANO AND ALTO.

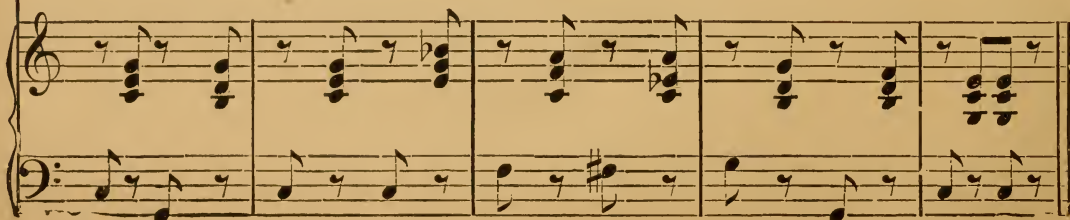
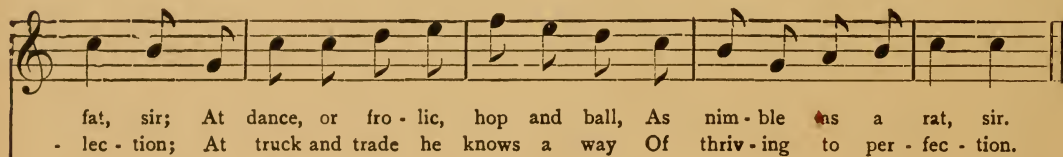
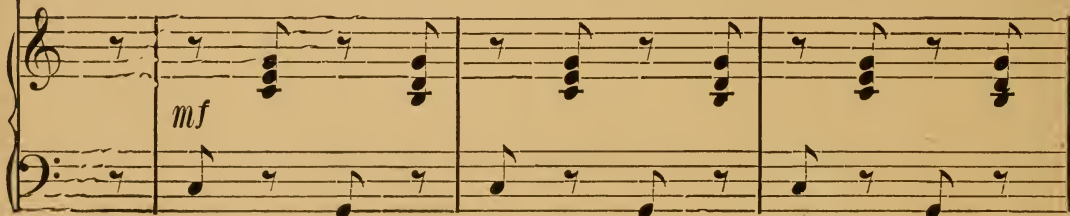
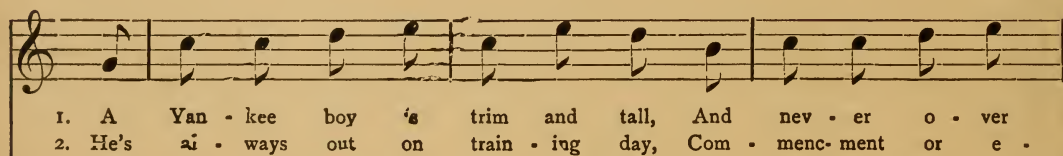
Firm u - nit - ed let us be, Rallying round our lib - er - ty,

TENOR AND BASS.

As a band of broth - ers join'd, Peace and safe - ty we shall find

YANKEE DOODLE.

Arranged by COLLIN COE.

Allegro.

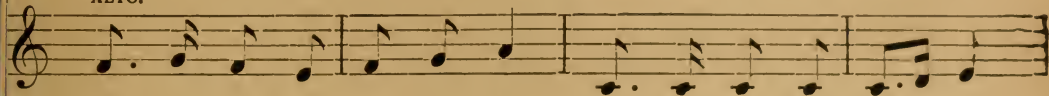
Chorus.

SOPRANO.

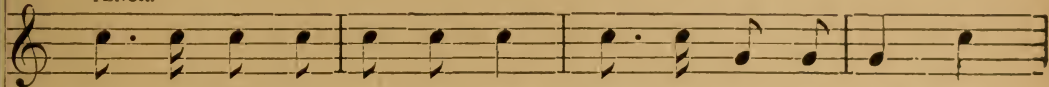


Yan - kee Doo - dle guard your coast, Yan - kee Doo - dle dan - dy;

ALTO.

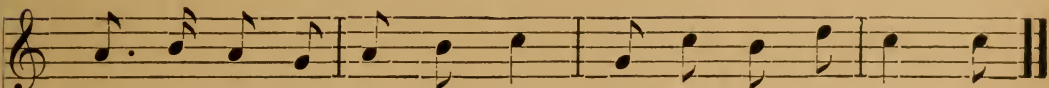


TENOR.

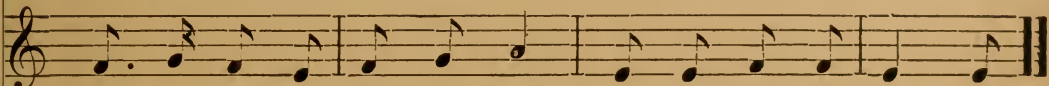


Yan - kee Doo - dle guard your coast, Yan - kee Doo - dle dan - dy;

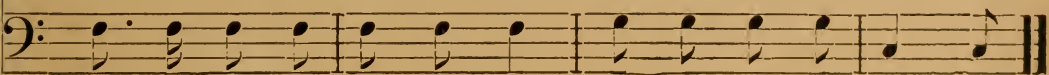
BASS.



Fear not then, nor threat nor boast, Yan - kee Doo - dle dan - dy.



Fear not then, nor threat nor boast, Yan - kee Doo - dle dan - dy.



3.

His door is always open found,
 His cider of the best, sir;
 His board with pumpkin pie is crown'd
 And welcome every guest, sir.

4.

Though rough and little is his farm,
 That little is his own, sir;
 His hand is strong, his heart is warm,
 'Tis truth and honor's throne, sir.

His country is his pride and boast,
 He'll ever prove true blue, sir;
 When called upon to give a toast,
 'Tis "Yankee Doodle Doo," sir.

HOLD THE FORT.

P. P. BLISS.

Major Whittle relates the following incident, upon which the song is founded :

During October, 1864, just before General Sherman commenced his famous march to the sea, while his army lay camped in the neighborhood of Atlanta, the army of Hood, in a carefully prepared movement, passed the right flank of Sherman's army, and gaining his rear, commenced the destruction of the railroad leading north, burning block houses and capturing the small garrisons along the line. Sherman's army was put in rapid motion following Hood, to save the supplies and larger posts, the principal of which was located at Altoona Pass, a defile in the Altoona range of mountains, through which ran the railroad. Gen. Corse, of Illinois, was stationed here with a Brigade of troops, composed of Minnesota and Illinois regiments, in all about 1,500 men; Col. Tourtelotte being second in command. A million and a half of rations were stored here, and it was highly important that the earthworks commanding the Pass and protecting the supplies should be held. Six thousand men, under command of Gen. French were detailed by Hood to take the position. The works were completely surrounded and summoned to surrender. Corse refused, and sharp fighting commenced. The defenders were slowly driven into a small fort upon the crest of the hill. Many had fallen, and the result seemed to render a prolongation of the fight hopeless. At this moment an officer caught sight of a white signal flag, far away across the valley, fifteen miles distant, upon the top of Kenesaw Mountain. The signal was answered, and soon the message was waved across from mountain to mountain: "Hold the fort I am coming. W. T. SHERMAN." Cheers went up, every man was nerved to the full appreciation of the position; and, under a murderous fire, which killed or wounded more than half the men in the fort—Corse himself being shot three times through the head, Col. Tourtelotte taking command, though himself badly wounded, they held the fort for three hours, until the advance guard of Sherman's army came up, and French was obliged to retreat.

No incident of the war illustrates more thrillingly the inspiration imparted by the knowledge of the presence of the Commander; and that he is cognizant of our position; and that, doing our utmost, he will supplant our weakness by speedy reinforcements. So the message of Sherman to the soldiers of Altoona becomes the message of the Great Commander, who signals ever to all who fight life's battle, "Hold the Fort."

Con Spir. a.

f

fz

1. Ho! my com - rades, see the sig - nal Wav - ing in the sky!
 2. See the might - y host ad - vanc - ing, Sa - tan lead - ing on;
 3. See the glo - rious ban - ner wav - ing, Hear the bu - gle blow;
 4. Fierce and long the bat - tle rag - es, But our Help is near;

Re - in - force - ments now ap - pear - ing, Vic - to - ry is nigh!
 Might - y men a - round us fall - ing, Cour - age al - most gone!
 In our Lead - er's name we'll tri - umph O - ver ev - 'ry foe.
 On - ward comes our Great Com - mand - er Cheer, my com - rades, cheer!

Chorus.

SOPRANO.

"Hold the fort, for I am com - ing," Je - sus sig - nals still,

ALTO.

TENOR.

"Hold the fort, for I am com - ing," Je - sus sig - nals still,

BASS.

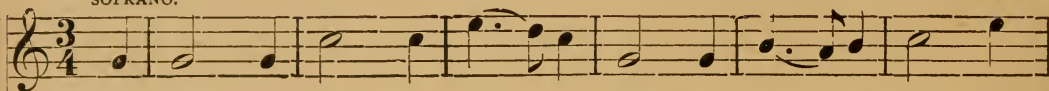
Wave the an - swer back to heav - en,—"By thy grace, we will."

Wave the an - swer back to heav - en,—"By thy grace, we will."

GOD BLESS OUR BRAVE YOUNG VOLUNTEERS.

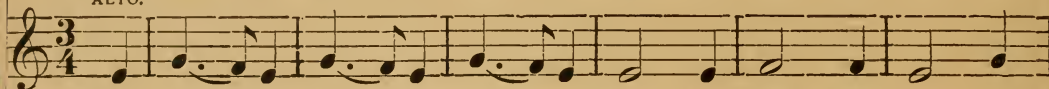
GEO. F. ROOT.

SOPRANO.



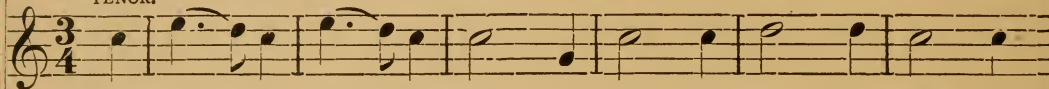
1. The song of free - dom, how it swells O'er val - ley, hill and

ALTO.



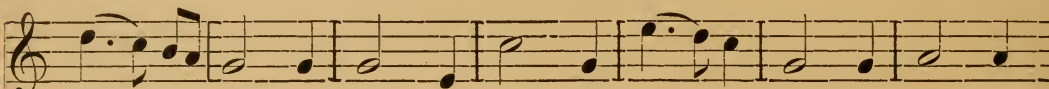
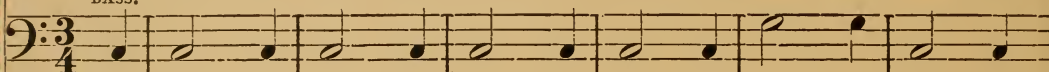
2. Still, still the glo - rious num - bers ring, And still they come, our

TENOR.



1. Oh home of free - dom, fath - er - land, To thee our treas - ures

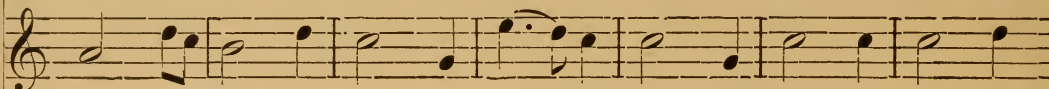
BASS.



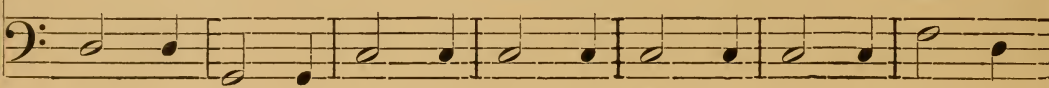
prai - rie wide, With thrill - ing tones the toc - sin tells That dan - gers



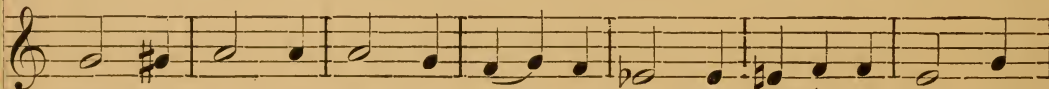
land to save, Let ev - 'ry heart, its trib - ute bring Of love, and



now we yield, 'Tis du - ty calls; their feet must stand In tent - ed



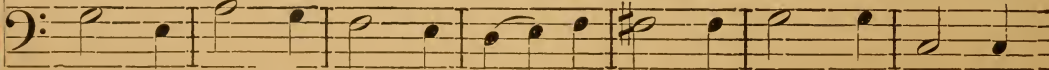
to our land be - tide, That dan - gers to our land be - tide; And



hon - or to the brave, Of love and hon - or to the brave; May



camp, on blood - y field, In tent - ed camp, on blood - y field; Fare -



see, from an - vil, loom and plow, From home, and moth - ers sa - cred

He pro - tect them in the strife, Whose pow'r can quell our ris - ing

- well true hearts, our pray'rs shall be Where - e'er the star - ry flag ap -

tears They fly with ar - dor on each brow, God bless our brave young

fears Oh may He guard each pre - cious life And bless our brave young

- pears, That He who made our fath - ers free, May bless our brave young

vol - un - teers, God bless our brave young vol - un - teers.

vol - un - teers, And bless our brave young vol - un - teers.

vol - un - teers, May bless our brave young vol - un - teers.

NEVER FORGET THE DEAR ONES.

A HOME SONG.

GEO. F. ROOT.

Andantino.

1. Nev - er for - get the dear ones, A - round the so - cial hearth, The
 2. Ev - er their hearts are turn - ing To thee when far a - way, Their
 3. Nev - er for - get thy Fath - er, Who cheer - ful toils for thee, With -

sun - ny smiles of glad - ness, The songs of art - less mirth; Tho' oth - er scenes may
 love so pure and ten - der, Is with thee on thy way; Where - ev - er thou may'st
 in thy heart may ev - er Thy mother's im - age be; Thy sis - ter dear and

woo thee, In oth - er lands to roam,..... } Nev - er for - get the dear ones That
 wan - der Where - ev - er thou may'st roam,..... }
 broth - er They long for thee to come,..... }

Entered according to Act of Congress, A. D. MDCCCLVIII, by RUSSELL & TOLMAN, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of Massachusetts.

Copyright MDCCCLXXXVI, by S. BRAINARD'S SONS.

clus - ter round thy home, Nev - er for - get, nev - er for - get,

The first system of the musical score for 'Never Forget the Dear Ones'. It features a vocal melody in the upper staff and piano accompaniment in the lower staves. The key signature has two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and the time signature is 2/4. The lyrics are: 'clus - ter round thy home, Nev - er for - get, nev - er for - get,'.

nev - er for - get the dear ones, That clus - ter round thy home.

The second system of the musical score. The vocal melody continues with the lyrics: 'nev - er for - get the dear ones, That clus - ter round thy home.' The piano accompaniment provides harmonic support.

Chorus.

1ST TENOR.

Never forget, never forget, never forget the dear ones, That clus - ter round thy home.

The first tenor part of the chorus. The melody is written in the upper staff of the system.

2D TENOR.

Never forget, never forget, never forget the dear ones, That clus - ter round thy home.

The second tenor part of the chorus. The melody is written in the upper staff of the system.

1ST BASS.

Never forget, never forget, never forget the dear ones, That clus - ter round thy home.

The first bass part of the chorus. The melody is written in the lower staff of the system.

2D BASS.

Never forget, never forget, never forget the dear ones, That clus - ter round thy home.

The second bass part of the chorus. The melody is written in the lower staff of the system.

FOES AND FRIENDS.

Words by ELLEN H. FLAGG.

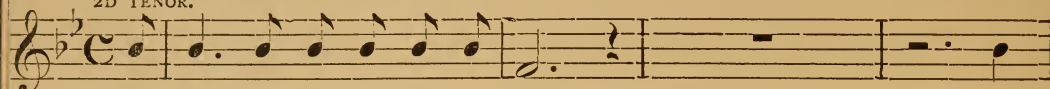
Music by GEO. F. ROOT.

1ST TENOR.



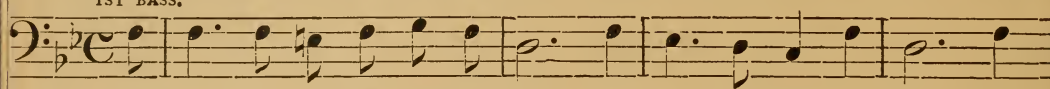
1. Two sol - diers ly - ing as they fell, Up - on the red - en'd clay, In

2D TENOR.



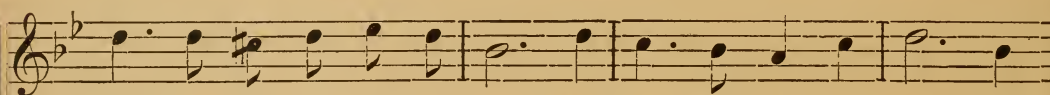
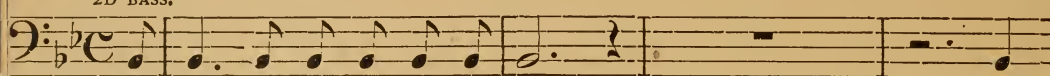
2. "A - mong New Hampshire's snow-y hills, There pray for me to - night, A
3. Then spoke the oth - er dy - ing man, "A - cross the Geor - gia plain, There

1ST BASS.

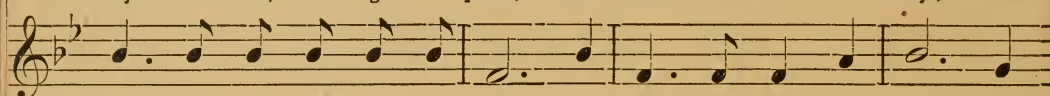


4. The dy - ing lips the par - don breathe, The dy - ing hands en - twine; The

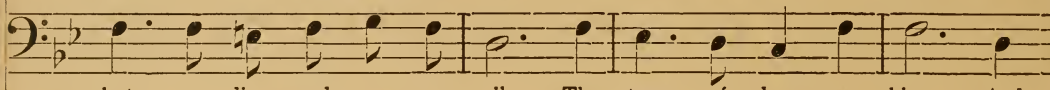
2D BASS.



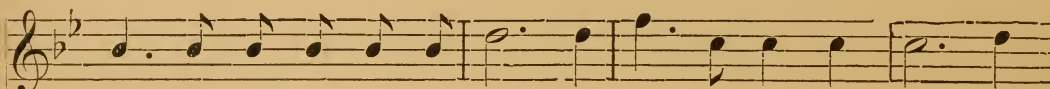
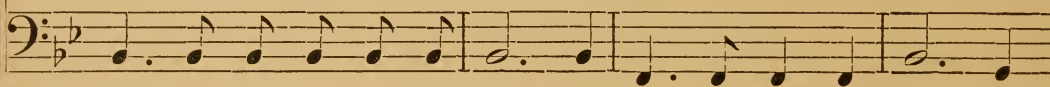
day - time foes, at night in peace, Breath'd there their lives a - way; Brave



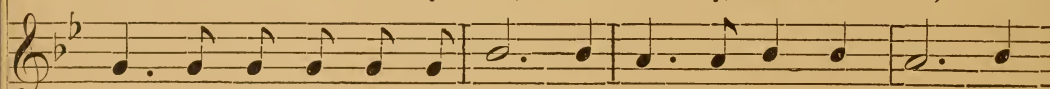
wo - man and a lit - tle girl, With hair like gold - en light." And
watch and wait for me, lov'd ones I'll nev - er see a - gain; A



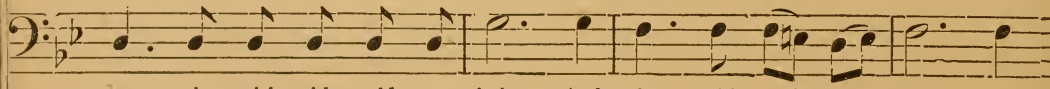
last ray dies, and o - ver all The stars of hea - ven shine, And



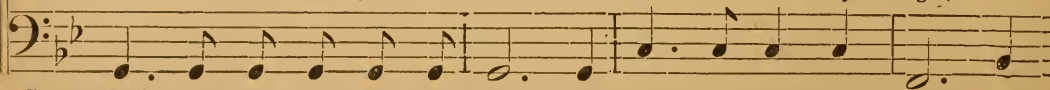
hearts had stir'd each man - ly breast, Fate on - ly, made them foes; And



at the tho't, broke forth at last The cry of an - guish wild, That
lit - tle girl, with dark bright eyes, Each day is at the door, The

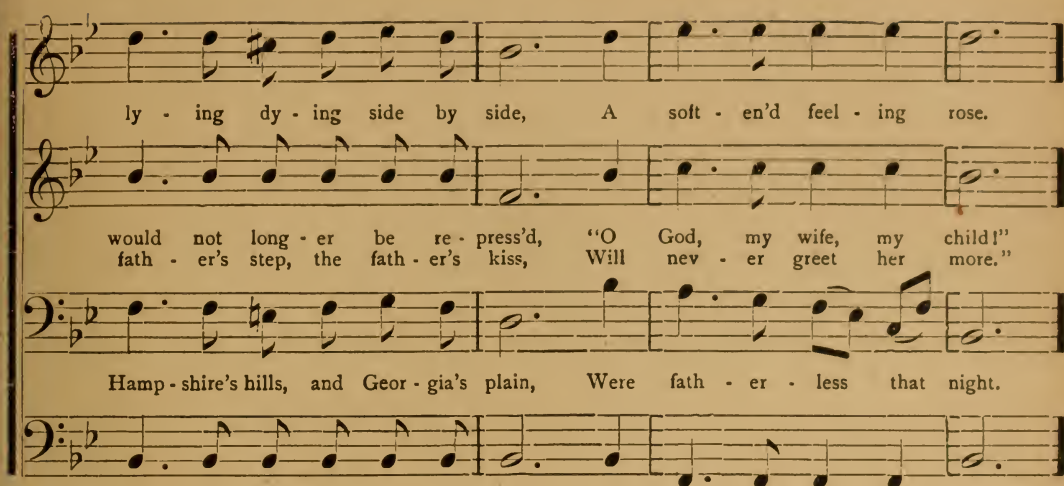


now, the girl with gold - en hair, And she with dark eyes bright, On



Entered according to Act of Congress, A. D. MDCCCLXVI, by ROOT & CADY, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Northern District of Illinois.

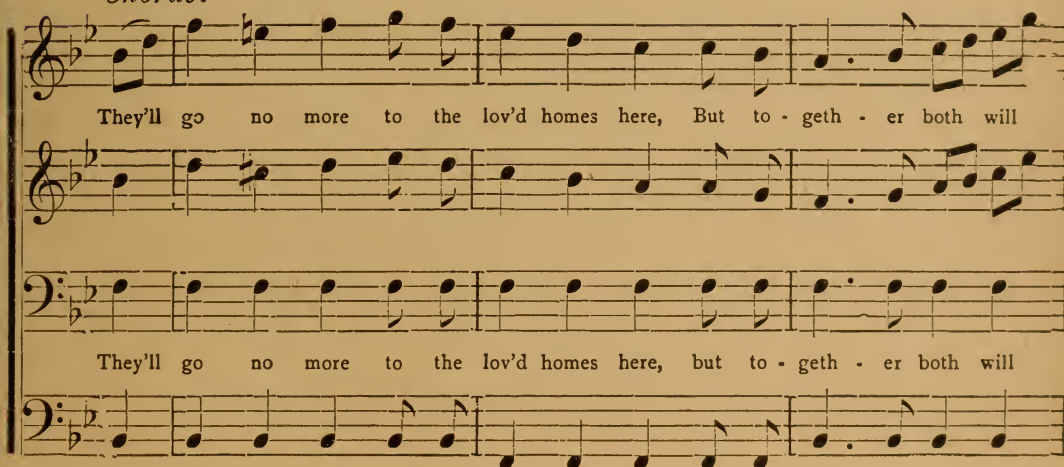
Copyright MDCCCLXXXVI, by S. BRAINARD'S SONS.



ly - ing dy - ing side by side, A soft - en'd feel - ing rose.

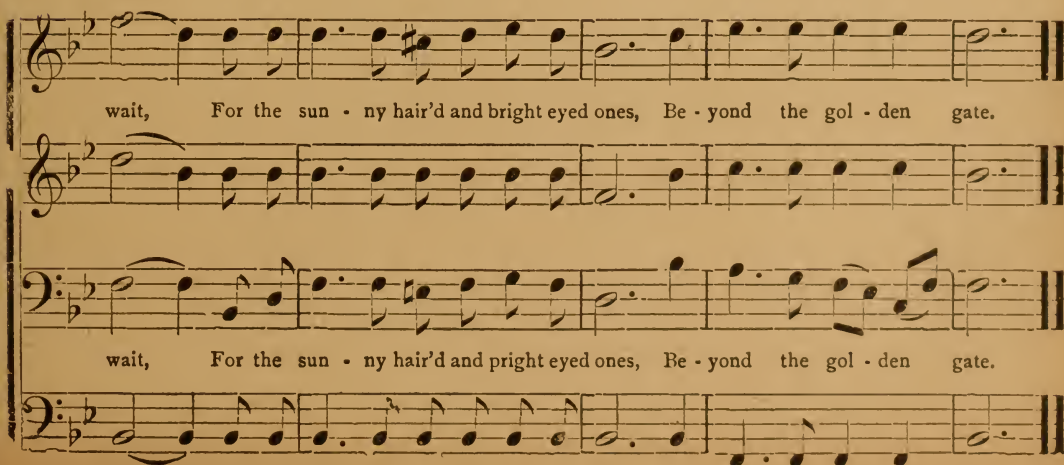
would not long - er be re - press'd, "O God, my wife, my child!"
fath - er's step, the fath - er's kiss, Will nev - er greet her more."

Hamp - shire's hills, and Geor - gia's plain, Were fath - er - less that night.

Chorus.


They'll go no more to the lov'd homes here, But to - geth - er both will

They'll go no more to the lov'd homes here, but to - geth - er both will



wait, For the sun - ny hair'd and bright eyed ones, Be - yond the gol - den gate.

wait, For the sun - ny hair'd and pright eyed ones, Be - yond the gol - den gate.

WEEP O'ER THE HEROES AS THEY FALL.

Words by C. W. BUTLER.

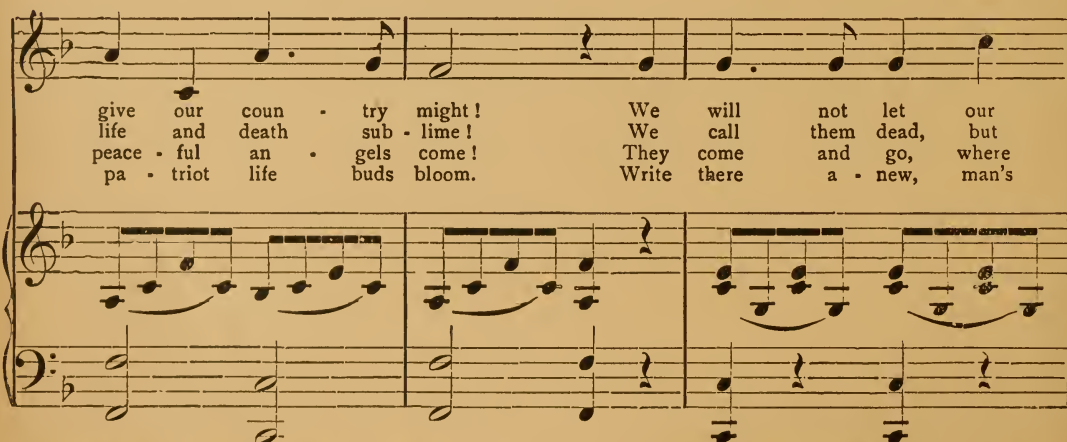
Music by J. W. TURNER.



1. Weep o'er the he - roes as they fall, In con - flict for the
 2. Weep o'er the he - roes as they fall, Who die in glo - ry's
 3. Weep o'er the he - roes as they fall, For God hath call'd them
 4. Weep o'er the he - roes as they fall, O'er ev - 'ry sol - dier's




right; And vow to heav'n our lives, our all, Shall
 prime, Who give their na - tion's earn - est call, A
 home, From bat - tle - fields, from foe - man's thrall, His
 tomb, And by their dark fu - ne - ral pall, Bid



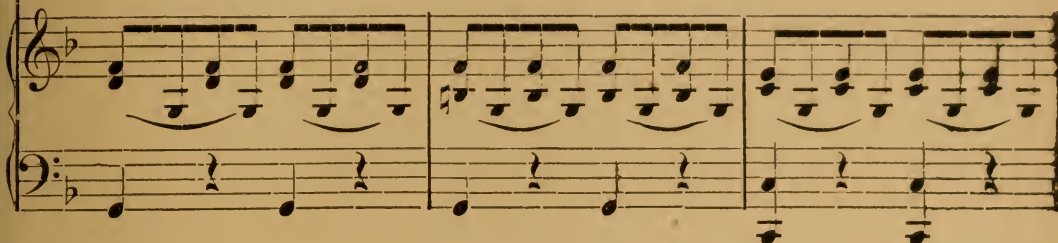
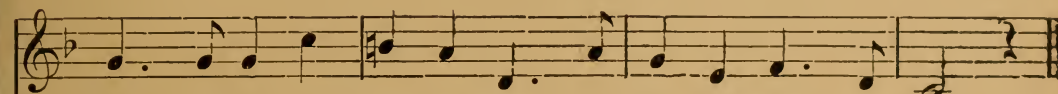
give our coun - try might! We will not let our
 life and death sub - lime! We call them dead, but
 peace - ful an - gels come! They come and go, where
 pa - triot life buds bloom. Write there a - new, man's

Entered according to Act of Congress, A. D. MDCCCLXV, by TOLMAN & Co., in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of Massachusetts.

Copyright, MDCCCLXXXVI, by S. BRAINARD'S SONS.



ban - ner fair, Be trail'd by foes in dust, But
yet their hearts Throb on in mem - 'ry's shrine, For
riv - ers wide Their tides of calm out - pour, And
love to man Smite there op - pres - sion's rod And

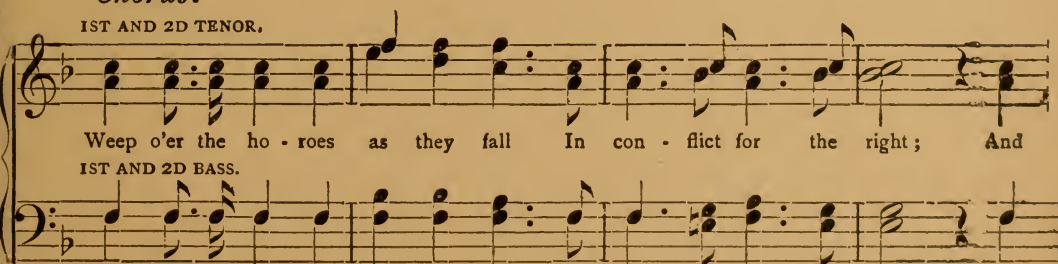



it shall be our dear - est care The na - tion's hope and trust.
them the pa - triot's no - blest part, In free - dom's cause di - vine.
mem - 'ry wan - ders by their side, To joy for - ev - er - more.
bid the trai - tor's eye to fear, The na - tion trust in God.



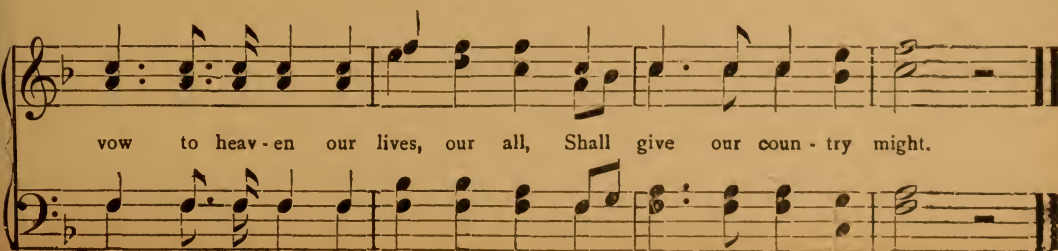
Chorus.

1ST AND 2D TENOR,



Weep o'er the ho - roes as they fall In con - flict for the right; And

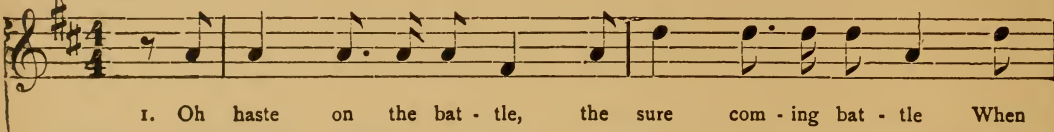
1ST AND 2D BASS.



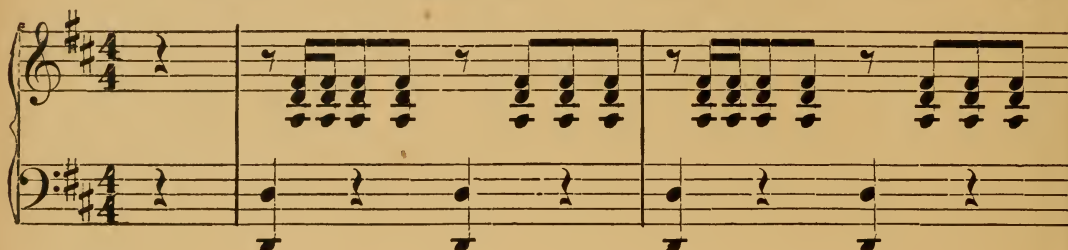
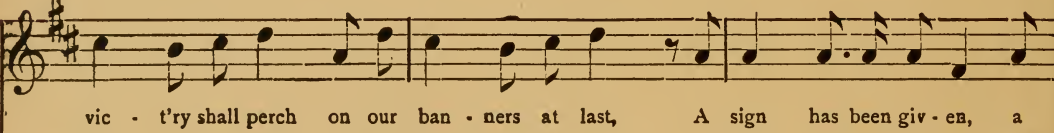
vow to heav - en our lives, our all, Shall give our coun - try might.

OH HASTE ON THE BATTLE.

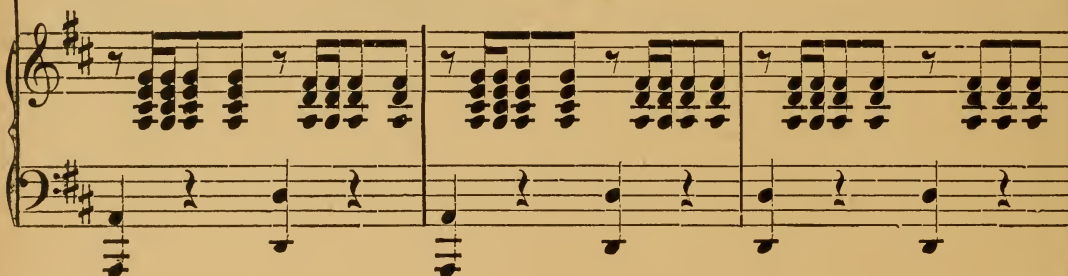
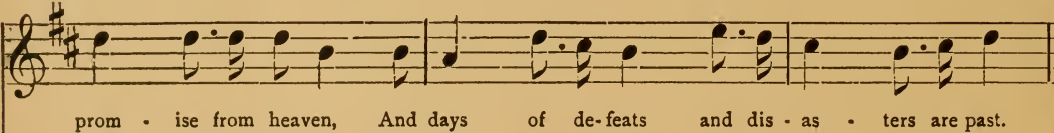
GEO. F. ROOT.

Maestoso.


1. Oh haste on the bat - tle, the sure com - ing bat - tle When
2. The word has been spo - ken, the long look'd for to - ken Now

vic - t'ry shall perch on our ban - ners at last, A sign has been giv - en, a
glows on our ban - ners and gleams in the air, 'Tis "free - dom for all" how the

prom - ise from heaven, And days of de - feats and dis - as - ters are past.
spell has been broken That bound all the land in the chains of des - pair.

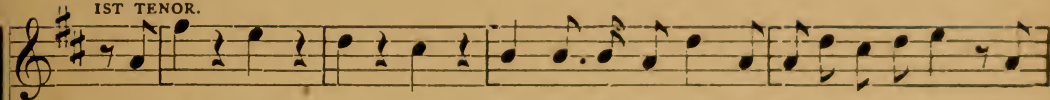


Entered according to Act of Congress, A. D. MDCCCLXII, by ROOT & CADY, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Northern District of Illinois.

Copyright MDCCCLXXXVI, by S. BRAINARD'S SONS.

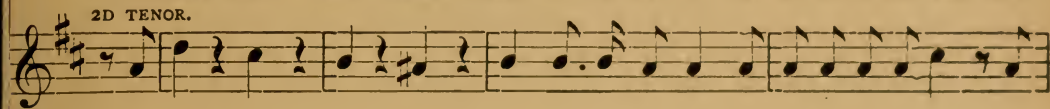
Chorus.

1ST TENOR.

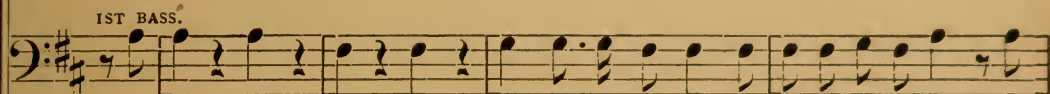


Then haste, haste, haste, haste, Haste on the bat-tle, 'Tis lib-er-ty for all, Then

2D TENOR.

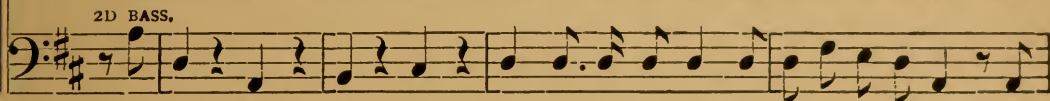


1ST BASS.

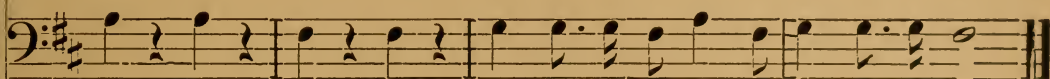
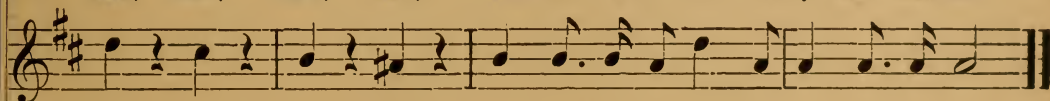


Then haste, haste, haste, haste, Haste on the bat-tle, 'Tis lib-er-ty for all, Then

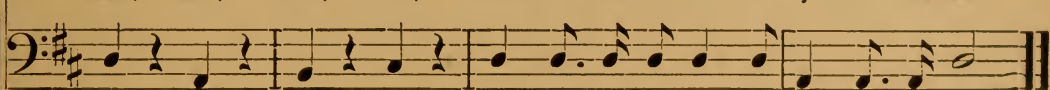
2D BASS.



haste, haste, haste, haste, Haste on the bat-tle The ty-rant must fall.



haste, haste, haste, haste, Haste on the bat-tle The ty-rant must fall.



3

Come fill up the ranks and prepare for the battle,
 No longer we ask who our leader shall be,
 For God now is with us in Him we shall triumph,
 The God of our fathers, the God of the free.

5

'Tis liberty's battle, and slavery's death rattle,
 For freedom shall follow where lately it trod,
 And after the battle, shall man, now a chattel,
 Stand forth in his freedom, the image of God.

4

Prepare for the battle, we care not who guides it,
 The bright sword of victory, we care not who wields,
 McLellan, or Burnside, or Hooker, or Sigel,
 Or Fremont, or Hunter, or Butler, or Shields.

6

And oh, what a glory, will gleam in the story
 Our children shall tell to each daughter and son;
 Of the wonderful battle, the terrible battle,
 When their country was saved, and its liberties won.

DE DAY OF LIBERTY'S COMIN'.

GEO. F. ROOT.

Allegretto.

1. Dar - keys don't you see de light, De day ob lib - er - ty's com-in', com-in',
 2. De Un - ion folks dey wait so long, We tink dey neb - er was com-in', com-in',

Al - most gone de gloom - y night, De day ob lib - er - ty's com-in'.
 And Se - cesh he get so strong We tink dey neb - er was com-in'.

High! ho! de dar - keys sing, Loud! loud! dar voi - ces ring,
 Now Un - cle Abe he say Come Mas - sa while you may,

Entered according to Act of Congress, A. D. MDCCCLXII, by ROOT & CADY, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court, for the Northern District of Illinois.

Copyright MDCCCLXXXVI, by S. BRAINARD'S SONS.

DE DAY OB LIBERTY'S COMIN'.

Good news de Lord he bring, "Now let my peo - 'ple go.".....
 And for de slabe we'll pay, For we must let him go.....

The first system of the musical score is in G major (one sharp) and 4/4 time. It features a vocal melody on a treble clef staff and a piano accompaniment on a grand staff (treble and bass clefs). The melody consists of eighth and quarter notes, with a final half note and a fermata. The piano accompaniment includes chords and single notes in both hands.

Chorus.

1ST AND 2D TENOR.

Just you look and see dat light! De day ob lib - er - ty's com - in', com - in',

The second system of the musical score continues the chorus. It features two vocal parts for 1st and 2nd Tenors on a treble clef staff and a piano accompaniment on a grand staff. The melody is composed of eighth and quarter notes, with a repeat sign at the end. The piano accompaniment provides harmonic support with chords and moving lines.

1ST AND 2D BASS.

Al - most gone de gloom - y night, De day ob lib - er - ty's com - in'.

The third system of the musical score continues the chorus. It features two vocal parts for 1st and 2nd Basses on a treble clef staff and a piano accompaniment on a grand staff. The melody continues with eighth and quarter notes, ending with a repeat sign. The piano accompaniment remains consistent with the previous systems.

3

White folks let us help ye trou,
 De day ob liberty's comin', comin',
 We can fight and die for you,
 De day ob liberty's comin'.
 Yes! yes! we'll shout and sing,
 Loud! loud! our voices ring,
 Soon! soon! de mighty King
 Will let His people go.

4

O de Lord will bring it right,
 De day ob liberty's comin', comin',
 From dis drefful bloody fight,
 De day ob liberty's comin'.
 Shout! darkeys, shout and sing,
 Loud let your voices ring,
 Soon! soon! de mighty King
 Will let His people go.

SLEEPING IN THE BATTLE FIELD.

Arranged for Male Quartet.

Music by KARL REDEN.

1ST TENOR.

1. At last the war is o - ver; At last comes gold - en peace; At

2D TENOR.

2. Oh would that I could call back Our boy, in his glad prime! Oh

1ST BASS.

3. The war has fill'd our fair land With graves of he - roes slain! Each

2D BASS.

last the cru - el strife and bloodshed cease, But where's dar - ling Wil - lie? Who

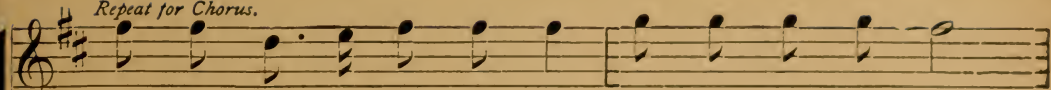
would I could live o'er the old - en time! Oh cease heart this long - ing,

bat - tle field is val - or's sa - cred fame! Oh weep not for lost ones! Theirs

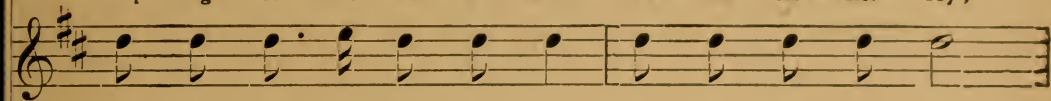
was our pride and joy, O where's our no - ble sol - dier boy?

Our hope can - not fail, Thou'lt see our boy "be - yond the veil."

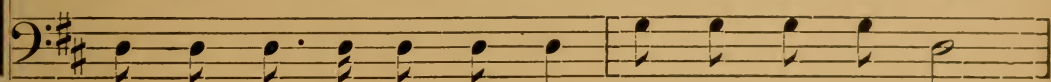
is a pure re - nown; Theirs is the vic - tor's gold - en crown!

Repeat for Chorus.

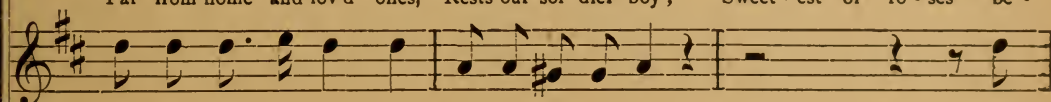
Sleep - ing in the bat - tle field Lies our sol - dier boy ;



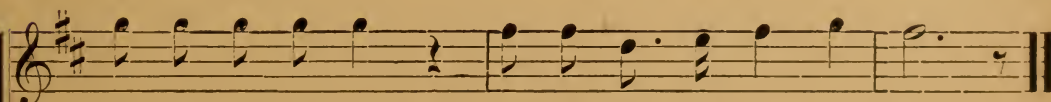
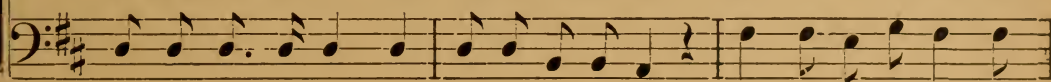
Sleep - ing in the bat - tle field Lies our sol - dier boy ;



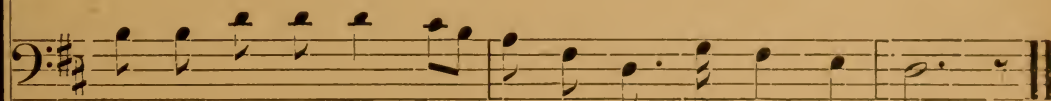
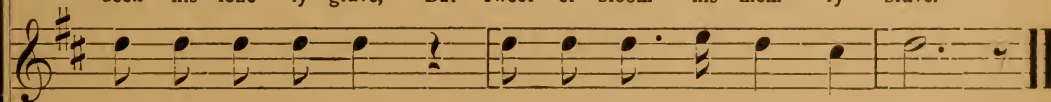
Far from home and lov'd ones, Rests our sol - dier boy ; Sweet - est of ro - ses be -



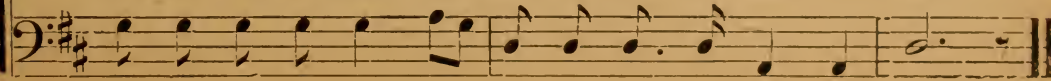
Far from home and lov'd ones, Rests our sol - dier boy ; Sweet - est of ro - ses be -



. deck his lone - ly grave, But sweet - er bloom his mem - 'ry brave.

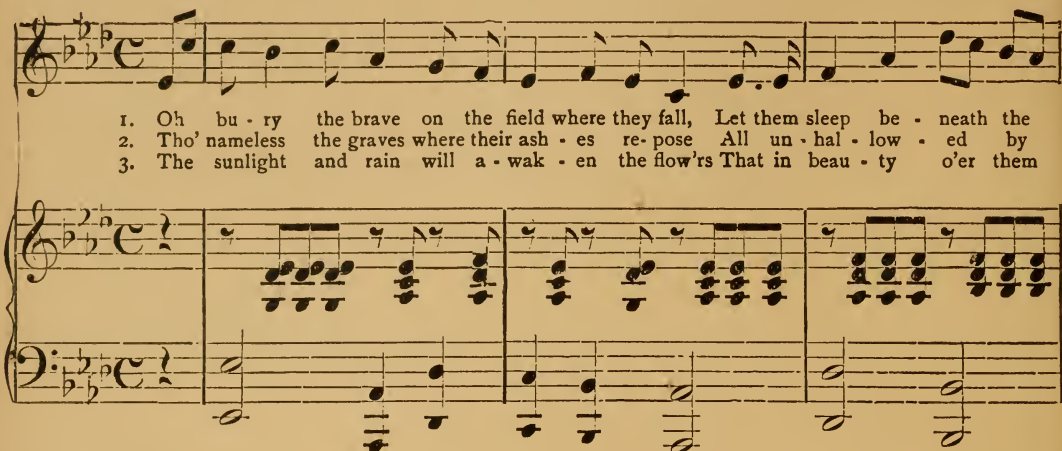


. deck his lone - ly grave, But sweet - er bloom his mem - 'ry brave.

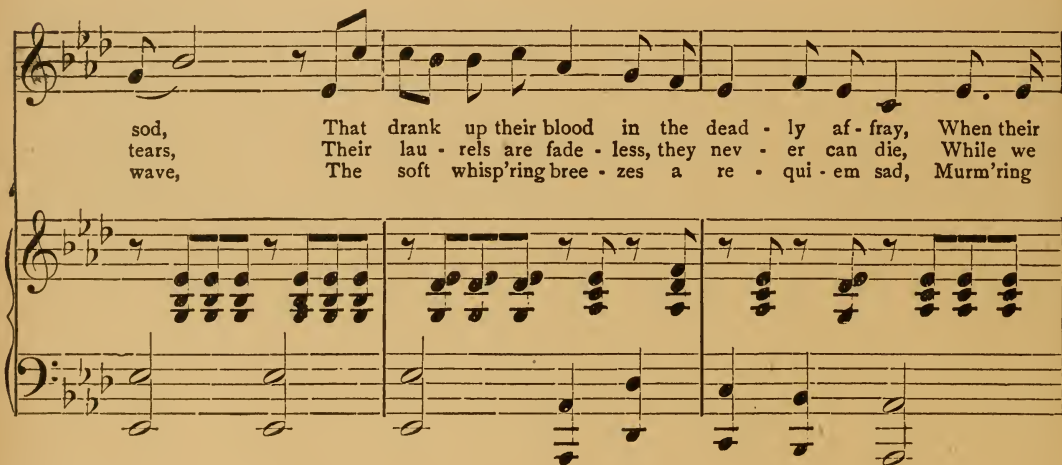


BURY THE BRAVE WHERE THEY FALL.

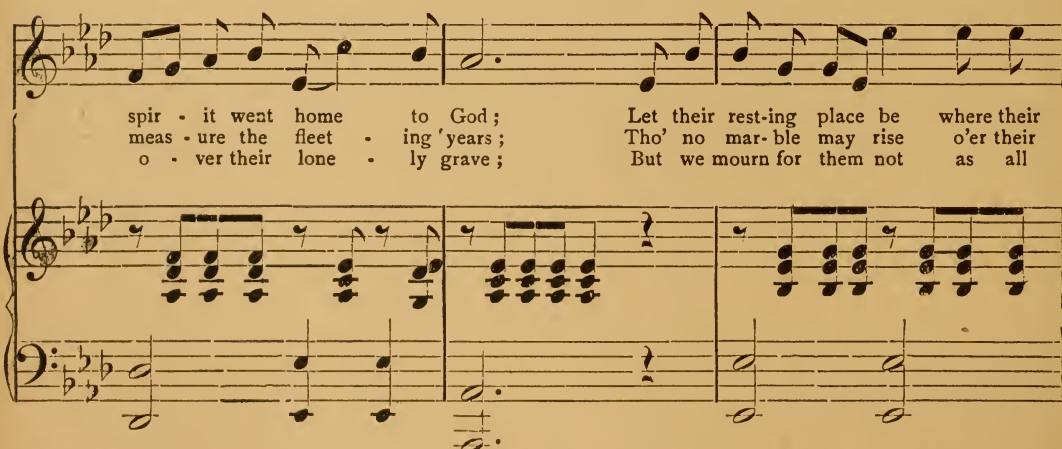
H. L. FRISBIE.



1. Oh bu - ry the brave on the field where they fall, Let them sleep be - neath the
 2. Tho' nameless the graves where their ash - es re - pose All un - hal - low - ed by
 3. The sunlight and rain will a - wak - en the flow'rs That in beau - ty o'er them



sod, That drank up their blood in the dead - ly af - fray, When their
 tears, Their lau - rels are fade - less, they nev - er can die, While we
 wave, The soft whisp'ring bree - zes a - re - qui - em sad, Murm'ring



spir - it went home to God ; Let their rest - ing place be where their
 meas - ure the fleet - ing 'years ; Tho' no mar - ble may rise o'er their
 o - ver their lone - ly grave ; But we mourn for them not as all

Entered according to Act of Congress, A. D. MDCCCLXIII, by ROOT & CADY, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Northern District of Illinois.

Copyright MDCCCLXXXVI, by S. BRAINARD'S SONS.

brave deeds were done, With the ban-ner, the ban-ner for their shroud;.... And its
low lone-ly beds, There to point out the sa-cred, sa-cred spot..... Yet the
calm-ly they sleep, Far a-way from the lov-ing household band..... For the

stars shall keep watch as they peace-ful-ly sleep, Far a-way from the gather-ing crowd.
hearts of the na-tion their mem-'ry will keep, Its dead he-ros and never for-got.
brave and the no-ble die nev-er in vain, When they die for their na-tive land.

Chorus.

1ST AND 2D TENOR.

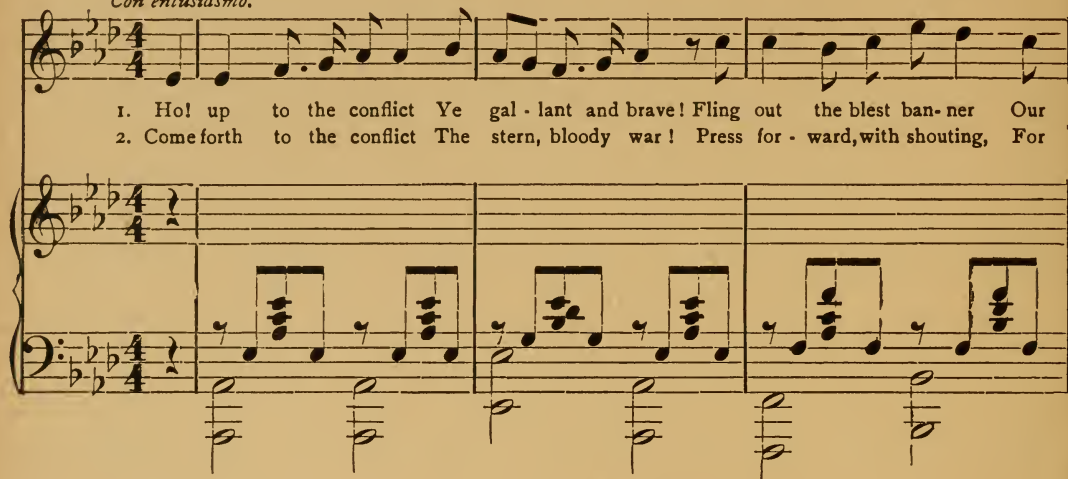
Then sleep on and soft be thy re- pose,.... And green be the turf on thy breast.

1ST AND 2D BASS.

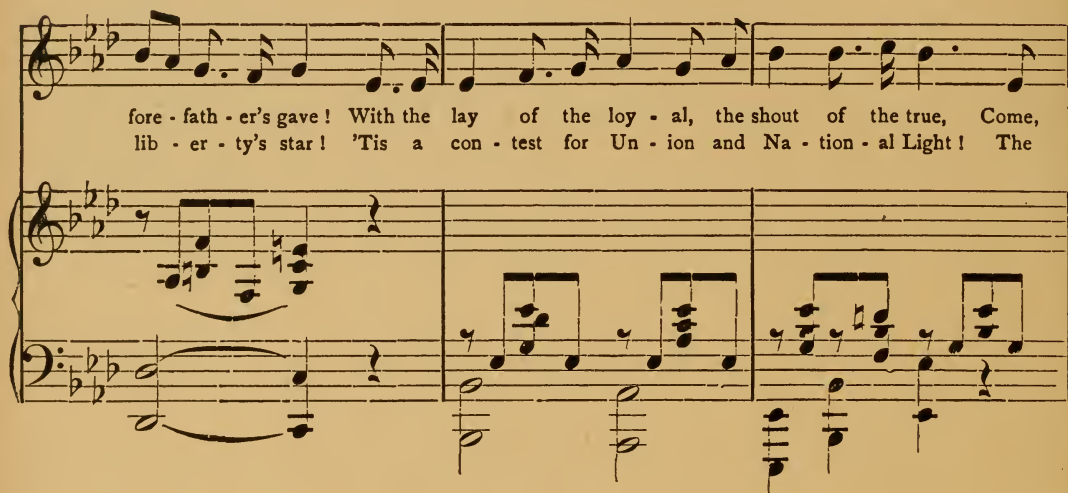
The glo-ri-ous stars of our ban-ner shall watch O'er the graves where the he-ros re- pose.

HO! RALLY, YE BRAVES.

E. T. BALDWIN.

Con entusiasmo.


1. Ho! up to the conflict Ye gal-lant and brave! Fling out the blest ban-ner Our
2. Come forth to the conflict The stern, bloody war! Press for-ward, with shouting, For



fore-fath-er's gave! With the lay of the loy-al, the shout of the true, Come,
lib-er-ty's star! 'Tis a con-test for Un-ion and Na-tion-al Light! The



ral-ly a-round our old red, white and blue! Up-hold it, pro-ect it, where-
no-ble will tri-umph, God speed-eth the right! Up yeo-men! come free-men! the

Ad lib.

e'er you may be, Watch o'er it, a-dore it, Sweet gem of the free.
call is for you, Don't dal - ly, but ral - ly, For Lib - er - ty true.

Chorus.

1ST AND 2D TENOR.

Bright ban - ner! dear ban - ner! Float o - ver the land! For

1ST AND 2D BASS.

thee and our coun - try U - ni - ted we stand, Bright ban - ner! dear ban - ner! Float

o - ver the land! For thee and our coun - try U - ni - ted we stand.

3 Oh, ye freeman awake, and strike for the land,
Now torn with dissension by dire traitor's hand,
The wa - rry is sounding, our flag is unfurled,
In the cause of our freedom we challenge the world,
Come forward, press onward, to succor the brave!
We need you, will lead you, our country to save!

4 Hurrah for our banner, the pride of the sea!
That starry-hued emblem, the flower of the free.
The token of liberty, gem of the brave,
Sweet flag, waving over the patriot's grave!
We love thee, adore thee, "Old Glory" so true!
Fall never, wave ever, dear red, white and blue!

COLUMBIA, THE GEM OF THE OCEAN,

Or

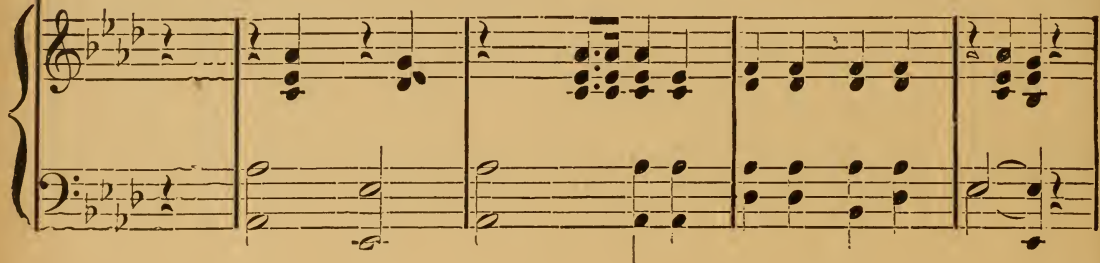
THE RED, WHITE AND BLUE.

Arranged by W. G. S.

Maestoso.

1. O Co-lum-bia! the gem of the ocean,
2. When war winged it wide des-o-la-tion,
3. The wine-cup, the wine-cup bring hither,

The home of the brave and the free, The
 And threatened the land to de-form, The
 And fill you it true to the brim, May



shrine of each patriot's de-vot-ion,
 ark then of freedom's foundation,
 the wreaths they have won never wither,

A world of-fers hom-age to thee.
 Co-lum-bia, rode safe thro' the storm;
 Nor the star of their glo-ry grow dim!

Thy
 With,
 May



mandates make heroes as - semble,
her gar-lands of vic'try around her,
the ser-vice u-nit-ed ne'er sev-er,

When Lib-er-tv's form stands in view,
When so proudly she bore her brave crew,
But they to their col - ors prove true!

Thy
With
The

banners make ty - ran-ny tremble,
her flag proudly floating before her,
Ar-my and Na-vy for - ev-er.

When borne by the red, white and blue.
The boast of the red, white and blue.
Three cheers for the red, white and blue.

CHORUS.

1st & 2nd TENOR.

When borne by the red, white and blue,

When

1st & 2nd BASS.

borne by the red, white and blue,

Thy banners make ty - ran-ny

rem - ble,

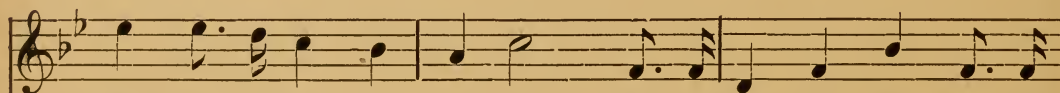
When borne by the red, white and blue.

HONOR TO SHERIDAN.

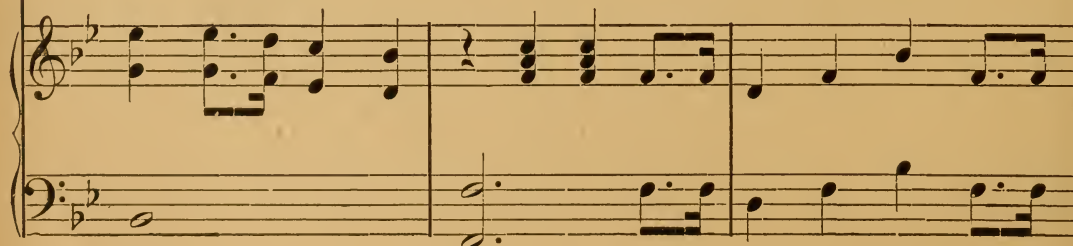
GEO. F. ROOT.

Maestoso.

1. Let the ban - ners wave for the hon - or'd brave, As they
 2. Oh, the grate - ful land, hath a warm right hand, In the
 3. As we dwell with pride, on his bat - tle ride, Let us



stream'd o'er his fields of glo - ry— Let the tow - ers reel with the
 wel - come her own hath won her; For the tried and true— for the
 speak of his civ - ic glo - ry, Let the joy - bells ring, and the



Entered according to Act of Congress, A. D. MDCCCLXVII, by ROOT & CADY, in the District Court of the United States for the Northern District of Illinois.

Copyright, MDCCCLXXXVI, by S. BRAINARD'S SONS.

HONOR TO SHERIDAN.

III

wel - come peal That shall give to the winds his sto - ry.
 "Boy in Blue" That our souls all de - light to hon - or.
 ban - ners fling To the winds, with the he - ro's sto - ry.

Chorus.

1ST AND 2D TENOR.

Hail to the man, who in time of need, Rode to the front on his

1ST AND 2D BASS.

coal black steed! Hail to the man in the na - tion's van! Hon - or for - ev - er to

Sher - i - dan, to Sher - i - dan, Hon - or for - ev - er to Sher - i - dan.

COLUMBIA'S CALL.

Words by PAULINA.

Music by GEO. F. ROOT

Earnestly.

1. O, come, brothers, all, 'tis Co-lum-bia's earn-est call, To make her peo-ple one a -
 2. O, dark was the day when we met in dead-ly fray, Di-vid-ing ar-mies, friends and
 3. O, fair smiles the dawn, now the shades of night are gone, The dawning we have long'd to

gain; Let none stand a-loof from the old pa-ter-nal roof, Whose
 fleets; O, wild was the wail that rang out o'er hill and dale, As
 see, When truth shall pre-vail, and our joy-ful an-thems hail, The

shel-ter ne'er is sought in vain; Glo-rious the fu-ture ris-ing o'er us,
 mourners went a-bout the streets; Now that the bat-tle rage is o-ver,
 glo-ry of the brave and free; Come, then, O, North and South, u-ni-ted,

Entered according to Act of Congress, A. D. MDCCCLXVII, by ROOT & CADY, in the District Court of the United States for the Northern District of Illinois.

Copyright, MDCCCLXXXVI, by S. BRAINARD'S SONS.

Bless - ed the e - ra draw - ing nigh; Then join heart and hand for the
 Now that the min - ute guns are cold, O, haste, knit a - gain what the
 Come, then, O, East and West as one; Re - joice in the light which has

weal of fath - er - land, Where - e'er the star - ry ban - ners fly.
 sword bath cleft in twain, Be friends and broth - ers, as of old.
 chas'd a - way the night, And her - alds now the ris - ing sun.

Chorus.

1ST AND 2D TENOR.

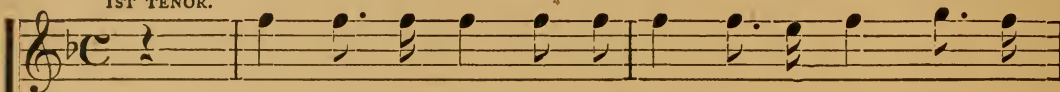
Glo - rious the fu - ture ris - ing o'er us, Blessed the e - ra drawing nigh; Then
 1ST AND 2D BASS.
 Glo - rious the fu - ture ris - ing o'er us,

join heart and hand for the weal of fath - er - land, Where'er the star - ry ban - ners fly.

LAY HIS SWORD BY HIS SIDE.

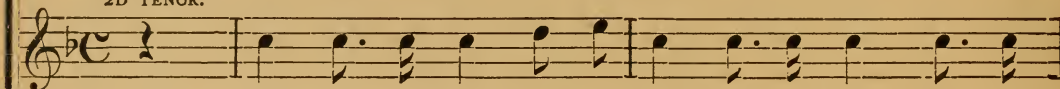
J. M. KIEFFER.

1ST TENOR.



1. Lay his sword by his side, it has serv'd him too well Not to

2D TENOR.



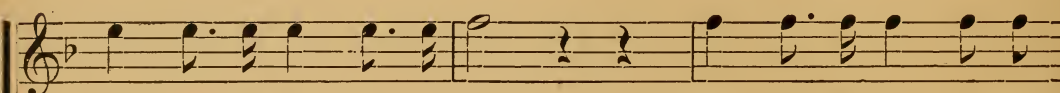
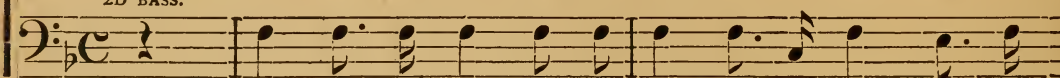
2. Yet pause, for in fan - cy, a still voice I hear, As if

1ST BASS.



3. Should some al - ien, un - wor - thy such wea - pon to wield, Dare to

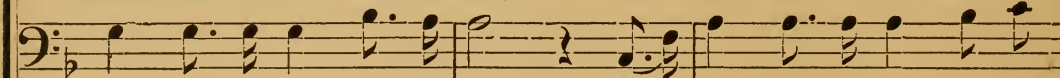
2D BASS.



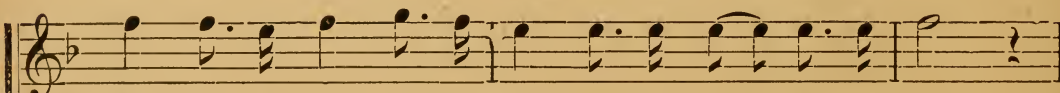
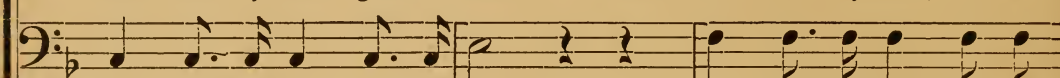
rest near his pil - low be - low; To the last mo - ment true, from his



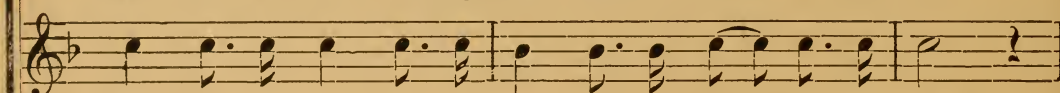
breath'd from his brave heart re - mains; Faint ech - o of that which in



touch thee, my own gal - lant sword, Then rest in thy sheath, like a



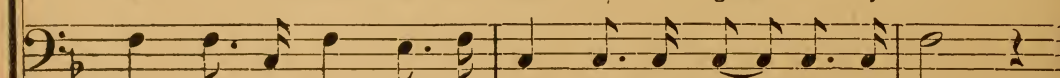
hand ere it fell, Its bright point was still turn'd to the foe.



sla - ver - y's ear Once sound - ed the war word, "Burst your chains!"



al - ien seal'd Or re - turn to the grave of thy Lord.



Entered according to Act of Congress, A. D. MDCCCLXIV, by S. BRAINARD & Co., in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Northern District of Ohio.

Copyright MDCCCLXXXVI, by S. BRAINARD'S SONS.

Fel - low lab' - rer's in life, let them slum - ber in death Side by

And it cries from the grave where the he - ro lies deep, "Tho' the

But if grasp'd by a hand that has learn'd the proud use, Of a

side, as be-comes the re - pos - ing brave, That sword which he lov'd still un-

day of your Chief-tain for - ev - er has set, Oh, leave not the sword thus in

fal - chion, like thee, on the bat - tle plain, Then, at lib - er - ty's sum-mons, like

- brok'n in its sheath, And him - self un - sub - dued in his grave.

glo - r'ous to sleep, It has vic - to - ry's life in it yet!"

light - 'ning let loose, Leap forth from thy dark sheath a - gain!

SOLDIER'S DREAM SONG.

R. STEWART TAYLOR.

1. 'Tis a calm and beauteous night, love, As my sol - dier couch I
 2. In the deep blue vault of heav'n, love, Seat - ed on its gol - den
 3. Ere the dawn of com - ing day, love, I may hear war's rude a -

spread ; Where the stars are smil - ing dawn, love, Thro' the
 throne ; Well I know the glow - ing stars, love, That we
 - larms ; And the stars of joy and hope, love, Set a -

trees a - bove my head ; But my thoughts are far a -
 mark'd and call'd our own ; And thro' all the lone - ly
 - mid the clash of arms ; But in camp or blood - y

Entered according to Act of Congress, A. D. MDCCCLXII, by ROOT & CADY, in the District Court of the United States for the Northern District of Illinois.

Copyright MDCCCLXXXVI, by S. BRAINARD'S SONS.



- way, love, Far a - way with home and thee; And I
 night, love, Ev - er turn my tho'ts thee; As it
 field, love, What - so - e'er my fate may be; Still I'll



know with - in my heart, love, Thou art think - ing now of me.
 whis - pers to my heart, love, Thou art think - ing still of me.
 know with - in my heart, love, Thou wilt ev - er think of me.

Chorus.

1ST AND 2D TENOR.



Yes, my tho'ts are far a - way, love, Far a - way with home and
 Yes, thro' all the lone - ly night, love, Ev - er turn my tho'ts to
 Yes, in camp or blood - y field, love, What - so - e'er my fate may

1ST AND 2D BASS.



thee; And I know with - in my heart, love, Thou art think - ing now of me.
 thee; As it whis - per to my heart, love, Thou art think - ing still of me.
 be; Still I'll know with - in my heart, love, Thou wilt ev - er think of me.

drums and bu - gles loud and fast, This is your last tat - too.
 - night to glo - ry and to death, And that's good morn to you.

Chorus.

1ST AND 2D TENOR.

Fare - well, fare - well to march and fight, Hard - tack a fond a - dieu, Good

1ST AND 2D BASS.

bye "Old Glo - ry," for to - night We doff the ar - my blue.

3

Farewell to pens and prison holes,
 Where friends themselves broke thro',
 And tortured noble captive souls,
 That they could not subdue.
 But in the fullness of the day,
 Heaven's justice did we do;
 Disaster, famine, ruin, may
 Make fearful answer true.

4

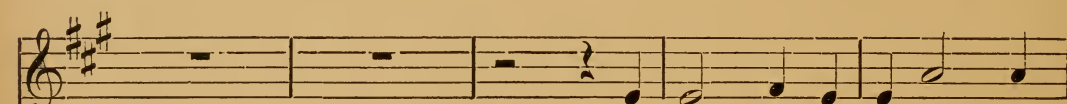
Good-bye to muster and parade,
 Good-bye to grand review,
 The dusty line, the dashing aid,
 Good-bye our General, too.
 Good-bye to war, but halt! I say,
 John Bull, a word with you,
 Pay up old scores or we again
 May don the army blue.

TREAD LIGHTLY, YE COMRADES.

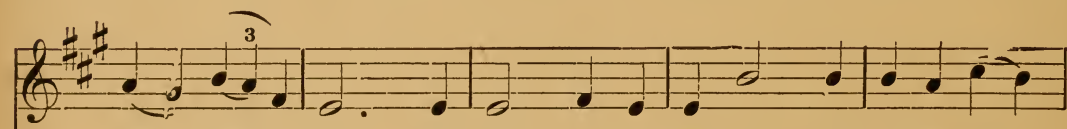
—OR THE—

VOLUNTEER'S GRAVE.

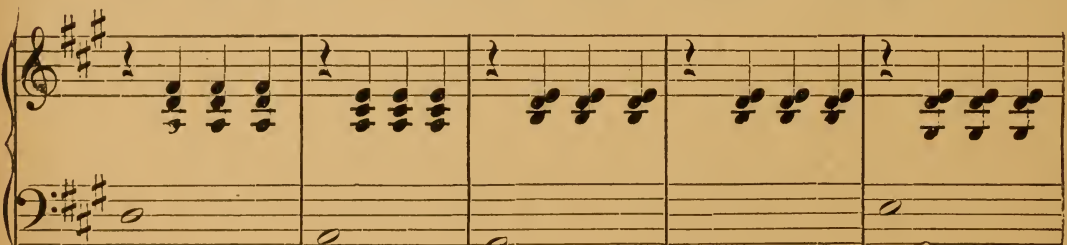
BOWEN.



1. Tread light - ly, ye comrades, his
2. "O fold me," he said, "in the
3. The bat - tle was o - ver, they
4. Ah, how ma - ny households are



lone grave a-round, Those ash - es are sa - cred, and sa - cred the
 flag of the free, And let our own ban - ner, my wind-ing sheet
 laid him to rest; The turf they plac'd gen - tly a - bove his young
 bro - ken and sad; That sigh for the lov'd ones, and weep for the

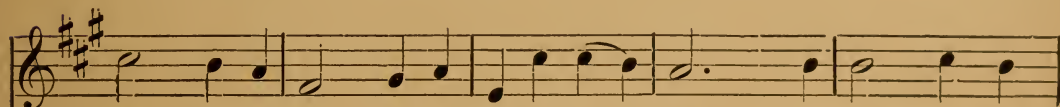
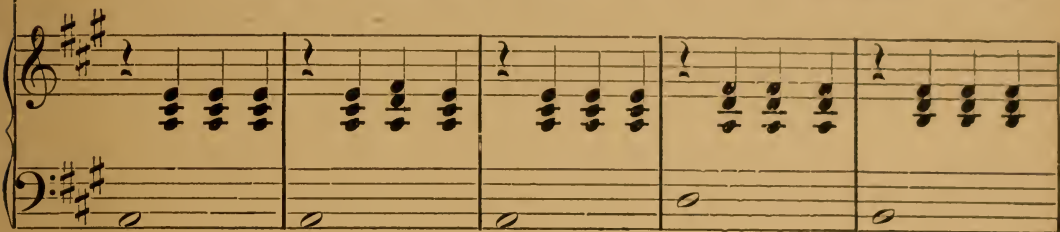


Entered according to Act of Congress, A. D. MDCCCLXIII, by ROOT & CADDY, in the District Court of the United States for the Northern District of Illinois.

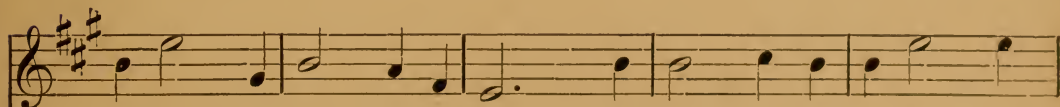
Copyright MDCCCLXXXVI, by S. BRAINARD'S SONS.



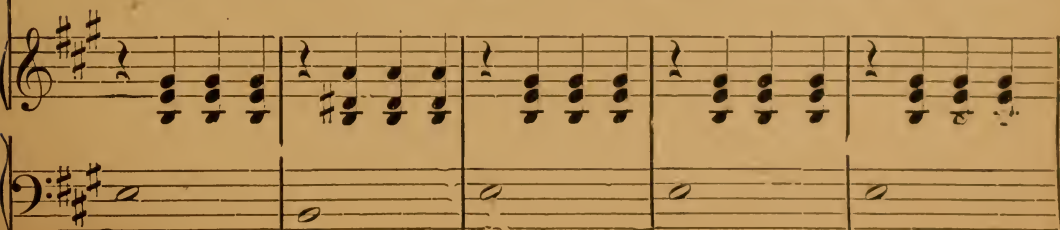
ground ; 'Tis one of earth's no-bles, so gal-lant and brave, That
 be ; And when I am rest-ing O leave it to wave, To
 breast, Then rais'd up the ban-ner, and left it to wave, In
 dead ; Whose life blood has pur-pled the field of the barve, And



here lies a-sleep in the Vol-un-teer's Grave. He's fought his last
 point to the stran-ger the Vol-un-teer's Grave. The sad news break
 bright-ness un-dimm'd o'er the Vol-un-teer's Grave. O sad were the
 who now re-pose in the Vol-un-teer's Grave. And oh tho' no



bat-tle, the vic-t'ry he's won ; And now, the brave sol-dier is
 gen-tly, to Moth-er and Kate ; They're anx-ious-ly wait-ing my
 tid-ings they bore to his home, That, far from his lov'd ones, they'd
 mar-ble may point to the spot, Where brave-ly they've fall-en they'll



rest - ing a - lone ; His young life was giv - en, his coun - try to
com - ing to greet, But tell them, I fell with the gal - lant and
left him a - lone, With nought but the ban - ner he died for, to
not be for - got, For o'er them our ban - ner for - ev - er shall

save, And low here he lies, in the Vol - un - teer's Grave.
brave ; And an - gels will watch o'er the Vol - un - teer's Grave."
wave, So si - lent and sad, o'er the Vol - un - teer's Grave.
wave, En - cir - cling with glo - ry the Vol - un - teer's Grave.

Chorus.

1ST AND 2D TENOR.

Dis - turb not, dis - turb not his rest, calm and deep ; The

1ST AND 2D BASS.

last trum - pet, on - ly, shall wake him from sleep.

THE SONGS WE SANG UPON THE OLD CAMP GROUND.

Words and Music by H. L. FRISBIE.

1. Oh sing for me to-night those mer-ry songs we sang When
2. I hear the bu-gle peal-ing forth its bra-zen notes I
3. Where are my com-rades now? ah! why am I a-lone! Go

bright and warm the cheer-ful camp-fire blaz'd, At twi-light's clos-ing hour: with
lis-ten to the roll-ing of the drum; The sound-ing call to arms, the
ask it of the march-ing ech-o, why? Go stand up-on the plain and

com-rades gath-er'd round, We gai-ly sang those oft re-peat-ed
bat-tle's clash and din, Like mock-ing ech-oes with the songs they
count their low-ly graves, Where on a hun-dred bat-tle-fields they

Entered according to Act of Congress, A. D. MDCCCLXVI, by ROOT & CADY, in the District Court of the United States for the Northern District of Illinois.

Copyright MDCCCLXXXVI, by S. BRAINARD'S SONS.

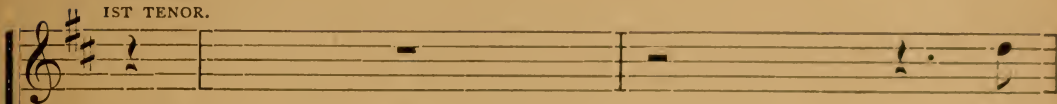
lays. How quick - ly beats my heart when comes the ech - oed strain I
come. The fire ls burn - ing low, the sen - try lone - ly treads: With
lie. Thea won - der not that I should love those sim - ple songs, That

lis - ten then to catch the faint - est sound: I nev - er can for - get those
slow and measur'd step his wea - ry round, All these I seem to see as I
sad - der mem'ries clus - ter thick a - round: Tho' oth - ers may be sweet none

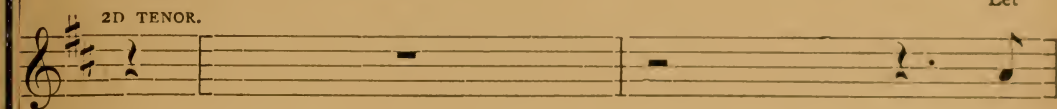
old fa - mil - iar tones: Those songs we sang up - on the old camp ground.
lis - ten to those songs: Those songs we sang up - on the old camp ground.
are so dear to me: As those we sang up - on the old camp ground.

Chorus.

1ST TENOR.

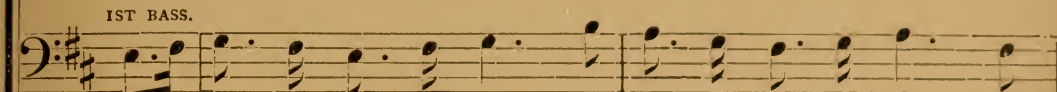


2D TENOR.



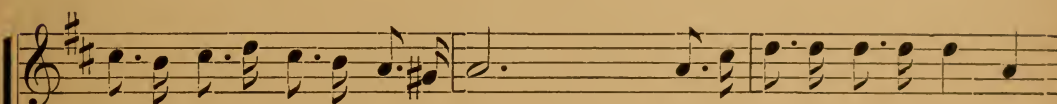
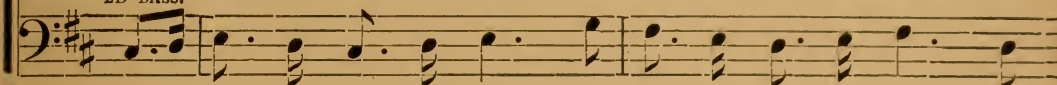
Let

1ST BASS.



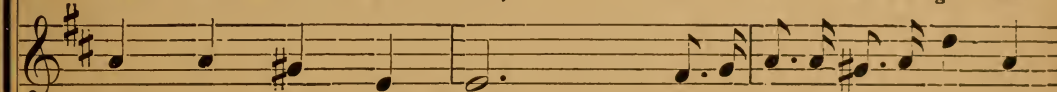
Yes, sing for me to - night those brave and mer - ry songs, Let

2D BASS.

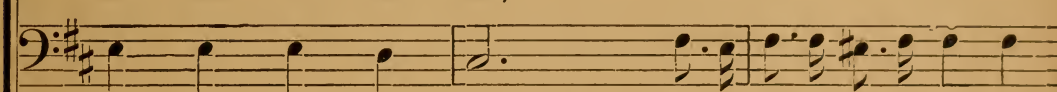


sweet-er mem'ries clus-ter thick a-round,

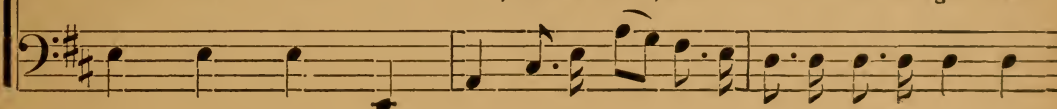
For I nev-er can for-get those



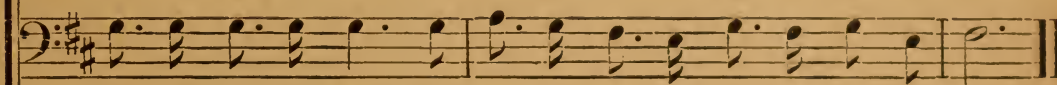
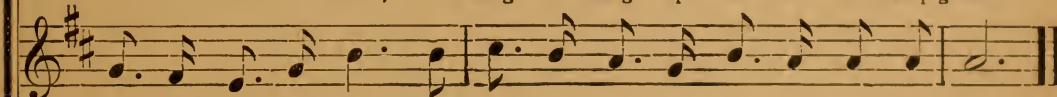
mem - 'ries clus - ter round,



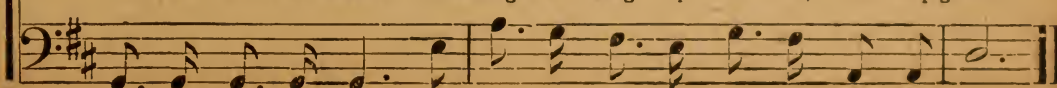
mem - 'ries clus - ter round, thick a - round, For I nev - er can for - get those



old fa - mil - iar strains, Those songs we sang up - on the old camp ground.



old fa - mil - iar strains. Those songs we sang up - on the old camp ground.



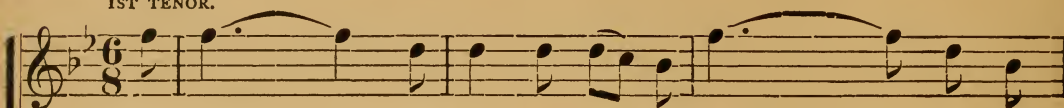
MARCH ON, MARCH ON!

A SOLDIER'S GLEE.

Words by Lt. Col. SAM. B. RAYMOND, 5th Ills. Vols.

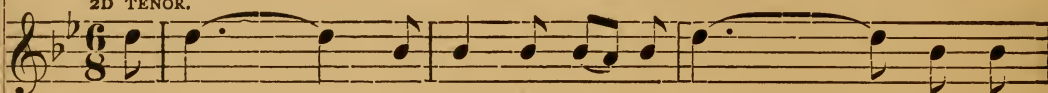
Music by WM. LEWIS.

1ST TENOR.



March on!..... march on! we hear the boom . . . ing Of

2D TENOR.

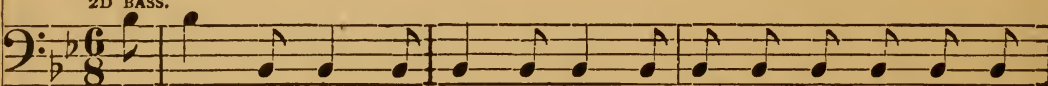


1ST BASS.

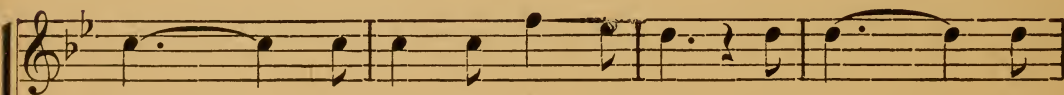


March on! march on! march on! we hear the boom . . . ing Of

2D BASS.



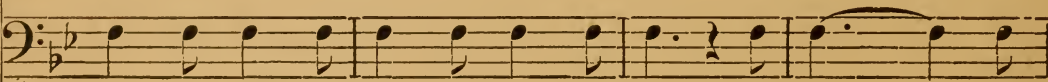
the boom - ing, the boom - ing Of



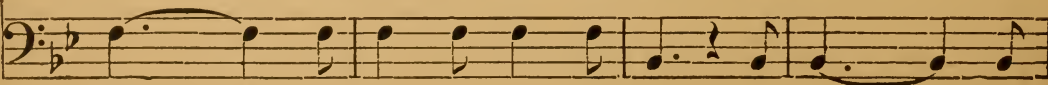
guns..... that bid us to the fight, As gai . . ly



As gai . ly, gai . ly



guns, of guns that bid us to the fight, As gai . . ly



guns.....

Fine.

as the flag that's loom - ing A - bove us strike we for the right.

DUET. 1ST AND 2D TENOR.

The doom'd in ter - ror fly be - fore us, We'll hurl the

tra - tors from the land. Our flag.... shall float tri - un - phant

D. C. to Fine.

o'er us, Our homes,.... our lives, our hearts, our hands.

2 Fight on, fight on, the stars are gleaming,
We plant our standard firm and fast,
We'll rally where our banner's streaming,
And defend them to the last.
Hurrah, burrah, our arms victorious,
They fly before our conq'ring host,
We'll praise the "God of Battles" o'er us,
"Union forever," be our toast.
Fight on, fight on, etc.

3 Shout on, shout on, we love the cheering
Of hearts that glow with a nation's love,
Oh haste we on, the day is nearing,
Our flag shall float triumphant above.
Cursed be each hand that's raised against it,
Perish each traitor in the land,
Prosper our flag where'er we send it,
"Divided we fall, United we stand."
Shout on, shout on, etc.

BROTHER, TELL ME OF THE BATTLE.

Words by THOMAS MANAHAN.

Music by GEO. F. RO...

With expression.

1. Brother tell me of the bat - tle, How the sol - diers fought and fell— Tell me
 2. Brother tell me of the bat - tle, For they said your life was o'er, They all
 3. Brother tell me of the bat - tle, I can bear to hear it now— Lay your

of the wea - ry march-es, She who loves will lis - ten well, Broth - er,
 told me you had fal - len, That I'd nev - er see you more; Oh, I've
 head up - on my bo - som, Let me soothe your fever'd brow. Tell me

draw thee close be - side me, Lay your head up - on my breast, While you're
 been so sad and lone - ly, Fill'd my breast has been with pain, Sinbe they
 are you bad - ly wound-ed? Did we win the dead - ly fight? Did the

Entered according to Act of Congress, A. D. MDCCCLXIV, by Root & Cady, in the District Court of the United States for the Northern District of Illinois.

Copyright MDCCCLXXXVI, by S. BRAINARD'S SONS.

tell - ing of the bat - tle, Let your fev - er'd fore - head rest.
 said my dear - est broth - er, I should nev - er see a - gain.
 vic - t'ry crown our ban - ner? Did you put the foe to flight?

Chorus.

1ST TENOR.

O tell me of the bat - tle, How the sol - diers fought and fell,

2D TENOR.

Broth - er, tell me of the bat - tle, How the sol - diers fought and fell,

1ST BASS.

O tell me of the bat - tle, How the sol - diers fought and fell,

2D BASS.

Yes, of the wea - ry march - es, lis - ten well.

Repeat pp.

Tell me of the wea - ry march - es, She who loves will lis - ten well.

Yes, of the wea - ry march - es, lis - ten well.

HAIL COMRADES DEAR.

G. A. R. SONG.

* Written and Composed by Comrade A. S. HUDSON.

Moderato.

1. I look with won - der and with pride, At free - dom and her
 2. When - e're I meet a coat of blue, With but - tons gold or
 3. We talk of friend - ship true and great, And of it's mag - ic
 4. Oh may my love still warm - er grow, And not one vir - ture

train, Which cov - er all our might - y shore, And
 brass, And in the cen - ter G. A. R., I
 spell, But where's the friend - ship can com - pare, With
 lag, For these my com - rades true and brave, Who

spreads a - cross the plain. Of fif - ty mil - lion
 nev - er let them pass. For 'neath that coat there
 that of F. C. L. 'Twas born in con - flict
 fought to save the flag. And when they gent - tly

Copyright MDCCCLXXXVI, by A. S. HUDSON.

* By permission of the composer, Comrade A. S. Hudson, Chardon, O. This song with mixed chorus, can be had in sheet music form for 35 cents.

peo - ple free, With - out a sin - gle slave, But
 beats a heart, That's ev - er true and brave, And
 fierce and strong, And seal'd with pre - cious blood, That
 lay me down, No more to an - swer call, Oh

dear - er than them all to me, Are our no - ble true and brave.
 in the face I read these lines, "No man shall be a slave."
 flow from hearts of comrades dear, Now sleep - ing 'neath the sod.
 may they proudly say he fought, That not one star should fall.

Chorus.

1ST AND 2D TENOR.

Hail com - rades dear, who fought for right, On land and o - ver sea,.....

1ST AND 2D BASS.

Long may our no - ble ban - ner wave, long wave, And ne'er dis - hon - or'd be.

WE'RE TENTING ON THE OLD CAMP GROUND.

Moderato con espressione.

Words and Music by J. W. TURNER.

We're tent-ing on the Old Camp Ground, Our hearts are light and joy-ous
We're tent-ing on the Old Camp Ground,, From it we soon may have to

ev-er; sev-er; We Though think of home, we talk of friends, And
we should leave the dear old spot, We

hap-py times we've had to-geth-er, The dear old spot, has
nev-er can for-get it, nev-er! In hap-py days, in

man-y a charm, That gives the sol-dier joy and
joy-ous nights, We've min-gled oft with one an-

pleas-ure; Mid all the scenes of war and strife, Old
- oth - er; Mid all the scenes of war and strife, Old

Camp, thou art the sol - dier's treas - ure.
Camp, thou art the sol - dier's treas - ure.

Chorus.

1ST AND 2D TENOR.

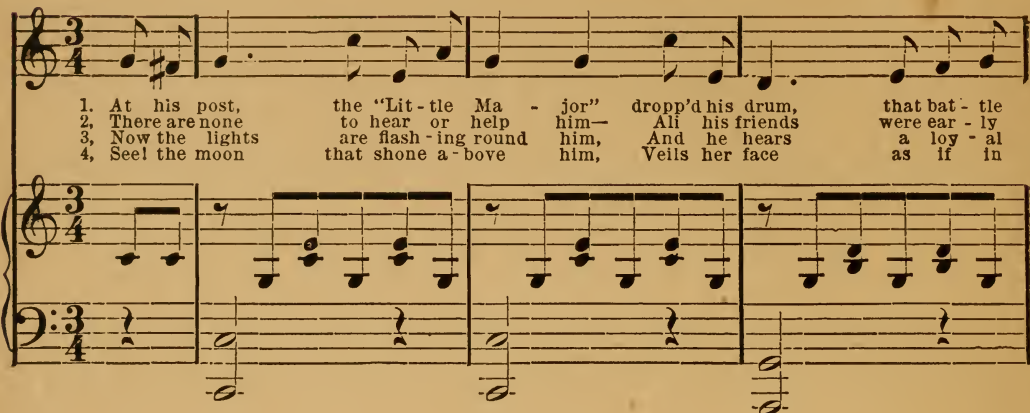
1. We're tent - ing to - day on the Old Camp Ground, Our hearts are light and joy - ous
2. We're tent - ing to - day on the Old Camp Ground, Our hearts are light and joy - ous

1ST AND 2D BASS.

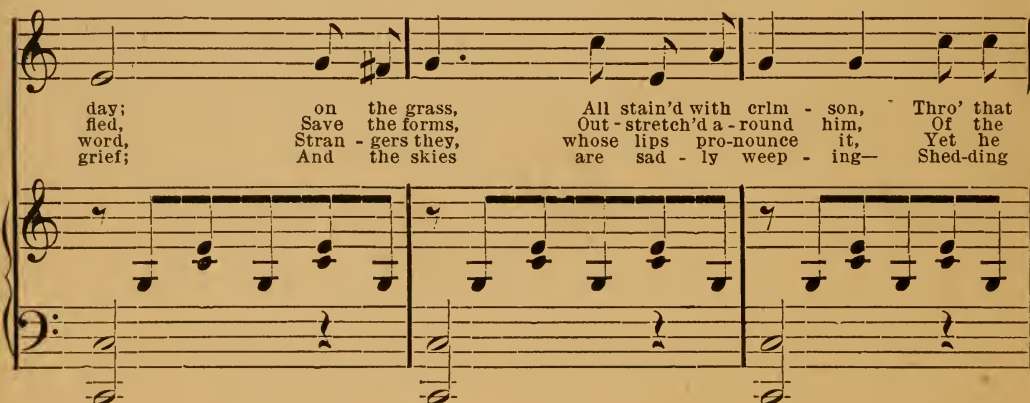
ev - er; We think of home, we talk of friends, And hap - py times we've had to - geth - er.
ev - er; We think of home, we talk of friends. Old Camp thou art the sol - dier's treasure.

LITTLE MAJOR.

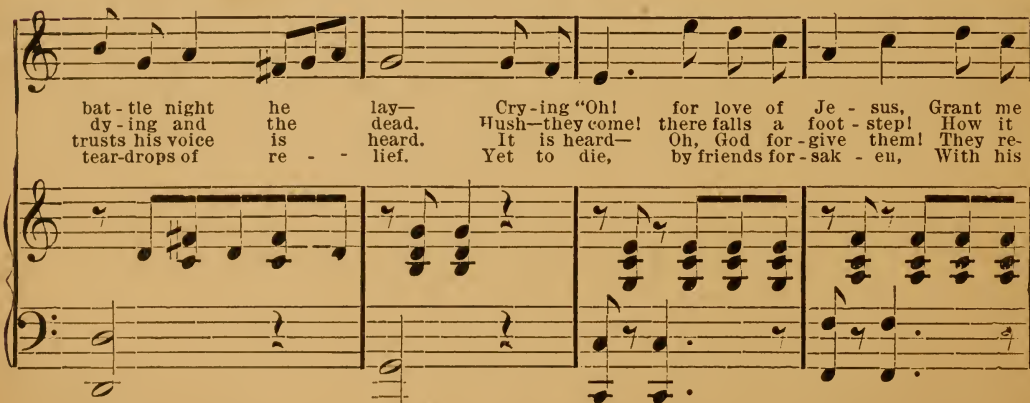
Words and Music by HENRY C. WORK.



1. At his post, the "Lit-tle Ma - jor" dropp'd his drum, that bat-tle
 2. There are none to hear or help him— Ali his friends were ear - ly
 3. Now the lights are flash-ing round him, And he hears a loy - al
 4. Seel the moon that shone a - bove him, Veils her face as if in



day;
 fled;
 word,
 grief;
 on the grass,
 Save the forms,
 Stran - gers they,
 And the skies
 All stain'd with crlm - son, Thro' that
 Out - stretch'd a - round him, Of the
 whose lips pro-nounce it, Yet he
 are sad - ly weep - ing— Shed-ding



bat-tle night he lay— Cry-ing "Oh! for love of Je - sus, Grant me
 dy-ing and the dead, Hush—they come! there falls a foot - step! How it
 trusts his voice is heard. It is heard— Oh, God for-give them! They re-
 tear-drops of re - - lief. Yet to die, by friends for-sak - en, With his

but this lit - tle boon! Can you, friend, re - fuse me
makes his heart re - joice! They will help, Oh, they will
fuse his dy - ing pray'r! "Noth - ing but a wound - ed
last re - quest de - nied— This he felt his keen - est

wa - ter? Can you, when I die so soon?" wa - ter? Can you when I die so soon?"
drum - mer," When they hear his faint - ing voice; an - guish, When at morn he gasp'd and there— died—

1ST AND 2D TENOR.

Cry - ing, "Oh! for love of Je - sus, Grant me but this lit - tle

1ST AND 2D BASS.

boon! Can you, friend, re - fuse me wa - ter? Can you when I die so soon?"

VOLUNTEER'S FAREWELL

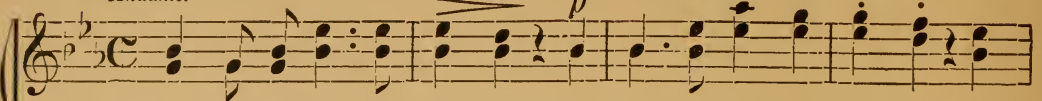
Translated from the German, by

L. C. ELSON.

JOHANNA KINKEL.

1ST AND 2D TENOR.
Andante.

poco riten.



1. Hark! trum-pets far off sound-ing, And war-rior's steeds are bound-ing, May
2. Take now this wreath of flow-ers, Plucked from our gar-den bow-ers, Where
3. I'll think of thee with long-ing, While foe-men round me throng-ing, While

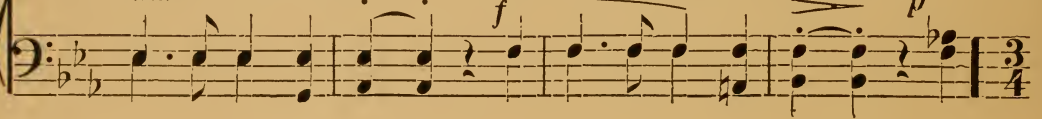
1ST AND 2D BASS.



Crescendo e poco accel. al



- I once more em-brac-ing, With kiss thy tears ef-fac-ing? Fare -
oft I was re-clin-ing, Thy fai-ry form en-twin-ing,
sword and lance are gleam-ing. While my life's blood is stream-ing,



tranquillo e molto espress.



- well, fare-well, my own true love, Farewell, fare-well, my own true love.



Hymn for a Dead Comrade.

COLLIN COE.

mf Andantino.

1. O, com - rade, we mourn for thee, Flows the si - lent tear, And oft, 'mid scenes of

2. O, com - rade, we'll think of thee, As the years go by, With love and sweet - est

mirth and joy, We'll miss thee, com - rade dear! For thou wert al - ways faith - ful, And

mem - o - ry, With tear - ful, glist - 'ning eye! For thee the work is en - ded, The

thou wert kind and brave, And lov'd ones will place sweet flow'rs On thy qui - et grave!

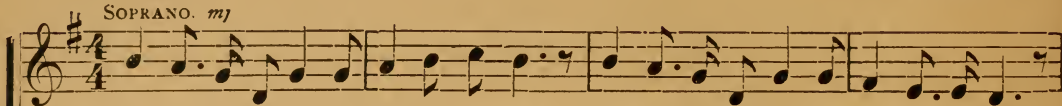
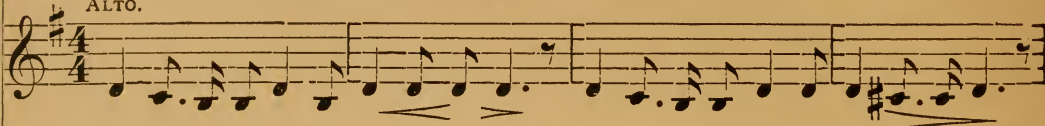
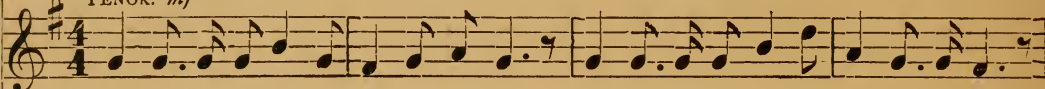
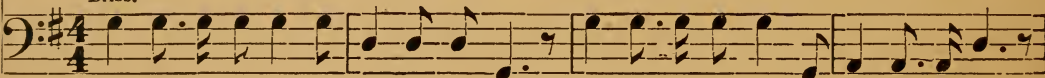
storms of life are o'er; Fare-well, com-rade kind and true, Rest for ev - er - more!

COVER THEM OVER.

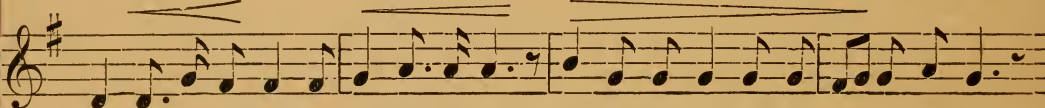
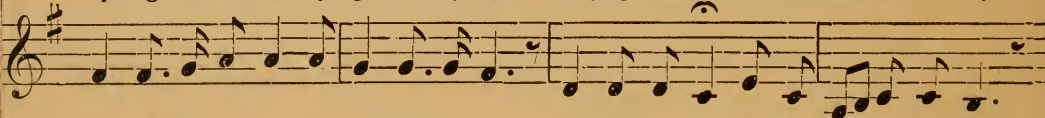
DECORATION QUARTET or SEMI-CHORUS.

WILL CARLFTON.

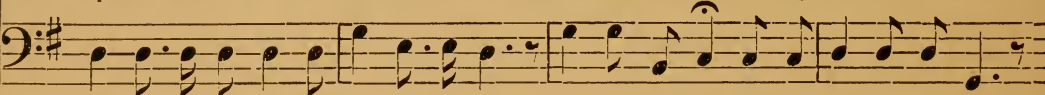
O. B. ORMSBY.

*Moderato.*SOPRANO. *mf*1. Cov-er them o-ver with beau-ti-ful flow'rs, Deck them with garlands, those brothers of ours,
ALTO.TENOR. *mf*2. Cov-er the fa-ces that mo-tion-less lie, Shut from the blue of the glo-ri-ous sky;
BASS.

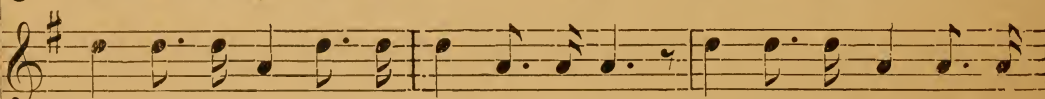
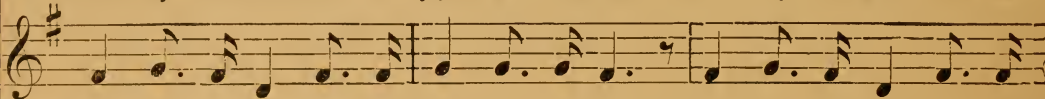
Ly-ing so si-lent by night and by day, Sleeping the years of their manhood a-way,



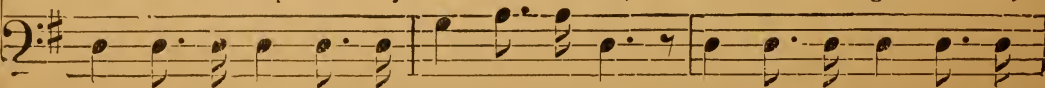
Lips that are si-lent and bo-soms all cold, Hearts tried and true rest-ing now in the mould.



Years they had mark'd for the joys of the brave, Years they must waste in the



Give them the chap-lets they won in the strife, Give them the gar-lands they



COVER THEM OVER.

139

a tempo.

sloth of the grave; Cov - er them o - ver, yes, cov - er them o - ver,

lost with their life; Cov - er them o - ver, yes, cov - er them o - ver,

This system contains four staves of music. The first two staves are in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#). The third and fourth staves are in bass clef with the same key signature. The lyrics are written below the staves, with the first line of lyrics under the first two staves and the second line under the last two staves.

cres.

Par - ents and broth - er and husband and lov - er, Shrine in your hearts these dead

Par - ents and broth - er and husband and lov - er, Shrine in your hearts these dead

This system contains four staves of music. The first two staves are in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#). The third and fourth staves are in bass clef with the same key signature. The lyrics are written below the staves, with the first line of lyrics under the first two staves and the second line under the last two staves.

dim e rit

he - roes of ours, And cov - er them o - ver with beau - ti - ful flow'rs!

he - roes of ours, And cov - er them o - ver with beau - ti - ful flow'rs!

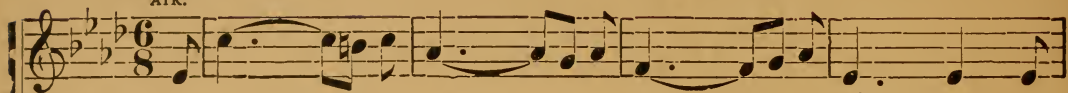
This system contains four staves of music. The first two staves are in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#). The third and fourth staves are in bass clef with the same key signature. The lyrics are written below the staves, with the first line of lyrics under the first two staves and the second line under the last two staves.

TO-DAY THIS HALLOWED PLACE WE SEEK.

J. R. MURRAY.

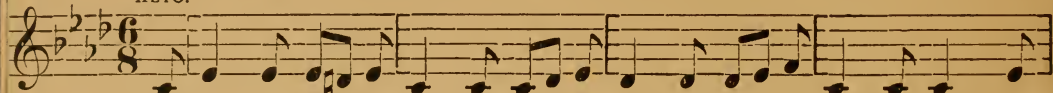
Andantino.

AIR.

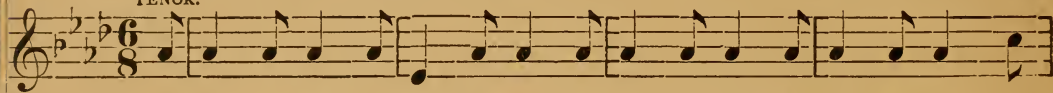


1. A - gain..... Spring's soft..... green robe..... is spread..... Where
 2. To - day..... this hal - low'd place..... we seek,..... And

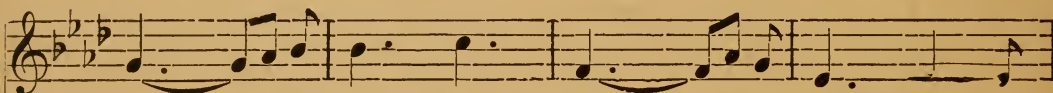
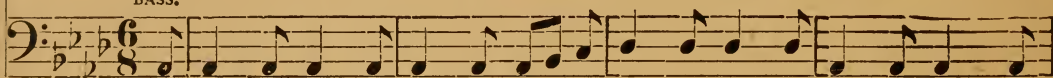
ALTO.



1. A - gain, a - gain Spring's soft green robe, Spring's soft green robe is spread, is spread, Where
 TENOR.



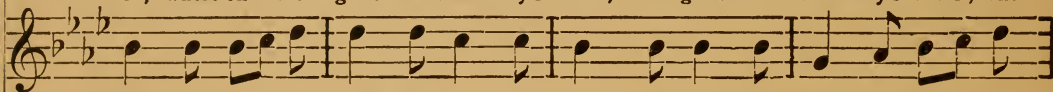
2. To - day, to - day this hal - low'd place, This hal - low'd place we seek, we seek And
 BASS.



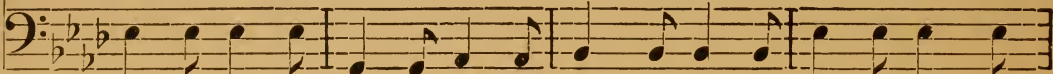
on..... their grate - ful coun - try's breast,..... the
 back..... ward turn our ten - der thought,.... While



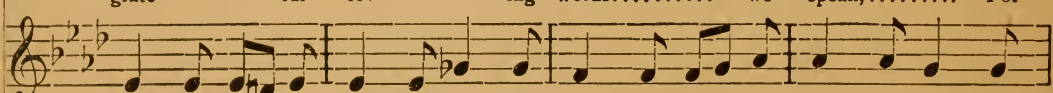
on, where on their grate - ful coun - try's breast, their grate - ful coun - try's breast, The



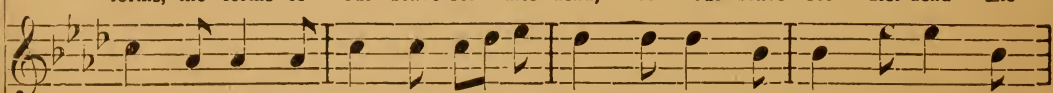
back - ward, back - ward turn our ten - der tho't, our ten - der, ten - der tho't, While



forms..... of our..... brave sol - dier dead..... Lie
 grate - ful lov - ing words..... we speak,..... For



forms, the forms of our brave sol - dier dead, of our brave sol - dier dead Lie



grate - ful, grate - ful lov - ing words we speak, while lov - ing words we speak, For



dust..... is dust,..... in peace - - ful rest.....
all..... their life..... and death..... have wrought.....

dust so dust, lie dust to dust, in peace - ful rest, in peace - ful rest.

all, for all their life and death, their life and death have wrought, have wrought.

Refrain.

Slow.

Rest, rest, rest, rest in realms of joy, ye

Rest, rest, rest, rest in realms of joy, ye

brave..... and blest, rest, rest, rest !.....

brave..... and blest, rest, rest, rest !.....

SLEEP SACRED DUST OF NOBLE DEAD.

J. R. MURRAY.

Tenderly.
AIR.

1. O brothers, while with ten - der grief Our fall - ing tears be - dew your grave,

ALTO.

TENOR.

2. In patriot hues we write a - new Our pledge of gra - ti - tude and love;

BASS.

With smiling bud and bloom and leaf, We wreath your names so true and brave;

As flow'rs of red and white and blue We twine each low, green mound a - bove.

For with the conq'ring Prince of Peace, In God's great arm - y on ye go;

The red shall show the blood they shed; The white, souls loy - al to the last,

Where joy - ful ser - vice ne'er shall cease, And tears of sor - row nev - er flow

The blue heav'n's tri-umph arch o'er head, Thro' which to God's "well done" they passed.

*Refrain.**Slow and Soft.**Dolce.*

Sleep, sacred dust of noble dead. Spring's brightest bloom shall deck your bed. March
Spring's brightest bloom shall deck your bed,

Sleep, sacred dust of noble dead, Spring's brightest, bright-est bloom shall deck your bed. March

Sleep, sacred dust of noble dead, Spring's brightest, bright-est bloom shall deck your bed. March

*Maestoso. In march time.**cres.*

on, march on, brave souls that won the vic - tor's palm on high.

on, march on, brave souls that won the vic - tor's palm on high.

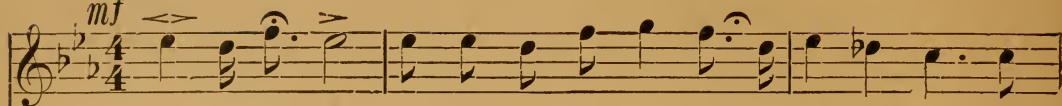
on, march on, march on, march on brave souls that won, that won the victor's, victor's palm on high.

REST, COMRADES, REST

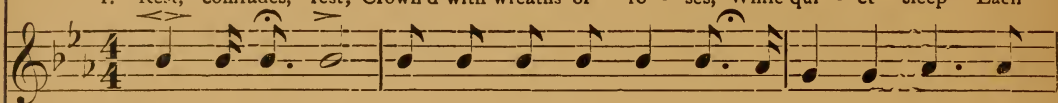
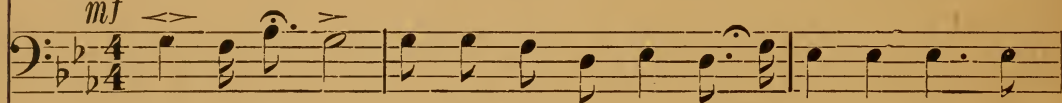
MEMORAL HYMN FOR MALE VOICES.

O. B. O.

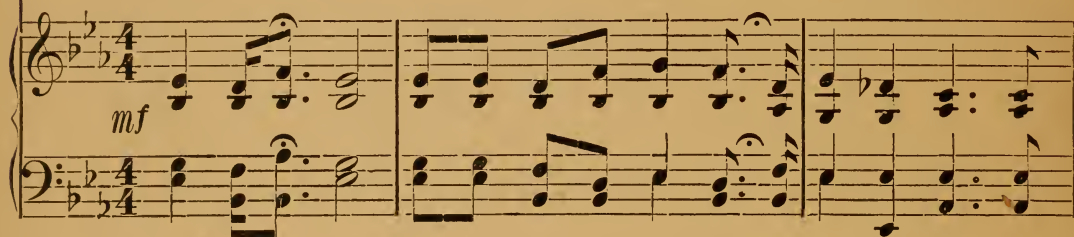
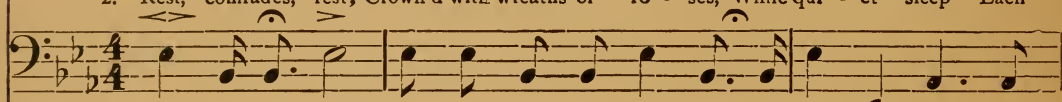
O. B. ORMSBY.

*Andantino.**mf*

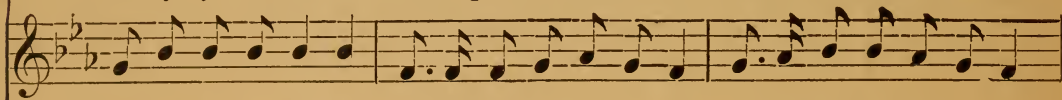
1. Rest, comrades, rest; Crown'd with wreaths of ro - ses, While qui - et sleep Each

*mf*

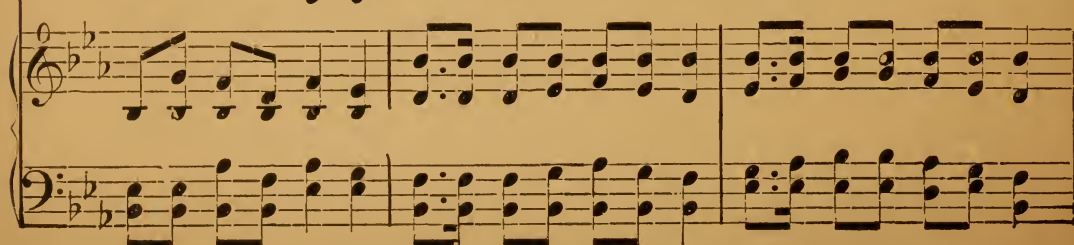
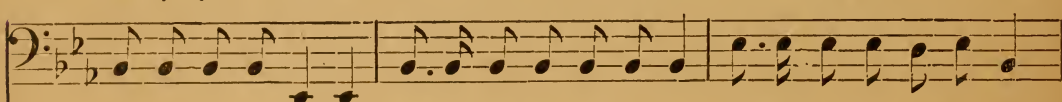
2. Rest, comrades, rest; Crown'd with wreaths of ro - ses, While qui - et sleep Each



wea - ry eye - lid clos - es, Slumb'ring in your tents ye lie, While the tu - mult pas - ses by,



wea - ry eye - lid clos - es, Will ye hear the songs we sing, Wear the garlands that we bring?



Heeding not the years that sweep O'er your silent, peaceful sleep, Tho' we call, ye an-swer not;

Shall no word of praise or blame Reach and stir your hearts again? Still we call; but, cares for - got, Ye

rit. *f* *p*

Life with all its cares for-got. Rest, comrades, rest, Crown'd with wreaths of ro - ses.

slum-ber on and an-swer not. comrades, rest, Crown'd with wreaths of ro - ses.

Rest, comrades, rest,

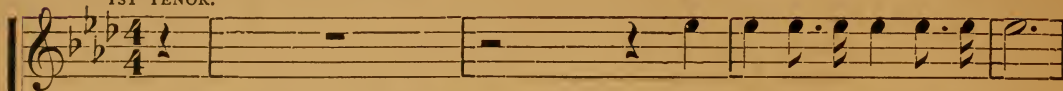
ad lib. *a tempo.* *p*

A TEAR FOR THE COMRADE THAT'S GONE

Word by Capt. THOMAS F. WINTHROP.

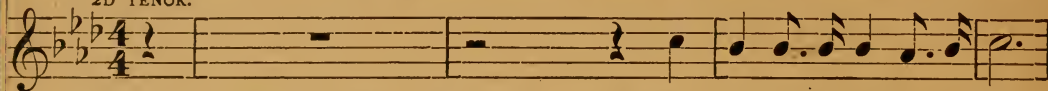
Music by JAMES R. MURRAY.

1ST TENOR.



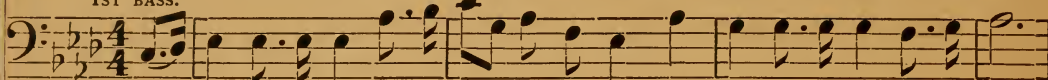
1. With garlands of ro - ses, with hearts full of love, In fond - est remembrance we come,

2D TENOR.



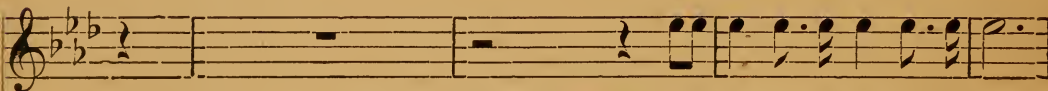
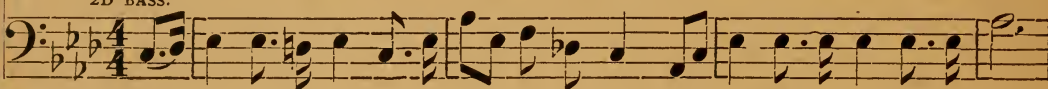
2. The ro - ses may come in the gar - den of home, And sum - mer will glad - en the earth,

1ST BASS.

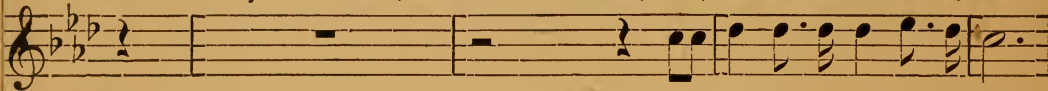


3. To - geth - er we stood in the thick of the fray, To - geth - er we've stem'd the red tide;

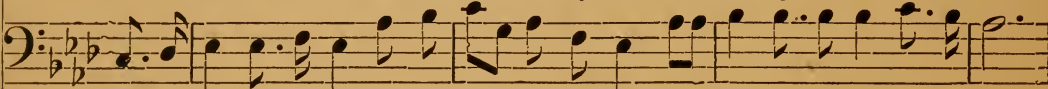
2D BASS.



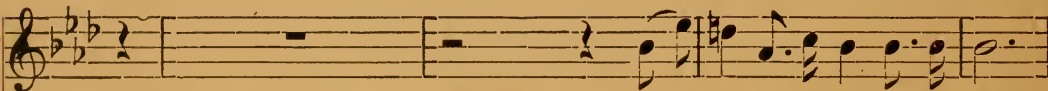
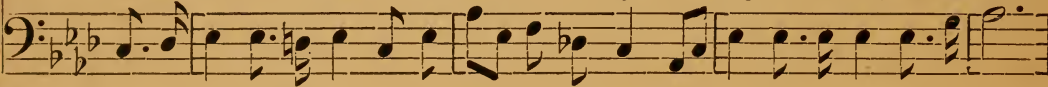
To the 'Cit - y of Si - lence, the land of the dead, Far, far from the world's bu - sy hum.



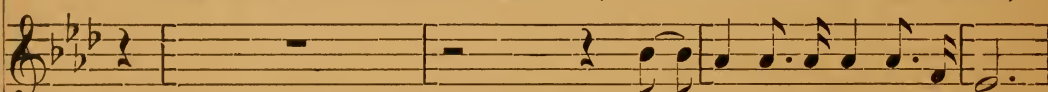
But the forms of our lov'd ones, ah, nev - er may come, To cheer up our des - o - late hearth.



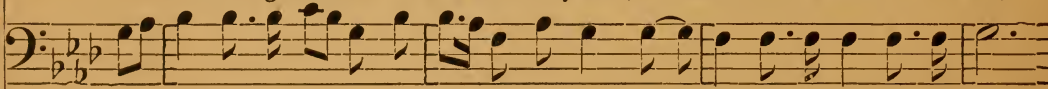
He was true to the laws he had sworn to o - bey, For the flag of his love, he has died.



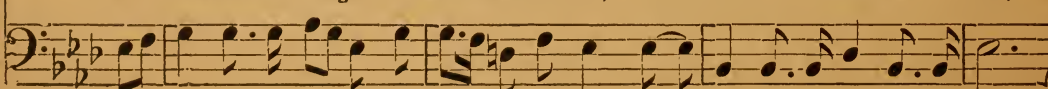
To strew o'er the lov'd forms that rest 'neath the rod, These blos - soms as fair as the dawn;

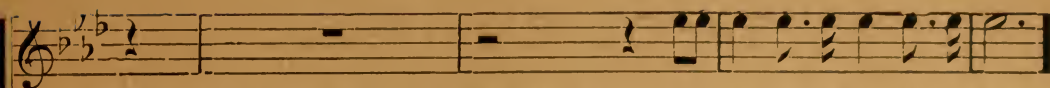


The wild wailing Northwind the snow wreath may sweet, And the Autumn leaf with - er and sere,



No more shall our bu - gle his brave heart cheer on, Or re - veil - le a - wake him at dawn;

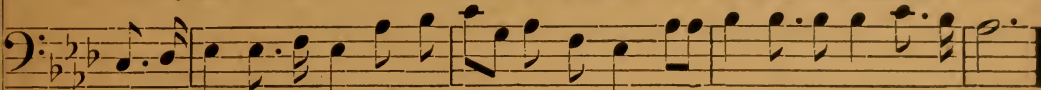




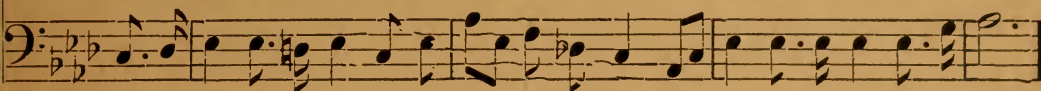
With a side for the heart that must pass 'neath the rod, And a tear for the comrade that's gone.



For they can - not dis-turb our brave he-roe's sleep, The com-rade we mourn with a tear.



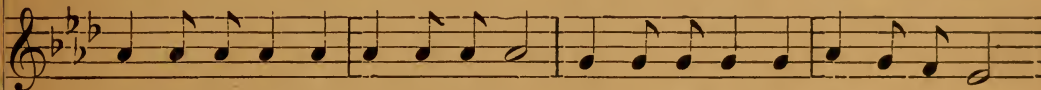
Let us give as a trib-ute, the sol-dier's last boon, A tear for the comrade that's gone.



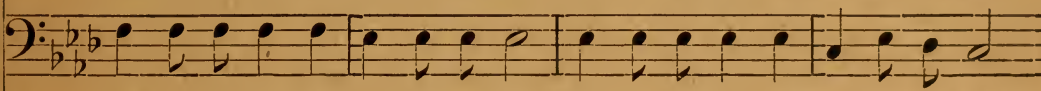
Chorus.



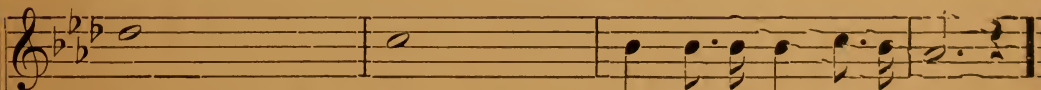
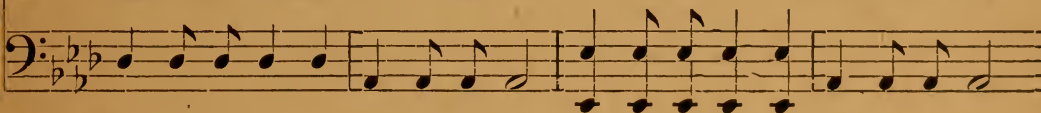
Rest, rest, Dust to the dust, the soul with the blest;



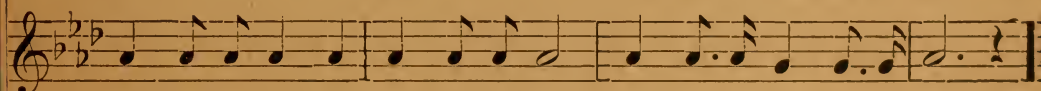
Rest from the war-fare, rest, he- roes rest; Dust to the dust, the soul with the blest;



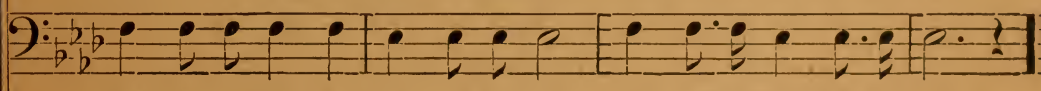
Rest from the war-fare, rest, he- roes rest; Dust to the dust, the soul with the blest;



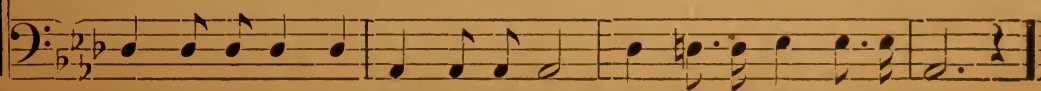
Rest, rest, Dear - est and brave- est and best.



Rest ev - er - last - ing, rest, sol- diers, rest; Dear - est and brave- est and best.



Rest ev - er - last - ing, rest, sol- diers, rest; Dear - est and brave- est and best

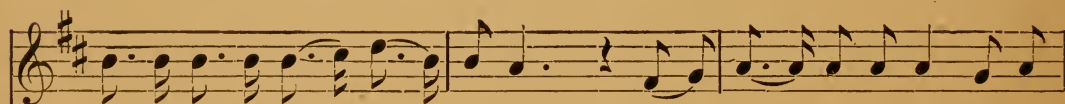


THE OLD CABIN HOME.

T. PAINE.



1. I am go - ing far a - way, far a - way to leave you now, To the



Mis - sis - pi riv - er I am go - ing, I will take my old ban - jo, And I'll



sing this lit - tle song, A - way down in my Old Cab - in Home.

Chorus.

1st and 2d TENOR.

Here is my Old Cab-in Home,..... Here is my sis - ter and my brother,

Air in 1st BASS.

Here lies my wife, the joy of my life, And my child in the grave with its mother.

2 I am going to leave this land
 With this our darkey band,
 To travel all the wide world over,
 And when I get tired
 I will settle down to rest,
 Away down in my Old Cabin Home

3 When old age comes on us,
 And my hair is turning gray,
 I will hang up the banjo all alone;
 I'll set down by the fire,
 And I'll pass the time away,
 Away down in my Old Cabin Home.

4 'Tis there where I roam,
 Away down on the old farm,
 Where all the darkeys am free;
 O merrily sound the banjo
 For de white folks round de room,
 Away down in my Old Cabin Home.

WAKE NICODEMUS!

Words and Music by HENRY C. Work.

1. Nic - o - de - mus, the slave, was of Af - ri - can birth, And was bought for a bag - ful of
 2. He was known as a pro - phet—at least was as wise—For he told of the bat - tles to
 3. Nic - o - de - mus was nev - er the sport of the lash, Tho' the bul - let has oft cross'd his
 4. 'Twas a long wea - ry night—we were al - most in fear That the fu - ture was more than he

gold ; He was rec - on'd as part of the salt of the earth, But he
 come ; And we trem - bled with dread when he roll'd up his eyes, And we
 path ; There were none of his mas - ters so brave or so rash, As to
 knew ; 'Twas a long wea - ry night—but the morn - ing is near, And the

died years a - go, ver - y old. 'Twas his last sad re - quest—so we
 heed - ed the shake of his thumb. Tho' he cloth'd us with fear, yet the
 face such a man in his wrath. Yet his great heart with kind - ness was
 words of our prop - het are true. There are signs in the sky that the

laid him a - way In the trunk of an old hol - low tree. "Wake me
gar - ments he wore Were in patch - es at el - bow and knee; And he
fill'd to the brim—He o - bey'd who was born to com - mand; But he
dark - ness is gone—There are to - kens in end - less ar - ray; While the

up!" was his charge, "at the first break of day, Wake me up for the great Ju - bi - lee!"
still wears the suit that he used to of yore, As he sleeps in the old hol - low tree.
long'd for the morn - ing which then was so dim, For the morn - ing which now is at hand.
storm which had seeming - ly ban - ish'd the dawn, On - ly hast - ens the ad - vent of day.

Chorus.

1ST AND 2D TENOR.

The "Good Time Com - ing" is al - most here! It was long, long, long on the

1ST AND 2D BASS.

way, on the way! Now run and tell E - li - jah to hur - ry up Pomp, And

meet is at the gum - tree down in the swamp, To wake Nic - o - de - mus to - day

POOR OLD SLAVE.

G. W. H. GRIFFIN.

Legato.

1. 'Tis just one year a - go to - day, That I re - mem - ber well,
 2. She took my arm, we walk'd a - long, In - to an o - pen field,
 3. But since that time how things have chang'd, Poor Nelly that was my bride,

I sat down by poor Nel - ly's side, And a sto - ry she did tell,
 And there she paus'd to breathe a - while, Then to his grave did steal.
 Is laid be - neath the cold grave sod, With her fath - er by her side.

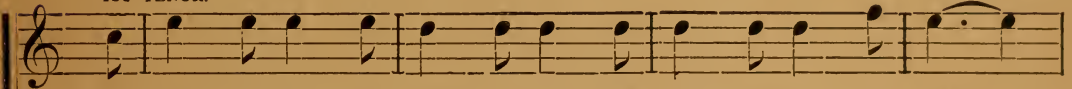
'Twas 'bout a poor un - hap - py slave, That liv'd for ma - ny a
 She sat down by that lit - tle mound, And soft - ly whis - per'd
 I plant - ed there up - on her grave, The weep - ing wil - low



year; But now he's dead, and in his grave, No mas - ter does he fear.
 there; Come to me, fath - er, 'tis thy child, Then gen - tly drop'd a tear.
 tree; I bath'd its roots with many a tear, That it might shel - ter me.

Chorus.

1ST TENOR.



The poor old slave has gone to rest, We know that he is free,

2D TENOR.



1ST BASS.

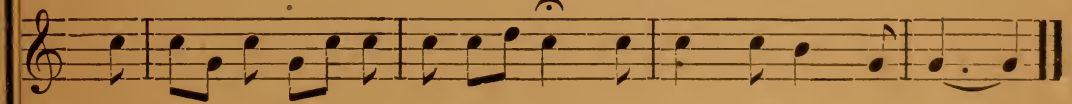
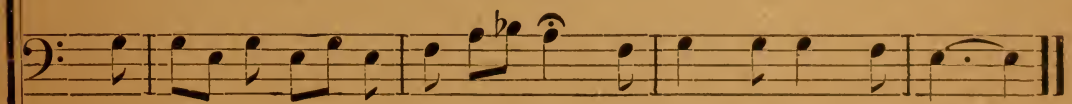


The poor old slave has gone to rest, We know that he is free,

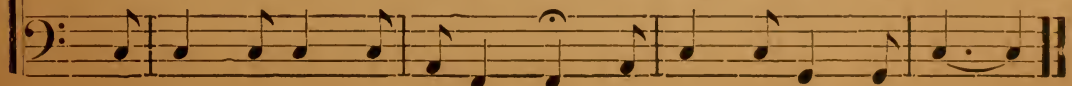
2D BASS.




Dis - turb him not but let him rest, 'Way down in Ten - na - see.

Dis - turb him not but let him rest, 'Way down in Ten - na - see.



WHO WILL CARE FOR MOTHER NOW?

Arr. by C. F. THOMPSON.

Words and Music by CHAS. C. SAWYER

During one of our late battles, among many other noble fellows that fell, was a young man who had been the only support of an aged and sick mother for years. Hearing the surgeon tell those who were near him that he could not live, he placed his hand across his forehead, and with a trembling voice said, while burning tears ran down his fevered cheeks, "Who will care for mother now?"

With expression.



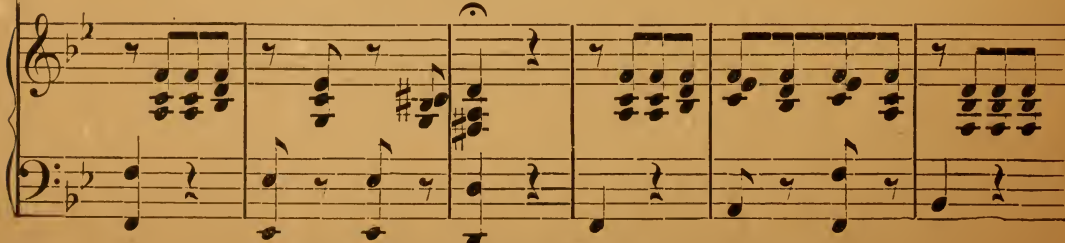
1. Why	am I so weak and	wea -	ry?	See	how faint my heat - ed
2. Who	will com-fort her in	sor -	row?	Who	will dry the fall-ing
3. Let	this knapsack be my	pil -	low,	And	my man-tle be the



breath,	All	a - round to me seems	dark -	ness,
tear?	Gent -	ly smooth her wrinkled	fore -	head?
sky;	Has -	ten, comrades to the	bat -	tle,



Tell	me, comrades, is this death?	Ah!	how well I know your	an -
Who	will whis-per words of cheer?	E -	ven now I think I	see
I	will like a sol-dier die.	Soon	with an - gels I'll be	march -



- swer; To my fate I meek - ly bow,..... If you'll
 her Kneel - ing, pray - ing for me! how..... Can I
 - ing, With bright lau - rels on my brow,..... I have

on - ly tell me tru - ly, Who will care for moth - er now?.....
 leave her in her an - guish? Who will care for moth - er now?.....
 for my country fall - en, Who will care for moth - er now?.....

Chorus.

Soon with an - gels I'll be march - ing, With bright laurels on my brow,.....

I have for my country fall - en, Who will care for moth - er now?.....

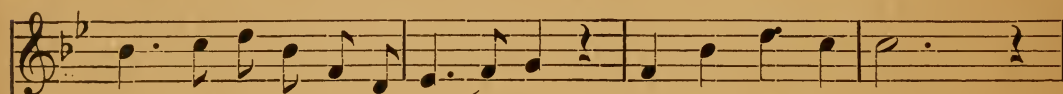
"WEEPING, SAD AND LONELY;"

OR

"WHEN THIS CRUEL WAR IS OVER."

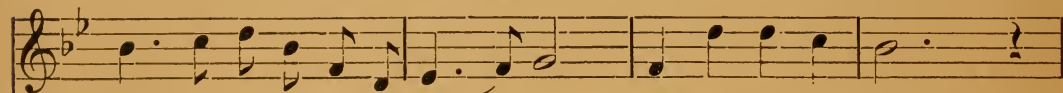
Words and Music by CHAS. C. SAWYER.

Moderato e cantabile.



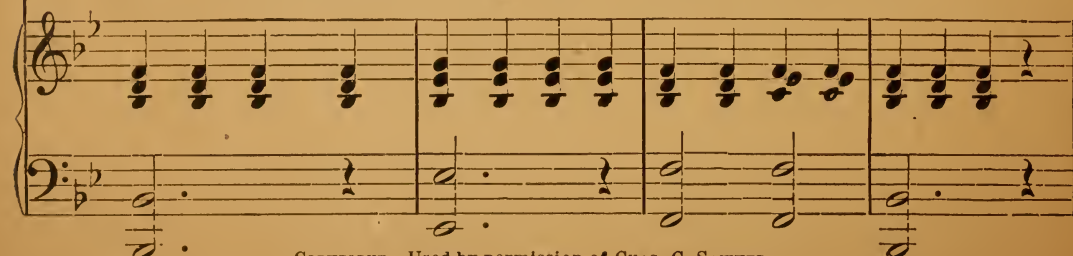
1. Dear - est love do you re - mem - ber,
2. When the summer breeze is sigh - ing
3. If a - mid the din of bat - tle
4. But our coun - try call'd you, dar - ling,

When we last did meet,
Mourn - ful - ly a - long;
No - bly you should fall,
An - gels cheer your way;



How you told me that you lov'd me,
Or when autumn leaves are fall - ing,
Far a - way from those who love you,
While our nation's sons are fight - ing,

Kneel - ing at my feet?
Sad - ly breathes the song.
None to hear you call—
We can on - ly pray.



Oh! how proud you stood be - fore me In your suit of blue,.....
 Oft in dreams I see thee ly - ing On the bat - tle plain,.....
 Who would whisper words of com - fort, Who would soothe your pain?.....
 No - bly strike for God and lib - er - ty, Let all na - tions see,.....

When you vow'd to me and coun - try Ev - er to be true.
 Lone - ly, wounded, e - ven dy - ing, Call - ing, but in vain.
 Ah! the ma - ny cru - el fan - cies Ev - er in My brain.
 How we love the star - ry ban - ner, Em - ble - m of the free.

Chorus.

1st and 2nd TENOR.

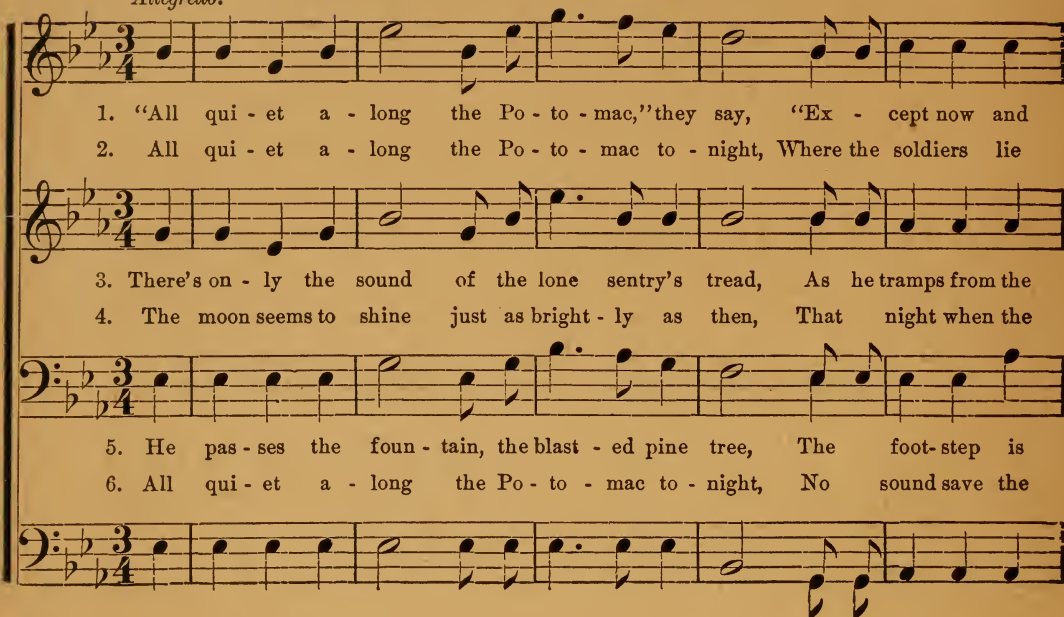
Weeping, sad and lone - ly, Hopes and fears how vain! Yet pray - ing,
 1st and 2nd BASS.

When this cru - el war is o - - ver, Pray - ing that we meet a - gain.

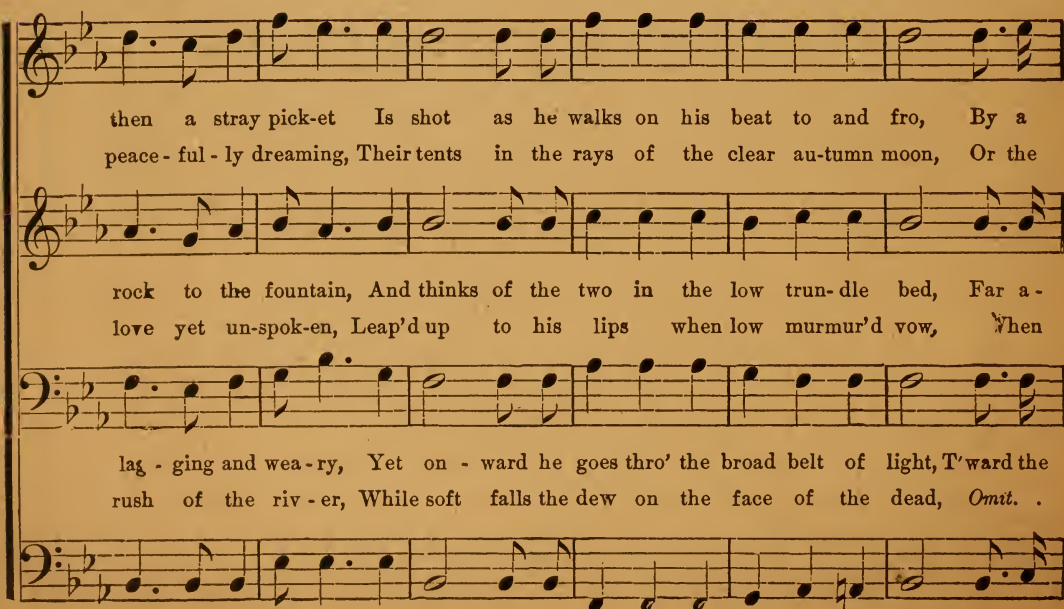
ALL QUIET ALONG THE POTOMAC.

THE PICKET GUARD.

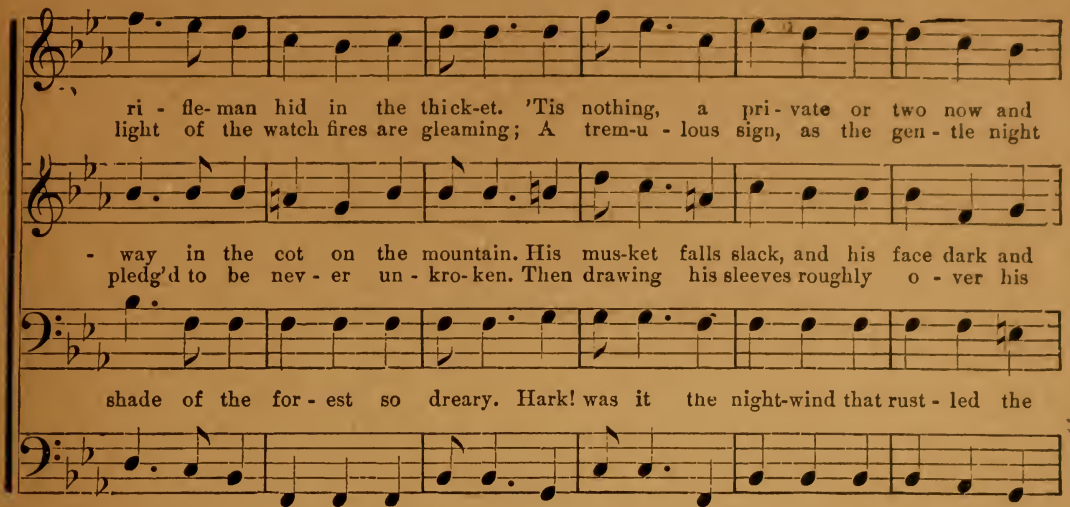
W. H. GOODWIN.

Allegretto.


1. "All qui - et a - long the Po - to - mac," they say, "Ex - cept now and
2. All qui - et a - long the Po - to - mac to - night, Where the soldiers lie
3. There's on - ly the sound of the lone sentry's tread, As he tramps from the
4. The moon seems to shine just as bright - ly as then, That night when the
5. He pas - ses the foun - tain, the blast - ed pine tree, The foot - step is
6. All qui - et a - long the Po - to - mac to - night, No sound save the



then a stray pick-et Is shot as he walks on his beat to and fro, By a
peace - ful - ly dreaming, Their tents in the rays of the clear au-tumn moon, Or the
rock to the fountain, And thinks of the two in the low trun-dle bed, Far a -
love yet un-spoken, Leap'd up to his lips when low murmur'd vow, When
lag - ging and wea - ry, Yet on - ward he goes thro' the broad belt of light, T'ward the
rush of the riv - er, While soft falls the dew on the face of the dead, Omit. .



ri - fle-man hid in the thick-et. 'Tis nothing, a pri-vate or two now and
light of the watch fires are gleaming; A trem-u - lous sign, as the gen - tle night

- way in the cot on the mountain. His mus-ket falls slack, and his face dark and
pledg'd to be nev - er un - kro-ken. Then drawing his sleeves roughly o - ver his

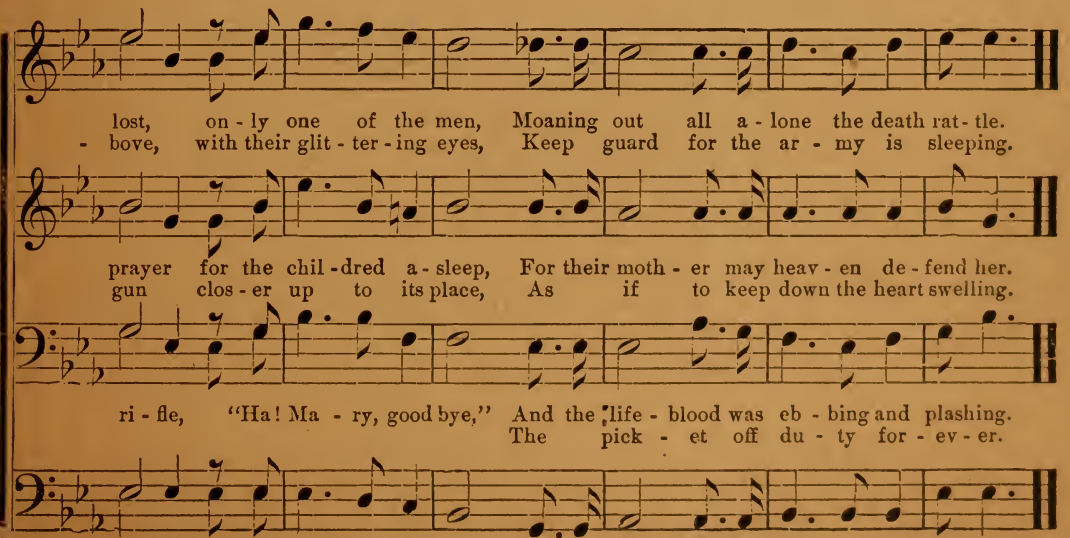
shade of the for - est so dreary. Hark! was it the night-wind that rust - led the



then, Will not count in the news of the bat-tle, Not an of - fi - cer
wind, Thro' the for - est leaves soft - ly is creeping, While stars up a -

grim, Grows gen - tle with mem - o - ries ten - der, As he mut - ters a
face, He dash - es off tears that are well-ing, And gath - er his

leaves, Was it moon - light so wond-rous - ly flashing? It look'd like a



lost, on - ly one of the men, Moaning out all a - lone the death rat - tle.
- bove, with their glit - ter - ing eyes, Keep guard for the ar - my is sleeping.

prayer for the chil - dred a - sleep, For their moth - er may heav - en de - fend her.
gun clos - er up to its place, As if to keep down the heart swelling.

ri - fle, "Ha! Ma - ry, good bye," And the life - blood was eb - bing and plashing.
The pick - et off du - ty for - ev - er.

HOME, SWEET HOME.

Harmonized by J. C. MACY.

Andante.

1. 'Mid pleas-ures and pal - ac - es, Though we may roam, Be it ev - er so

1. 'Mid pleas-ures and pal - ac - es, Though we may roam, Be it ev - er so

hum - ble, There is no place like home. A charm from the skies seems to

hum - ble, There is no place like home. A charm from the skies seems to

hal - low us there, Which, seek through the world, Is ne'er met with else-where.

hal - low us there, Which, seek through the world, Is ne'er met with else-where.

HOME, SWEET HOME.

161

pp *f*

Home, home! Sweet, sweet home! There is no place like home, There is

pp *f*

Home, home! Sweet, sweet home! There is no place like home, There is

rit. p *mf a tempo.*

no place like home! 2. An ex - ile from home, splen - dor daz - zles in

rit. p *mf a tempo.*

no place like home! 2. An ex - ile from home, splen - dor daz - zles in

p

vain; Oh, give me my low - ly thatch'd cot - tage a - gain! The

vain; Oh, give me my low - ly thatch'd cot - tage a - gain! The

p

HOME, SWEET HOME.

birds sing-ing sweet - ly, That comes at my call; Oh, give me sweet

birds sing-ing sweet - ly, That comes at my call; Oh, give me sweet

Detailed description: This block contains the first system of the musical score. It consists of four staves. The top two staves are in treble clef, and the bottom two are in bass clef. The key signature has two flats (B-flat and E-flat). The first staff has a piano (*p*) dynamic marking. The lyrics 'birds sing-ing sweet - ly, That comes at my call; Oh, give me sweet' are written below the staves. The music features a melody in the upper staves and a supporting bass line in the lower staves, with various musical notations including notes, rests, and slurs.

peace of mind, Dear - er than all! Home, home! sweet, sweet

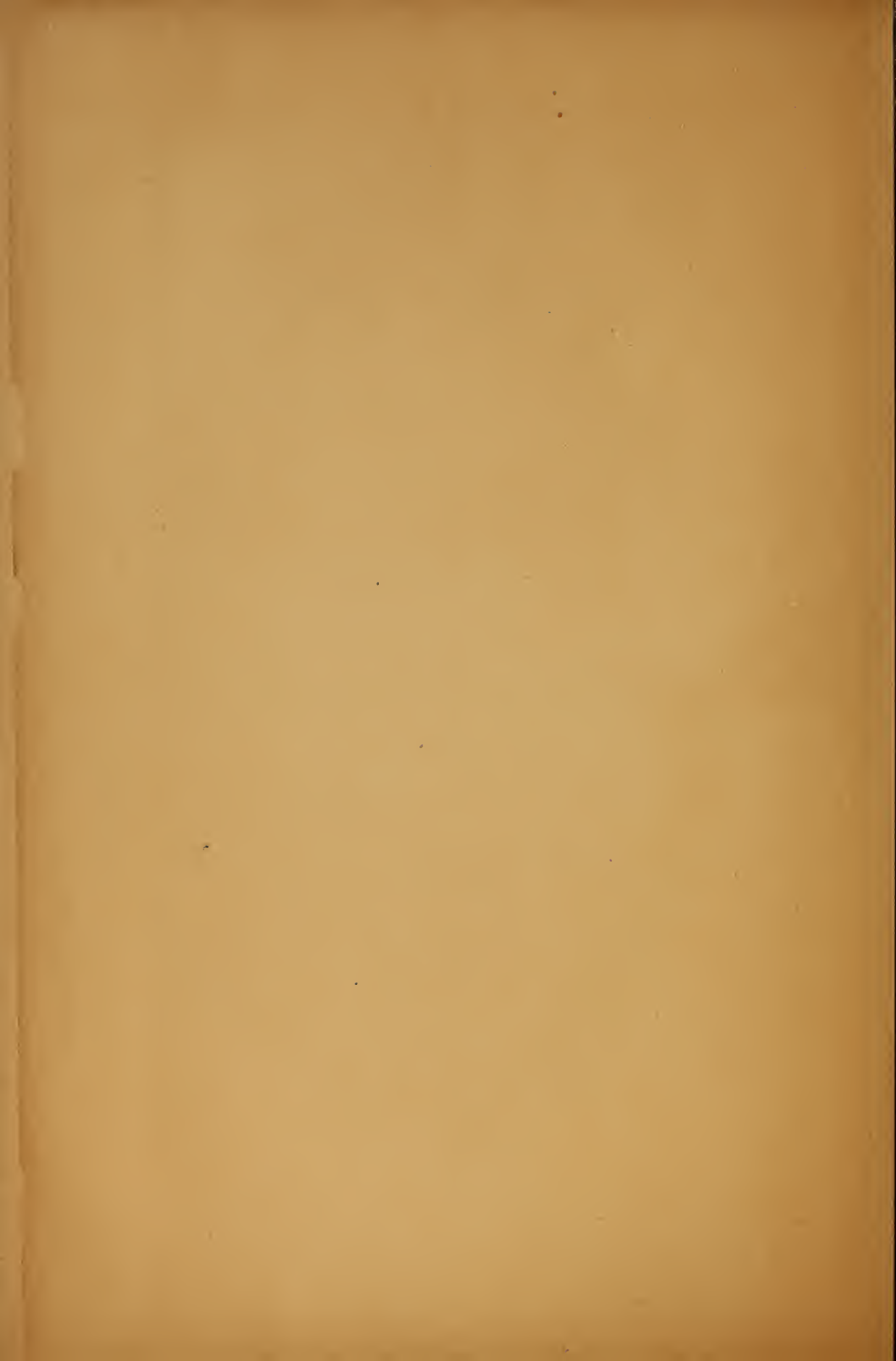
peace of mind, Dear - er than all! Home, home! sweet, sweet

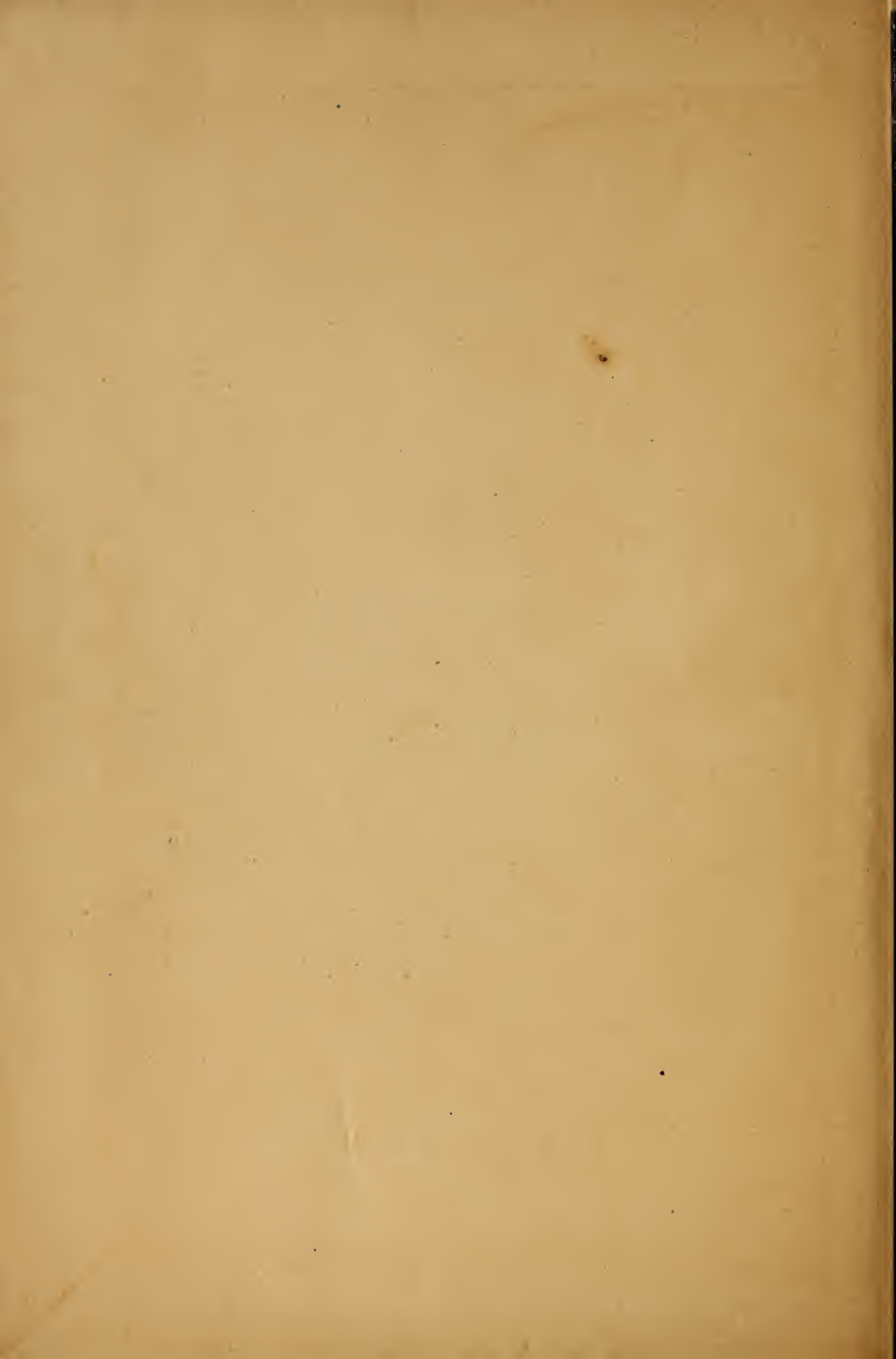
Detailed description: This block contains the second system of the musical score. It consists of four staves. The top two staves are in treble clef, and the bottom two are in bass clef. The key signature has two flats. The first staff has a mezzo-piano (*mp*) dynamic marking. The lyrics 'peace of mind, Dear - er than all! Home, home! sweet, sweet' are written below the staves. The music continues with a similar melodic and harmonic structure to the first system, featuring a piano and a bass line.

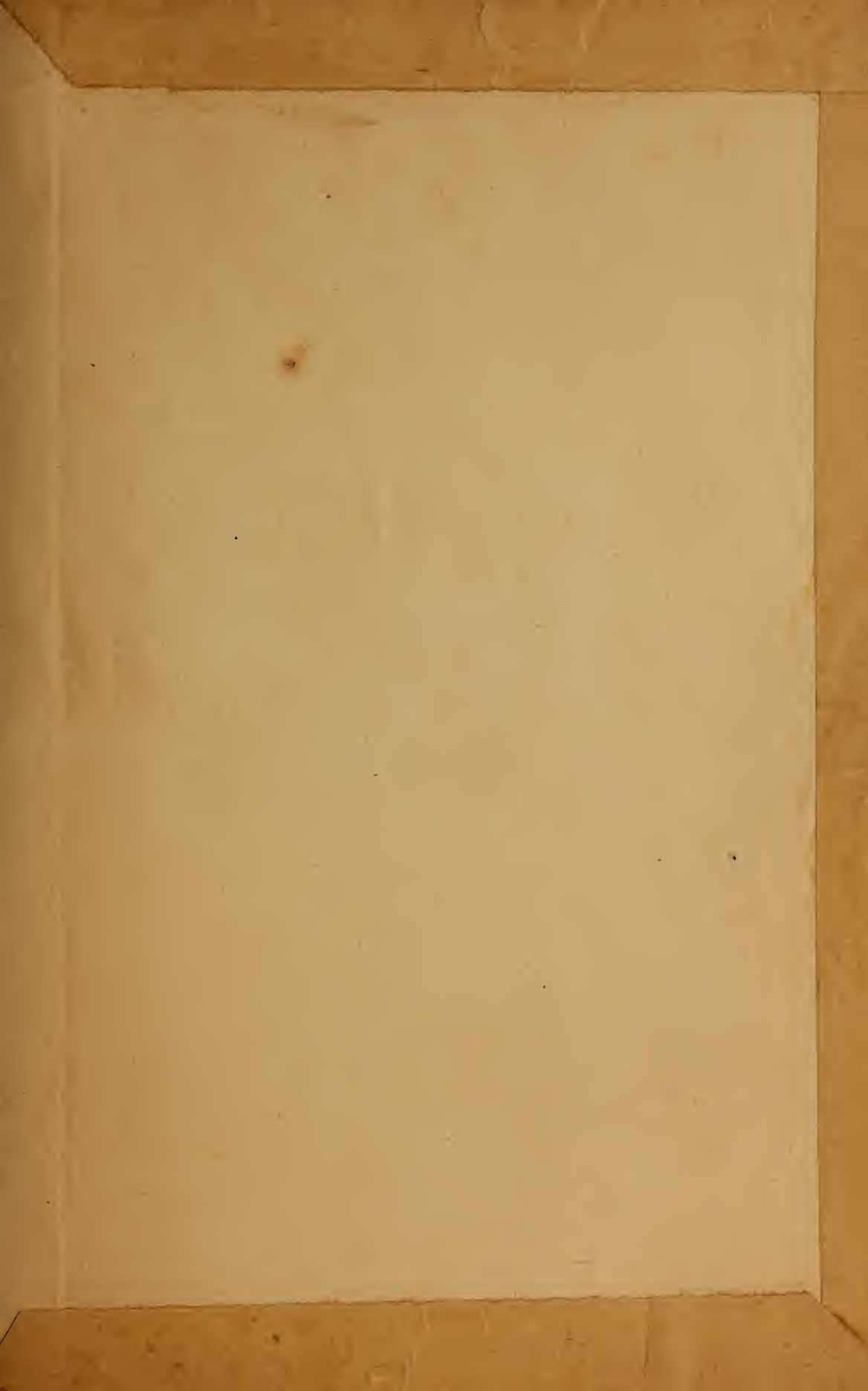
home! There is no place like home, There is no place like home!

home! There is no place like home, There is no place like home!

Detailed description: This block contains the third system of the musical score. It consists of four staves. The top two staves are in treble clef, and the bottom two are in bass clef. The key signature has two flats. The first staff has a fortissimo (*ff*) dynamic marking, followed by a *rit. p* (ritardando piano) marking. The lyrics 'home! There is no place like home, There is no place like home!' are written below the staves. The music concludes with a final chord and a repeat sign at the end of the system.







Music Books

SONG BOUQUET.—One of the best collections of English and American ballads, and songs with choruses. Cheapest folio of music published. 224 pages full sheet music size.

PARLOR BOUQUET.—Companion to "Song Bouquet." Contains instrumental music of different grades of difficulty. Great favorite. 224 pages full sheet music size.

SONG DIAMONDS.—Vocal music of every description. Sure to please everybody. Contains selections from such authors as Gounod, Molloy, Aide, Claribel, Dolores, etc.

IDEAL GEMS OF ENGLISH SONGS.—Standard favorites from the best English writers. Most complete book of the kind published.

PRIMA DONNA ALBUM.—New and elegant songs by the best composers of modern times. Should grace the library of every singer in the land.

ALBUM OF SACRED MUSIC.—Adapted for use in the church choir or home circle. Finest collection of music published for young organists and choir leaders.

MUSICAL CHATTERBOX, No. 1. } These beautiful books are without doubt the most popular
MUSICAL CHATTERBOX, No. 2. } collections of medium and easy grade songs and pieces.
 Each book contains eight beautiful illustrations which will delight the young folks. Price, 50 cents each.

ALBUM COMIQUE.—Those desiring good humorous songs (both old and new) should not fail to send for a copy. It is embellished with a title page which will surely "take."

GOLDEN HOURS.—A collection of instrumental music, brilliant and attractive, and within the capacity of pianists of moderate ability. It is sure to please you.

CLASSIC BOUQUET.—We cannot too earnestly recommend this work, especially to young pianists and students. No such collection has ever before been offered at such a low price.

REED ORGAN FOLIO.—Great care has been taken to use only such pieces as come within the compass of a five-octave organ. Should be on every parlor organ in the land.

PARLOR DANCE FOLIO.—Will be hailed with delight by private dance parties. Contains a choice collection of the latest dances, also the German, quadrille calls, etc.

PIANO TREASURES.—One of the finest collections of instrumental music by the best writers of Europe and America that has ever been issued in this country.

SONG TREASURES.—Such authors as Abt, Sullivan, Pinsuti, Burnap, Hatton, Tours, etc., are represented in its pages, and the best and most popular songs only have been used.

QUEEN OF THE WALTZ.—In this elegant book we offer a collection of waltzes by the best writers, and none of them are too difficult for players of medium ability. There are also some easy waltzes for little players. No lover of dance music can afford to be without a copy of this work.

TWO MUSICAL FRIENDS.—A variety of music for four hands is contained in this choice book, and it will prove to be a source of great pleasure to "musical friends" everywhere. The pieces are of medium difficulty—some quite easy; all are gems and popular favorites. Procure this book at once. It is selling rapidly.

MUSICAL EVENINGS.—New music for violin and piano or flute and piano. This elegant book will be received with delight by violinists. It is pre-eminently the book for amateurs, containing much of the best music, so arranged as to be neither too difficult nor too simple. This book is selling rapidly and supplies the demand exactly. Complete book for 50 cents. Extra part for violin or flute, 35 cents.

KINKEL'S FOLIO, Vol. 1. } Two books of easy pieces for young players. A rare collection of
KINKEL'S FOLIO, Vol. 2. } bright gems. Especially recommended to teachers. No better books for pupils could be obtained. Price of each volume, 50 cents.

BRAINARD'S VOCAL GUITAR FOLIO. } We have spared neither pains or expense
BRAINARD'S INSTR. GUITAR FOLIO. } in getting up these two superb publications. Their title covers are adapted from two famous French paintings. Their contents comprise the very latest popular music, carefully arranged by one of America's best guitarists. Price of each book, 50 cents. Order at once.

BRAINARD'S VOCAL DUET FOLIO.—A choice selection of American and Foreign Duets, many of which are entirely new. None of them will be found in similar books. Carefully revised by an experienced vocal teacher. Handsome cover. Clear print. Any one of the collection is worth the price asked for the whole.

HAMILTON'S BANJO FOLIO.—A splendid collection of beautiful banjo music, suitable for amateur or artist, containing selections for banjo solo, for two banjos, for one or two banjos with piano accompaniment. Full sheet music size. The only book of the kind published.

REED ORGAN AT HOME.—Bright, merry, pleasing music that can be played upon a five octave organ and not difficult. This book is beautifully printed from engraved plates, on fine white paper and firmly bound. The music in this volume is equally adapted for piano.